what's love got to do with it?:
an arranged marriage to a stranger
cf01230

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Whats Love Got to do With it?: An Arranged Marriage to a Stranger

By cfa1230

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Chapter 1

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (1)

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger

Hello everyone, this is the first thing I have ever written outside of school papers. Thought I would just give it a try. Tell me what you think; suggestions, comments, they're all welcomed :)

Chapter 1

"Hey, I was eating that!" I whined at my mother as she ever so gracefully snatched the donut right out from my watering mouth. Ugh, it is way too early in the morning to be doing this.

"Do you know how many calories are in this? You keep shoveling crap into your mouth like that and people are going to start poking your belly like your the Pillsbury dough boy." My mother snapped. I couldn't help but laugh, I love the Pilsbury dough boy.

"Jeez mom, relax, since when do you care so much about my weight anyway? I thought you and dad wanted me to get fat so that no one would want to date me." I eyed my donut which was so precariously dangling off of my mothers dainty,over manicured fingers. Mmm, chocolate cream, my favorite.

Time froze as my mother contemplated that, her eyes cast up in thought as my hands slowly inched towards my precious breakfast pastry being held captive in her claws. Don't worry precious donut, I will save you! "Your right, you are not allowed to date, so do whatever you need to make sure of that, without getting fat!" And with that she dumped my precious donut into the trash bin and walked out of the kitchen.

No, my dounut! Five second rule, five second rule! Yeah, no even I can't stoop that low.

So your probably wondering, is my mother crazy? Why yes, yes she is. And not only is she crazy, but I'm pretty sure that she has recently made it her mission in life to be the bain of my existence. God, why can't I just be twelve forever, life is always perfect when your twelve.

When I was little, both of my parents would spoil me rotten. Anything I wanted I got, no matter what it was, even donuts! I was their baby, the youngest of five and their baby girl, how could they not spoil me? FYI- I was adorable.

All this was fine and dandy up until about five months ago when I turned sixteen. Now its all-

"Carmella, don't you dare eat that last fried chicken wing, do you want everyone to think your butt is an ad for jello pudding?"

Or "Carmella, you are not going out dressed like that, I know your looking for a job, but pretending to be a hobo is not a way to make a living."

Ahh, sometimes I just wanted to scream. I mean, I know they don't mean it in a bad way, but do they have to be so ridiculous? And I get that they grew up in another country and were raised differenlty, but this isn't Morocco circa 1977- watching jazzercise videos won't cause me to run away to Vegas and join a harem in which I will belly dance for jello shots. Though green jello is my favorite....

What's the big deal anyway, if I can't date than what does it matter what I look like, right? Apparently it matters a lot, because supposedly I reflect them, and my actions affect my future, and blah blah blah. My dad tried having this conversation with me at my birthday when I officially became a "woman", but I couldn't help it, I zoned out, its a reflex I have to people lecturing me. Seriously, its like a documented condition or something, I can't control it, just ask my teachers.

Anyway, my dad's sort of the passive type, and we never had those "daddy, what's a condom?" conversations growing up, so it gets kinda awkward when he tries to have heart to hearts. Which means

that my mother put him up to that task so whatever he was talking about probably wasn't important anyway...

"Carmella!!!" Note to self, refrain from having long, slightly irrelevant, internal monologues while in my mother's vicinity. It only leads to long, slighly irrelevent, one sided converstions with her.

"Sorry mom, I'm late, gotta go to school" I tried to rush out of the house before she could complain about something else. Huh, maybe I should cut back on the donuts, I feel kind of winded.

"Just remember that we are having a special family dinner tonight, so I want you home right away after school. None of this crap about just going to your friend's house until dinner time, then conveniently falling asleep there and waking up in time to get home by curfew." Aww crap, that was my plan.

"But mommy, I already have plans" I said, eying her with the biggest puppy dog eyes I could make. I was blessed with big, brown eyes lined with dark, thick lashes. They had gotten me out of trouble several times in the past, as well as into trouble.

"Carmella..." Oh boy, she was giving me her pissed off face, which incidentally really just looked like all her other faces.

"Fine, fine, fine, I'll be there." I pouted, I hate losing.

"Good, plus I think you'll like the news your father and I will announce tonight." She said with a grin, an odd twinkle in her eyes that, though I tried to fight it, caused a slight chill to run up my spine.

"Yeah, yeah. Sure thing, mom". And boarding school never looked so good.

Chapter 2

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (2)

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger

Ok, here's the second chapter. I'm new at writing, so it's hard for me to tell if what I write is actually entertaining or not. So any feedback, positive or negative is appreciated :)

Chapter 2

School passed by quickly and in a blur, just how I liked it, and after my last class I returned home promptly, like the good little girl that I am, to face another sentence of torture by the donut nazi, a.k.a my mother. Luckily enough for me, she was too distracted cooking to notice my arrival so I quickly

retreated into the safe confines of my room. Ahh, freedom at last!

"Hello Carmella"

Well there goes my day, and my lunch.

Uggh, my sister was sitting on my bed. She was sitting on my bed getting her over-powering, over-priced perfume on my stuff, destroying the perfect detergent scent I had craftily applied to my comforter by stuffing fabric softener sheets inside the down.

Not only that, but she was using my favorite pillow as a support for her fat ass, which she likes to blame on the huge fetus currently feeding off of her life force inside her very angry looking engorged stomach. In actuallity, my sister has completely depleted the entire northeast region of its chocolate truffle researve. Cocoa farmers in Bolivia send her thank you cards for their holiday bonus.

"Oh come on Cara I just washed all of my sheets and now your getting all your pre-natal germs on my stuff! Can't you and your fat unborn baby find

somewhere else to seep all your crazy woman hormones into."

"God Carmella, stop being such a drama queen, besides this used to be my room, remember, no amount of bleach or scrubbing could get out all whats in this room." Ew. "And me and my baby are not fat!" She shrieked, an evil glint in her eyes. Where have I seen that look before?

"Yeah, well tell that to your ass, because I don't think it got the message." Yes, I know, its slightly imoral to be a bitch to a severly pregnant women, but its not like she's making it easy to be nice to her. But I'll stop, I wouldn't want to send her into labor in my room, blah.

Cara huffed, and I could almost see the steam coming from her ears. My sister is a pretty vain person, even in her current ginormous and flatulent state, and did not take fat jokes lightly. "You know, I came in here with the intentions of being a good big sister and was going to let you in on a huge secret that mom and dad were hiding from you. I was going to let you be prepared for tonight, but you know what, I think I

would enjoy it much more to see you squirm and suffer. So I guess I'll see you at dinner, baby sister."

And with that my sister heaved her body back towards my wall then flung her gigantic, swollen self off my bed, landed on her feet, then waddled out of the room. It was the most disturbing and amusing thing I think I have ever seen. Distraction quickly turned into panic, however, as I finally processed what my sister had said.

I mean, I knew my parents had some news to tell me tonight, thats why I had to stay home, but I wasn't really nervous about it until now. I mean, my mom had said it would be good news, but then again, I'm pretty sure our definitions of "good" aren't the same. And it would have to be something huge for them to keep it a secret from me only. Oh man, secrets are bad, they usually end in me being shipped to crazy aunt Eileen's farm for the summer because I'm too little to enjoy island vacations.

"Oh, crap. Oh, crap. Oh, crap." I think I'm hyperventilating. Ok, what is it I'm supposed to do to

calm down? Right, head in between my legs and slow breaths.

"Uh, Carmella?"

Oh, well this is akward. It's not everyday that your brother walks in on you with your eyes closed and your butt in the air.

"Hey Eitan"

"Um, mom told me to tell you that dinner's ready and for you to come down" Eitan tolf me meekly, his hand rubbing the back of his neck like he does whenver he's uncomfortable. Yeah, you and me both.

"Ok, thanks. And Eitan?"

"Yeah?"

"Can we never mention this, like, ever again?"

"Already working on burning the image out of my brain."

"Thanks". Well, I guess I should proably stand up now like the normal human being I'm not.

I walked downstairs to see everyone already sitting at the table, and when I say everyone, I mean everyone. Both my parents, my sister (blah, she was giving me an evil grin), her dorky husband, my oldest brother Illias, then my next brother Eitan, and my last brother Reuven. It had been a long time since all of us were together for dinner, and though usually I would see tonight as a nice change of pace, I had a sickening feeling in my gut that tonight was gonna suck. Everyone was staring at me. Let the suckfest begin.

And yes, yes it did. It began, it endured for two hours and it culminated in a giant, sucky explosion.

My sister's penetrating gaze never left my face the entire night, an evil glint, which I fully believe is hereditary, sparkling in her eyes. My father looked like he was about to pass out at any second, while my mother looked just the opposite, her lips stretched wide in an over excited grin that I thought she could no longer make after the amounts of botox she had pumped into her face on a regular basis. To top it all off, not one of my brothers, who have always been

my best friends and protectors, would come to my rescue.

Every time I would look at them they would just avert their eyes or conviently choke on a piece of asparagus forcing them to turn their heads. Arghh, some family they are, not only do I have to suffer from anticipation but I also have to keep myself from gagging on my dinner from the horendous sight across from me. As I was the last person to come down from dinner I got the unlucky honor of sitting across from him, I mean my brother-in-law Michael. Aparantly, Michael has unaturally large gums and slightly wider gaps between his teath. The whole night, and I mean the whole night, we played a game of "let's-see-how-much-crap-Michael-can-dig-out-of-his-teeth-with-his-fork", the first one who vomits loses. I was definately coming in second place.

Just as my brother-in-law picked out a HUGE piece of green spinach from his teeth and I was about to vomit my entire meal all over the table because there was no spinach at dinner tonight, my mom spoke.

"Oh, Carmella I can't wait any longer to tell you, if I do it will kill me."

Everyone turned to her, shocked to hear her speak. I just stared at her, unsure if I really wanted to know but then determining that anything was better than Michael.

"Sweetheart, your getting married!" All I could hear was a squeal, and it definately wasn't mine.

Chapter 3

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (3)

Ok so this chapter is a bit longer than my other two, I just couldn't cut it down without feeling like I was cutting important stuff out. Please tell me what you think, cause after I wrote this chapter I wasn't too sure if I liked it. Be honest now! :)

Chapter 3

"Sweetheart, your getting married!" The sentence resonated inside my head over and over again, but for some reason I couldn't comprehend its meaning.

I cocked my head to the side and looked at my mother puzzled, kind of like when you try speaking

to a puppy but they don't understand. Yup, at the moment I was definitely a lost puppy.

"Huh?" I asked, still confused, my head started to buzz, as I tried to make the connection between the words that were coming out of my mother's mouth and what they meant. I mean, usually I don't really pay attention to what she says so it took a lot of effort to actually go against my natural instinct and focus.

"What do you mean 'Huh?', I just said your getting married, don't you have anything to say?" She kind of screeched towards the end.

I know it was stupid, and at that moment there were probably a lot of better questions to ask, for instance "WTF?!?", but all that came out of my mouth was, "I thought you said that I wasn't allowed to date?" Cara just giggled at that, evil biotch.

Slowly comprehension started to form in my mind, but it still didn't make sense. Me? Getting married? To who? And I'm sixteen!

My mother suddenly snapped me out of my psycho babble, "Well your definitely not allowed to date

now, your getting married Carmella, that would be sooo inappropriate." I just raised my eyebrows, still ridiculously confused, I felt like Cara when she tried to do math.

"Sweetheart, its going to be an arranged marriage." My father finally spoke up. Oh, so now he's feeling brave, too bad he couldn't experience this rush of chivalry, oh I don't know, like 27 years ago when my mother shredded his man card!

Wait. Oh. My. God.... they're being serious, aren't they? They're marrying me off, me, their sixteen year old daughter. Carmella, thats me, they said that I'm getting married. I gazed up at my mom who had since risen from her chair and was levelling me with an expectant look.

And at that moment all I said was, "Oh" and passed the hell out right in my seat and hopefully not into the plate of mashed potatoes I had yet to eat. Mmm, mashed potatoes.

I woke up with the biggest headache I have ever had in my entire life, no forget headache, migraine. Even bigger than the time when my sister and her slob got

into a fight and she moved back home for two weeks, and my parents decided to let her share my room with me!!! Well, lets just say I convinced her that she rather move back in with her garbage disposal than share a room with me for one more second.

I slowly sat up. Hmm, I was on the couch, but the last thing I remember was eating dinner, strange. As I got up completely, a wave of vertigo washed over me, and the dizziness just intensified my migraine. "Aghh", I grumbled. Why is it so bright? Don't they know that lights make migraines worse?A strong hand grabbed my shoulder, I looked over, it was just Eitan.

"Carmella, are you ok?" he asked, kind of nervous.

"Umm, yea. I just have a bitch of a migraine. What happened? How'd I get on the couch?" I replied, finally being able to see straight.

"You mean you don't remember?" Eitan asked, his eyes widening in shock.

"Remember what?" Ok, now I was definitely confused.

"Oh no! No frickin way. There is no way in hell that I am going to be the one to tell her!" He shouted at my other brothers before crossing his arms and pouting. Seriously, what the shit was going on? I looked at my other brothers, but they just turned away, refusing to meet my gaze. Bastards! I was really starting to get annoyed.

"Would you like me to tell you, little sister? That is, what is mom and dad's big secret?" Cara purred at me from the other couch, where she and her enlarged self sat next to her husband, who was now digging around in his mouth with his finger for food stuck in his gums. I think I just vomited a little in my mouth.

I swallowed slowly. At least he wasn't using our forks to clean his teeth anymore, like he did at dinner..... and that's when everything came back to me, and I mean everything.

"What the fuck, I'm getting married?!?!" I screamed. Everyone in the room flinched at that, except for my sister, of course, who just sat there grinning at me. I twisted my head around to look for my parents and

saw my father trying to sneak up the stairs without me noticing.

"Oh no you don't." I yelled before flinging myself over the back of the couch, snagging my right foot on a pillow before falling flat on my face and pulling the entire couch down with me. FAIL.

"Dad, why are you doing this to me?" I pleaded, with the big puppy dog eyes as two of my brothers helped me up from the floor and righted the couch before my mom could see and throw a tantrum. He started to soften at my gaze, probably because I looke pretty pathetic right about now, and lets be honest, I kind of was. I relaxed a little, I knew I was going to win, I always did with him. He opened his mouth to speak, but of course, was cut off by the destroyer of hopes and dreams, my mother.

"Because, we said so!" She stated matter of factly, while carrying a tray of coffee and cookies into the living room. I saw there was a chocolate cream donut there as well, and assumed she was going to use it to bribe me. So far it was working, mmm... No! Snap out of it, a donut is not worth selling yourself to some

complete stranger, maybe if it were a dozen donuts, but definitely not one. I shook my head, must focus!

"Besides, arranged marriages are quite common in our culture, and your Aunt Maya decided to arrange a marriage for your cousin Rafaela, so your father and I decided it would be a good idea for you too." She said the last part sweetly and quickly before grabbing the donut from the tray and shoving in my face with a smile. I was, I'll admit, momentarily distracted by the chocolate- but onl for twenty seconds, I swear! I had not missed the most important piece of information she had just said.

"So your selling me to some perverted, old, fat, sweaty man just so you can one up your sister!!!" I screeched, loud enough to make everyone jump. I knew that was the reasoning behind her decision, my mother is incredibly too easy to read. Just ignore this morning when I completely did not see this coming, I was distracted, remember, by the donut.

"First of all, the man that we end up choosing for you will not be disgusting, and we will allow you some say in the matter. Second of all.." My mother's tone

lightened at this, trying to make it sound all sweet and sincere, yeah right. "This marriage has nothing to do with monetary compensation. We are not "selling you". The only thing we will gain from this arrangement is the joy and pleasure we will have from seeing you eternally happy." I snorted, yeah right, maybe if you were a normal, non-psychotic mother.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax. I have to calm down, nothing good will come out of this situation if I lose my cool right now. My mother had said that there was no groom yet, so maybe there was a chance to stop this. Right.

I slowly stood up and faced my mother. Everyone tensed and stared at me, ready to pounce and hold me back if I tried to attack her. I am known for kind of having a short temper, and though I may be only 5'3, I can kick anyone's ass. I lifted up my hand so it was parallel to my shoulder and opened up my palm so it was flat. Again, I heard everyone in the room suck in their breath. It was very annoying, I see how much faith they have in me. And in one quick move,

my hand darted out towards my mother and closed around the donut she was still holding in her hand before yanking it back. Come on now, you didn't actually think I would hit my mother did you? I would never, not for just this at least. Everyone let out their breath and relaxed a bit, but still kept all their attention on me.

I nibbled on my donut, mmm, sugar. I looked up at my mom and said, "I'm am most definitely not ok with this arrangement, and I will most definitely continue to fight it. If you want to try and marry me off to some complete stranger, well then that's your prerogative, but please, I am your daughter after all, don't think that I will just give up without a fight. A very bloody and and violent fight." I grinned, I added the last parted just so I could see her grimace.

I then turned to my sister and said, "And by the way," Cara gave me an evil glare, "I see you've decided to grow a double chin, it really goes well with the rolls of your fat ass." Oh, yeah, I definitely remembered our conversation this morning, she so could have warned me. And with that I walked towards the

stairs to go to my room and cry into my carebear like the five year old I really am on the inside.

I was almost at the top when I heard my mother call. What now?!?

"Carmella, I forgot to mention that we need you to clear all your plans for this coming weekend."

"What? Why?" Was she trying to break my spirit as well?!?!

"Because, silly, this weekend we are having a party for all your prospective husbands, you know, a meet and greet for you. And, well, I assumed you would want to be there to have a say in who you are going to spend the rest of your life with. However, if you already have plans, I'm sure Cara can help us decide, I mean she is your sister and only has your best interests at heart." God, the way she said that was so sweet it was sickening. Her voice did nothing to hide the false innocence she held. Well played, mother, I will give round one to you but the game has just begun.

"No, no, mother, I'll be there." And with that I ran up the stairs before my mother could throw anymore bombshells on me, stuffing the donut in my mouth to muffle the profanities I was screaming. Yup, my life sucks!

Chapter 4

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (4)

Chapter 4

When I got upstairs, I quickly called my friends and canceled our plans for the weekend. I didn't tell them the real reason why since I didn't want them to think I was a freak for having an arranged marriage, because, I don't care what my mother says, it is not normal! I plopped down on my bed, exhausted, and thought about what tomorrow would bring, quickly coming to the realization that yes, I was terrified of being married, but even more so I was truly terrified that for the first time in my life I really wouldn't have control of my future.

With no distractions, no third parties commenting or expectations being thrown at me, I actually had a chance to process what was really happening; before, I was just angry that my parents were trying to force me into something, to arrange my life. Now that I got to think about it, I am terrified about what it means to be married, to a complete stranger at that. To live with someone, sleep with someone (in both senses of the word), and I don't even want to think about kids. How could this be happening to me? Things like this don't happen to people like me.

I mean, I'm not totally inexperienced, I have had a few boyfriends before, of course my parents don't know that, but the farthest I've ever gone is kissing, none of my relationships were ever serious. And this.. this arranged marriage thing is very serious! My breath started to hitch as I started to panic, I am not ready to be a wife. My god, wife! That sounds so old! I quickly pressed play on my ipod and forced my body to relax into my bed as the rhythm of the music pulsed into my room. My brain was too scrambled to register what song was playing but it didn't really

matter, as long as I had something else to focus on other than my screwed up life.

"I will deal with this tomorrow, I wont let it bother me today" I chanted my new mantra, willing myself to believe though deep down knowing that wouldn't happen.

Slowly, I stopped hyperventilating and eventually fell into sleep, a very restless, crappy sleep from which I awoke several times sweating during the course of the night. And, as I lay awake at 2:37am staring at the glow in the dark stars on my ceiling that I put there when I was five, for the first time in my life, I actually wished that I had school on Saturdays.

When I woke up the sun was blazing into my room, blinding me since I wasn't fully awake yet. As I blinked back my morning grogginess, I thought that maybe last night was just a bad dream, and that nothing in my life had changed, but as I walked to my window to fully pull back my curtains, I knew that everything that happened last night was real.

Both sidewalks of my street were lined with cars; big, expensive, shiny cars, almost all of them SUV's.

Except for one, I noticed, which was a shiny blue sports car. Huh, it must be the neighbor's. As I retreated from the window my stomach started to gurgle. I looked at my phone, it said it was friggin one o clock in the afternoon, damn, I slept for like eleven hours! No wonder I'm hungry. I made my way to the kitchen with every intention of getting a bowl of froot loops, my perfect pick me up, when my mother (sigh) stepped right in front of me with a horrified look on her face.

"Carmella, look at you, your a mess! Why aren't you dressed and ready yet? All the guests have arrived."

"Jeez, mom, I just woke up, what do you want from me?"

"Just woke up?!? Carmella, I woke you up three hours ago!!!" Three hours ago, hmm.... nope, don't remember that. "Carmella, you go upstairs and get ready right this instant, because I swear, if you think that an arranged marriage is the worst I can do you are horribly mistaken. Three words, 'Military Boarding School!' Now, you have fifteen minutes to

be dressed and ready, then I want you outside mingling with our guests, now go!"

With that she grabbed the froot loops from my hands and shoved me towards the stairs before I could even a "you bitch!". She was seriously getting on my last nerves, especially with the whole grabbing my food from me thing, doesn't she know never to try and take food away from a hungry teenager! Little did she know, though, that two can play at this game.

I had to give it to myself, I looked utterly and completely disgusting, like a total slob. My mirror does not lie. My mother had been foolish to think that I would just go along with this whole party thing, I mean come on, did she not listen to a word I said last night, did she miss the whole "bloody and violent" part?!?

You see, instead of showering and getting all dressed up and pretty like my mom had wanted, I decided to go for a more 'natural' look'. I slicked back my jet black hair with a crap load of hair gel, which gave me a nice greasy and slimy look. I was wearing one of my brother's (don't know which one, and I guess it

doesn't really matter since they're all equally stinky when they sweat) gym shirts and sweatpants which I conveniently found in the hamper. I smelled like roadkill. I quickly put some eyeliner and mascara on before heading to the bathroom and throwing water on my face to make it smudge. I looked like a homeless person, and with the whole sweaty gym clothes thing, I now smelled like one too, perfect. I took one last glimpse in the mirror before smiling to myself and heading downstairs. "I hope you like my look mommy", I thought to myself.

Everyones eyes were on me as I walked through the sliding doors of my kitchen and into my backyard. Silence surrounded us, all you could hear was the crap elevator jazz music my mother had playing in the background. Speaking of rabid psychopaths, where is my mother? I scanned my rather large yard and found her standing next to an older couple, who I am assuming are the parents of one of my prospective hubbies. They looked like they were talking before I 'interrupted', but now all they were

doing was gaping, or at least the couple was, my mother on the other hand was turning a bright shade of red and looked like she was about to attack me at any second. Hmm... I wonder why? Score one for me, I was wrong, today might be fun.

I decided since I already looked and smelled like a disgusting pig that I might as well act line one too, you know, just for the full affect. Everyone stared as I casually walked over to the buffet that was set up in my backyard; I ignored everyone. I stuck my hand into the tin containing the french fries, pulled out a handful and shoved them in my mouth. I chewed them for about two minutes, with my mouth opened, before swallowing. Then, mustering all the strength I had, I gave a burp that even my sister's husband couldn't touch. I was pretty proud of myself, considering everything I just did I consider completely disgusting.

My mother began to walk, or more like sprint, in my direction. Alright Carmella, brace yourself, the wildebeest is about to attack.

"Carmella! What in the hell is wrong with you? What are you doing?" My mother whisper-screeched in my face. Like literally in my face, I could spell her breathmint. It was wintergreen.

"What? I had gas." I smiled innocently and looked at all the guests, who were still staring at me. They all looked completely disgusted and repulsed, except for the couple that my mother was talking to, they just seemed bewildered by me. I looked back up to my mother, she didn't seem to find my answer very funny because her hands were shaking and it looked like it was taking all of her self control to prevent herself from strangling me right here in this spot.

I decided I was bored of this conversation and needed to get away from my mother before she snapped, so I moved to get a hot dog, but before I could take one step my mother grabbed my arm and yanked me towards the house, her fake nails digging into my skin. When we were inside and safely out of earshot from our guests my mother ducked her head towards me, intense annoyance filling her eyes and her teeth gritted.

"Carmella, we will talk about this little stunt you just pulled later because I don't want to lose my composure while we have such important guests at the house. But you will not get away with this, so I am telling you now, you will go upstairs, you will clean yourself up and come down here looking presentable. And so help me god if you don't Carmella, because I will drag you upstairs myself and get the job done. And if you want to see bloody and violent, I will show you bloody and violent. You have fifteen minutes." And with that she turned on her heels and went back outside, slamming the kitchen door behind her. I gulped, my mother could be scary sometimes, I'll give her that.

I took a deep breath. 'Relax Carmella, your younger than her, you can take her.' I took another deep breath, there was no way I was going to let my mom distract me. Phase two of mission "destroy-my-arranged-marriage" has now commenced.

I could not believe what I was seeing in my mirror. It looked like a Britney Spears video threw up on me. They were going to think that I was some kind of

underage prostitute or stripper or something... just the look I was going for!

You see, after I came upstairs from the little chat I had with my mother, I looked out my window and saw that some cars had left. I guess some people don't find poor hygeine and hoboish tendencies an attractive quality in a future daughter. But there were still tons of shiny SUV's, and that one blue sports car still parked on my street. I sighed, I didn't want to have to go there but I guess thats my only option. If being completely nasty didn't scare all these people off, than maybe being a nasty 'ho-bag' will.

I was wearing the tightest, sluttiest outfit I have ever worn. My black bra was peeking through the white buttoned down, short sleeved shirt I was wearing, which, by the way, I purchased when I was in the seventh grade. The top three buttons wouldn't close anymore, so all of my cleavage, and there is a lot, was showing. Oh well. I put on a pair of fishnet stockings I had from Halloween, and then put on a black plaid miniskirt I had in my closet. I then proceeded to roll

the already short skirt up three inches to the point where it was so short that I had to make sure I didn't take steps that were too wide. I topped my outfit off with a pair of my mother's six inch stiletto boots which looked like they belonged in a strip club. Why my mother had shoes like these, I really didn't want to know. I pulled my now clean hair into two pigtails on my head and layered my eyes with black eyeshadow. I topped my look off with bubble gum pink lip gloss. I looked like a slutty school girl. I sighed, then headed downstairs.

As I entered my kitchen I grabbed a cherry lollipop from our snack drawer and popped it in my mouth, I figured it would go nicely with my new "look". I then plugged my ipod into the dock that was connected to the speakers outside and pressed play on the song "Lollipop" by ThreeSixMafia. I knew that if I could play my cards right I could end this whole arranged marriage thing tonight. So I took a deep breath, pretended like the lolipop was vodka flavored, and stepped outside.

As I slid the door open, I saw that everyone was staring at me, again. I guess the music change clued them in to my arrival. The women in the yard looked appalled at the sight of me, the men looked incredulous. I blushed, suddenly I felt very self conscious, maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. I looked over and saw my dad standing next to an older man and a guy that was probably his son and a potential suitor. He was just glaring at me, my dad that is; his mouth turned down into a very hard line. He then looked at all the other men in the yard and saw how they were looking at me. His face began to turn red with anger. Note to self: stay away from dad until I change.

I then turned my head to the right and I caught my mother's gaze. Surprisingly, she had an indifferent look plastered on her face, you would have thought that everything was fine except for the fact that her eye kept twitching every thirty seconds. There is definitely something wrong with her, I hope its not genetic. I figured that the couple she was with were the parents of one of her top choices for me, so I guess its now or never if I want to scare them off.

I slowly walked over to where they were standing, sashaying my hips as I walked. I could feel the wind blowing up my skirt and blushed at the knowledge that anyone behind me could probably see my ass right now. I stopped when I was in front of them and just smiled at the couple before turning my 100 watt, and 100% fake, smile to my mother. Her eye twitched again, but she quickly composed herself to speak.

"Carmella, how nice of you to come and join our conversation. I see you changed, you look....." She didn't finish that sentence, I guess she didn't want to say" like a complete whore" in front of my prospective in laws. Just then the woman spoke up.

"Hello Carmella, my name is Ariel, I'm so glad to finally meet you." She extended her hand for me to shake, and I obliged. She seemed nice, and like a genuinely nice person for not judging me by how I looked today. If this were any other situation, I probably wouldn't want to make her dislike me, but its not, and you gotta do what you gotta do.

"And this is my husband Lazar" Ariel gestured towards her husband, he gave me a quick shake and

a nod before turning his head in the complete opposite direction and averting his gaze. Eww, creepy much, I definitely like Ariel better, not that it will matter after today.

"Nice to meet you both." I replied in a casual voice trying to sound uninterested and bored. Surprisingly, it wasn't that hard.

"Ariel and Lazar have a son named Ezra, Carmella, he is a few years older than you, just graduated high school last year. Ezra is set to join his father in their family business. They own a small chain of hotels, but plan on expanding the franchise nationally due to its success." My mother chirped. Her enthusiasm over my potential mate seemed to resusitate her from the coma my 'ensemble' sent her into. And jeez, she must really like this kid with the sales pitch she's giving me, she should work at one of those kiosks in the mall that sell body lotion.

"Thats nice" was all I said before turning my head to look at my nails, pretending to clean dirt out of them. I quickly glanced at my mother then Ariel and Lazar. Lazar just looked uncomfortable, but both Ariel and

my mother looked nervous. I stunned to even think that Ariel might still want me to marry her son after the way I acted and looked today. Great, if I get stuck marrying this Ezra kid I'll not only have one crazy mother but two.

"Carmella, why don't I introduce you to my son. I think you two will really hit it off. Ezra, will you come over here please?!" Ariel yelled. Oh great, bring on the loser. He's probably short and gangly, with thick glasses and a nasal congestion, that would be the guy that my mom picks out for me.

As I stand there, I feel someone brush past me and look up to see who it is, and when I mean up, I mean all the way up, cause the guy standing in front of my was like friggin six foot three. Thats a whole foot taller than me. And he wasn't just huge as in tall, but also as in muscular. His tight black cotton shirt clung to his biceps so tightly that it looked like it would rip off if he flexed his arms, I could only imagine what his abs looked like. I looked up to his face, he had lightly tanned skin, dark eyes, and full lips. His brown hair was cut short at about an inch long and

gelled back. His exotic look hinted at our shared heritage. Overall, he was absolutely gorgeous! Now why couldn't this be the guy my mother wanted me to marry?

"Ah, Carmella, meet my son, Ezra." Ariel said.

Wait, this is Ezra?!? I looked up to him, eyes wide, my mouth hanging open, very attractive I know. Ok Carmella, please say something resolutely inteligant so that he doesn't think that our IQ is the same as our skirt size.

"Damn."

Chapter 5

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (5)

Just a quick note, this is the third chapter I uploaded in the past 24 hours. I'm doing this because I start school tomorrow, and Ill be going to college full time as well as working full time, so it will take me longer now to post chapters and I didn't want to leave you guys hangin. Hope you like it, again feedback is appreciated :)

Chapter 5

After about thirty seconds of gawking like the embarressing idiot I am, gross line of drool trailing from my mouth and all, I realized that I had just said that out loud and quickly looked down

in an attempt to hide the heated blush that was taking over my face. Obnoxious giggling from the peanut gallery, a.k.a my mother and Ariel, informed me that unfortunately I was unsuccesful. Without hesitance I shot them a dirty look quickly quieting Ariel, my mother just shrugged and rolled her eyes. Mustering all the strength I had, I slowly turned my gaze up to Ezra, hoping with everything I had that he happened to have a momentary bout of narcolepsy which would have caused him to miss that entire scene. Yeah right, like I would be that lucky. He was just standing there, in all his glory, with a cocky grin on his face looking bored and pretentious. Wow, good looking and vapid, how original!

"Ezra, this is Carmella. Isn't she beautiful?" Ariel prodded her son, practically digging her fingers into his bicep in her effort to get him to pay attention. Ezra glanced my way, eying me up and down meticulously, as if he was cataloguing each of my flaws . He smiled wickedly, "Oh yea, and her outfit definitely brings out her best assets".

I couldn't believe he just said that, especially in front of our parents. I looked over to my mother expecting her to scold him or something, I mean thats what she usually did when guys were rude or hit on me in front of her, but she just grimaced then tried to cover it with a fake smile. Ariel was no better, she just gave Ezra a disappointed look before giving me an apologizing glance. My god, they must really want us to get together. Well, if they weren't going to say anything I sure as hell was.

"Yea, what can I say? I guess I'm just well endowed." I then looked down towards his crotch before raising my eyes to his, a smirk on my face, "Too bad we can't say the same for you. But don't worry, I hear they can enhance anything these days with plastic surgery." Ezra shot me a dirty look that I promptly ignored with a giggle. My mother gasped, this was obviously not the direction she had intended this conversation to head in.

"I'm hungry. Are you guys hungry? I say we get some food. Ezra, Carmella, would you mind going and getting us some hot dogs?" My mom looked me in the

eyes as she asked the question, warning me not to protest. I sighed. I was about to turn towards the buffet when Ezra spoke up.

"Sure Mrs. Castiel, I would love to. Hey, and then maybe Carmella and I can have a hot dog eating contest, she seems like the type of girl who would be good at shoving wieners down her throat." My breath caught in my throat, he did not just go there?

"Ezra, how dare you say that to Carmella? You apologize right now!" Ariel shrieked before I could speak up.

"No, no, Ariel, its ok. I think a hot dog eating contest would be great. Ezra looks like the type who has deep throated a few wieners in his day, he would be good competition." At that, Lazar finally snapped out of his daze and gave a puzzled look towards his son, who was now turning red with what I would assume a mixture of embarresment and anger. I just smiled and raised my eyebrows towards him, silently challenging him to respond.

"Um, you know what, I'm not really in the mood for hot dogs anymore, how about instead you guys go get

us some..... potato salad! Yes, potato salad please." And with that my mother shoved me towards the buffet and I begrudgingly grabbed a plate. I was about to scoop some potato salad onto my plate when a hand shot out over mine, letting the scoop of salad fall onto their plate. Astonished, I looked up to see who would have the balls to do that and was not shocked to see who was standing beside me.

"Thanks, bitch" was all Ezra said before he turned to walk back to our parents. Ladies and gentlemen, that is all it took for me to see red. I hated it when people called me bitch, especially guys, because anytime they didn't get what they wanted they would automatically label you as that.

"Who the fuck are you calling a bitch, you pansy ass?!" I yelled to his back, maybe a tad bit too loud. We were back to everyon staring at me again, oh well, I should probably just get used to that. Ezra shoved his plate towards his mother, who was now gaping, horrified at the both of us, and turned around to walk back towards me. When we were

finally face to face, after he bent down a little of coursehe, through gritted teeth he spoke.

"What the fuck did you just call me?"

"You heard me, your a pansy ass. And by the way, what the fuck is your problem? What the hell did I ever do to you?" I spat in his face (not literally, I don't like spit).

"What did you ever do to me?!?! Its only because of you that I'm here, being shoved into some arranged marriage to some stupid, spoiled little bitch, a.k.a you!" He growled back.

I sucked in a deep breath at that. It was one thing to call me a bitch, but to insult my intelligence and accuse me of being spoiled all in one sentence was a whole different thing. And how was it my fault he's being forced into an arranged marriage, its not like I want this either, especially not with him. Did he not understand what "arranged" meant?

"Well sorry, I had no idea that this whole arranged marriage thing was so inconvenient for you. Oh here, wait, let me just go tell our parents that you want out,

I'm sure they'll completely understand... Oh wait, they wont, because this is an Arranged Marriage, as in by force, you dumb ass. I had nothing to do with this, you think I would actually want to marry you?" I laughed before giving him a disgusted look.

"Well, good, cause there is no way I would touch your ho-ass. And don't you ever talk to me like that again you bitch." Ezra spat back at me. That was it, within the last twenty minutes Ezra referred to me as a slut and a ho and had called me a bitch three whole times, which is three times too many in my book. All I could see was red, my body was shaking and I needed to do something to wipe that victorious look off of his disgustingly perfect face.

I still had the plate in my hands so I turned to the buffet and put three large scoops of potato salad on it. Ezra must have taken this as my surrender, because I heard him give a quiet chuckle before hearing his footsteps retreating. Stupid pansy ass. He didn't get three feet away before I ran up to him and tapped him on the shoulder. He reluctantly turned towards me, a hint of annoyance in his posture. As

soon as he was facing me I smashed the plate full of potato salad on his face. Ezra just stood there in shock, I guess he wasn't really used to people standing up to him. Before he could come out of his potato salad brain freeze, I stood up on my tiptoes and pulled at his collar, bringing his ear to my lips so I could whisper the last words he would ever hear me say to him.

"Don't you ever fucking call me or any other girl a bitch again, you fucking pansy ass."

And with that I kneed him in the balls, then turned and walked towards my house. I could hear Ezra groaning in pain and cursing behind me, and my mother and Ariel gasping in shock. Lazar just let out a "ooh" at the sight of what I just did, as did many of the other men I passed on my way to the house. I noticed a lot of them kind of scrunched their legs together at the sight, I guess kneeing a guy in the balls really does hurt. I chuckled. My dad smiled towards me as I left the backyard and entered the kitchen. At least he thought what I did was funny.

I made my way up the stairs to my bedroom, locking my door behind me, I didn't feeling like dealing with anything else today, especially my mother, whom I'm sure has a few choice words for me. I went to my computer and hit play on my itunes, a random song coming out of the speakers. I pulled my mothers hooker boots off my feet and made my way to my window. More cars had left since this morning, and it looked like the rest of our guests had decided to call it a night. I noticed Ariel and Lazar get into a shiny black Ford Expedition, but Ezra wasn't with them. I then looked to the blue sports car parked behind them and saw a very sticky looking Ezra limp towards the car. Figures that would be his.

I smiled to myself and then plopped down on my bed. Mission 'destroy-my-arranged-marriage' is now complete.

Chapter 6

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (6)

Ok, I just want to give a quick shout out to Jycrocker26, since she so nicely asked me to keep going with my story. So I hope you guys all like it, and if anything sucks or is boring about it tell me, I wanna know so I can write better :)

Chapter 6

It had been five months since the "lets auction Carmella off like a piece of meat" party and a lot had changed. My mother, who I had expected to find hovering above me with a sharpened butter knife while I slept, actually decided to keep her distance instead. Unusual, I know, but apparently she really

wanted this whole arranged marriage thing, especially with Ezra, and the fact that I ruined it didn't go over so well with her. Now I figured this would be something she would get over after a while, but even after all this time she still moped around the house acting all depressed and self absorbed. You would think she was the one being forced into this marriage.

To add to that, my brother Illias decided to abandon us by moving out of the house and into an apartment with his girlfriend which, by the way, none of us knew he had. It wouldn't have been so bad except after he moved out my sister and the trash man decided to move back in so we could "help" them with the new baby, or babysit so they could go out. At this point, I'm pretty sure I would take the arranged marriage over this set up.

Oh crap, I spoke too soon.

"Carmella! Carmella!" god, why was my mother screaming? "Carmella!" Yeah, sure, bang my door open without knocking first, its not like I could be naked in my room changing clothes or anythings. My

mother bounded into my room at full force, her face flushed and her eyes wide with excitement.

"Oh Carmella, there you are." She finally said, half panting from running up the steps to my room. "I need you to cancel any plans you have for the 25th, no excuses, we're going to a special dinner and there is no way your getting out of it!"

I was going to protest, I mean, I didn't have any plans for the 25th but I just felt that as her daughter that's what I was supposed to do, but she looked too excited and was using large hand gestures and everything, I couldn't disappoint her, not again. So instead I swallowed the slight bile that rose in my throat at the thought of what I am about to do and said, "Ok."

"Ok? Your not going to put up a fight or anything about it?"

"Nope. You asked me to go so I'm going."

"Oh, well ok then. Um, I guess I'll leave you to get back to whatever you were doing before." With that, she sent some weird hand gesture for dismissal my way before prancing out the door. Jeez, did everyone

really think I was so much of a brat that I would fight them on everything? Yea, I guess they would think that since so far I kinda have been. Ugh, I hate guilt.

We were on our way to I don't know where, I didn't ask because, truthfully, I didn't really care. I felt kind of bad for disappointing my parents with the whole arranged marriage thing so I decided that tonight would be for them, whatever they wanted tonight they would get, I owed them that.

After a half hour drive, we pulled up to a huge ass mansion. I mean, it looked like they had to take down a small rainforest to build the place, jeez, not very eco-friendly. "Is this where we're having dinner?" I asked, completely confused. I've been to all of my parent's friend's homes, and I didn't recognize this one. Maybe someone moved?

"Yes, this is it. This home belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Biton, you've met them before, don't you remember?" My mother asked, wariness in her eyes. I thought about it for a few seconds, then got bored and gave up. It didn't matter anyway, because like I said,

tonight was for my parents, and if they wanted to torture me by making me sit through some boring dinner while they reminisce with their friends, I would sacrifice my braincells and sit through it.

My dad knocked on the door and not two seconds later it was opened, and guess who was standing at the threshold waiting to great us. Go ahead, just guess.

"Ariel, its so nice to see you again." My mother cooed before exchanging a kiss on the cheek with Ariel. My mouth dropped to the floor and my mind went blank; never in a million years would I ever think that I would see this woman again; I would have thought that she despised me after I almost neutered her son with my knee. Hmm, well at least now I know what her last name is.

"Its so nice to see you too Ella, and you too David. Oh, and Carmella don't be shy, come here and give me a hug. You still look just as beautiful as I remember." Hesitantly, I took one step closer before she got impatient and grabbed me into a tight embrace. Did I just enter an alternate universe or

something? What the hell was going on? Why is everyone acting like the whole party never happened?

"Well, everyone come in. Lazar and Ezra are waiting for us in the dinning room to have dinner." Ariel announced before ushering us into the house. I gulped and silently prayed to god to help me get through tonight without having to use brutal force on anyone.

Ok, remember how I told you that the night that I found out I was having an arranged marriage was the most uncomfortable dinner of my life? Yea, well I lied, because tonight's dinner pretty much kicked that night's ass.

My father sat through the entire dinner eying Ezra so sternly that I thought his eyeball might pop out and fly across the table at him, while Ezra just grinned sheepishly looking massively uncomfortable and embarrassed. That would have been totally adorable if I didn't know what type of evil lay beneath that overly moisturized beef bimbo. Lazar just spent the entire night staring at me with a wary look, like I was

some kind of wild animal about to attack or something. Meanwhile, my mother and Ariel sat there giggling and whispering to each other while stealing quick glances between Ezra and myself. Gross. All I could do was sit there and eat my roast beef since I promised myself that tonight would be my parent's night. Fantastic!

After dinner, we all headed into the living room for tea and cookies, there was even a donut there for me, it wasn't chocolate, but hey, tonight was about sacrifice. I went to sit down next to my mother but the crazy hag shoved me off the couch before my butt could hit the cushion.

"Hey, what was that for?" I asked, ok maybe shouted, while pouting, apparently my old mother had returned sometime during dinner.

"There's not enough room!" I eyed the couch. There was like four feet of empty space for me to sit on, but my mother had a look on her face like she would tackle me if I even tried, so I huffed and turned to find another seat. And guess where the only other seat available was. Next to Ezra, on a love seat.

Figures. I reluctantly sat down next to him and he just gave me a sly smile, the bastard better be nice.

"Well, now that everyone's settled, I think its time we discuss the issue at hand." Ariel announced. Oh god, here we go again. "Carmella, all four of us have discussed it and decided that we would like to go ahead with the arranged marriage between you and Ezra. Everyone has agreed to it, except for you of course, and we would like to discuss why."

WTF?! What to they mean by everyone has agreed to it? "Umm, who's everyone?" I asked hesitantly.

"Well, both your parents of course, myself, Lazar, and Ezra."

No Fucking Way!!! That bastard agreed to this shit? I shot him an accusing glance, but he just gave me a surprised and innocent look. Does he think I'm stupid, I know what he's trying to do, he's trying to get revenge by destroying my life. I thought about what he was doing for a second. If he says yes to this arrangement, then its on me if it goes through or not. If I say yes, everyone will be happy but I'll be stuck with him, forever!! But if I say no everyone will be

pissed and my parents will be so disappointed and I'll be stuck with them until I get a full time job! It was one thing when neither of us wanted this, but now that he's said yes he's making me look like the bad guy. That jackass.

"Carmella, did you want to say anything, talk about this?" My mother asked me, and for the first time genuinely concerned. Shit. What do I do? What do I do? I don't know what to say!! Ugh, that bastard, I hate him for putting me in this situation. I took a deep breath and calmed myself, I had to think clearly. I looked over to Ezra, he was just smirking now, looking every bit the devil's spawn he is. I knew deep down he didn't want to get married, he was just doing this to get to me. Well you know what, two can play at this game.

"Alright, I'll do it." I said a little shaky.

"Do what sweetheart?" Ariel asked me.

"I'll marry Ezra. I'll do the whole arranged marriage thing." I answered. 'Please don't pass out, please don't pass out' I silently prayed in my head.

"You'll what?!?!" Ezra shouted then, pulling me out of my prayers. As I came back to reality I couldn't help but smile evilly. Suck it up Ezra, cause I fight dirty. "I'll marry you" I replied, "You do want to marry me, don't you... sweetheart?" I asked, faking innocence.

Ezra shot me a long, angry glare before gritting his teeth and pushing out, "Of course I do, sweetcheeks, who else would I want to marry?" Sweetcheeks?!? Blah, I almost gagged when he said that, could he be any more of a perv? Sensing the tension developing in the room, Ariel spoke up,

"Well, good, now that that's settled how about we end tonight's little get together, its getting late, and now that we finally have an engagement I have lots of phone calls to make. Though I'm dreading the one I have to make to your cousin, she'll be so disappointed."

"Huh?!" Which cousin is she calling, I have so many? And what do they have to do with this?

"Well, Ezra seems to be quite a popular commodity lately, and we had narrowed it down to two possible matches, you and your cousin Rafaela. But Rafaela

was sort of our backup, we were hoping that you would say yes since you are our number one choice, but just in case you said no, Rafaela agreed to the marriage." Ariel spoke.

I looked at my parents shocked. They knew this, I know they did, well at least I know my mom did. I never had to marry Ezra, he had a back up anyway. My mom probably didn't even like Ezra that much, she just knew that my aunt wanted her daughter to marry him and that's why she was pushing him so hard on me. That competitive bitch!

I was about say something, no scream something at my mother, but she quickly caught on grabbing my arm and pulling me towards the front door so I couldn't embarrass her, again. She shouted her goodbyes as we made our way to the door.

"Bye Ariel, Lazar, Ezra, thank you again for tonight. See you at the beach house." And with that I was shoved in the backseat of the car before I even had time to register my mother's words. The beach house? What the hell was she talking about? Oohh, I hope my mother is ate her wheaties today because

when we get home I'm going to make her wish she got her tubes tied after Cara!

Chapter 7

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (7)

Hey, so I wanna apologize now if this chap isn't as good as the last ones. I'm pretty burnt out from work and school, so its really hard to find energy or time to write. But I hope you like it just the same, and again, if don't or have advice or anything comment and tell me so I can write better :)

Chapter 7

As soon as the car doors locked I unleashed all of my fury on my unsuspecting parents. Really, they should know better by now.

"What the hell is wrong with you two?! I am your daughter, for the love of God, and you're willing to destroy my life just to one up your sister?!?" I fumed.

"Calm down Carmella, jeez, stop being such a drama queen." My mother casually replied back, sounding disgustinngly similar to my sister. Its creepy really, like they're the same person.

I couldn't believe her, she was accusing me of being over dramatic? Over dramatic over my arranged marriage?!? Is that even possible? "Besides, I thought you said you wanted to marry Ezra now, you didn't change your mind in the last five minutes did you?" She asked me. My father gave me a quick glance in the rear view mirror, a tad bit of hopefullness in his eyes. I couldn't help it, that made me smile. My mother, of course, took that the completely wrong way. Cue creepy, clown like smile.

"Hah! I knew you secretly liked him" She beamed.

"What?! Are you crazy, the guy's a jerk and a perv, how you expect me to even tolerate his presence is beyond me." I retorted.

"Well you'll just have to learn to then, since you'll be spending a whole week with him."

Again, I say, "What?!"

"Oh did we forget to tell you at the house? Ariel and Lazar have invited our family to spend a week with them down at their beach house. And, well, since you said yes to the marriage, I just assumed that that's how you would want to spend your spring break, you know, getting to know your fiancé and his family better." There was a taunting grin on my mothers face that was just daring me to snap back at her. I think after all those months of moping around her bitchness just piled up inside her, and now she was ready for a release. Great, why me? I thought that's what husbands were for?

Through gritted teeth I responded. "Well I guess you can't be right about everything, mother, because I would rather floss Michael's teeth than spend a whole week locked up in some house with HIM!"

My mother's face turned red at that, and the amused look she held turned pissed. She twisted her body around in the front seat to face me, and with one

sentence totally and completely won the argument. "Carmella, I'm warning you once, if you do not go to the beach house with us then I swear to god you will be changing dirty diapers, wiping up vomit, and cleaning out Cara's breast pump for the next six months, DO YOU HEAR ME?!?!"

I gulped. I couldn't help it. The whole five months my mother was moping around she must have been secretly working on being terrifying, because at this moment, I have to say, she really was. Plus, I don't do dirty diapers, or vomit for that matter, and there was definitely no way in hell I was going near Cara's breast pump. So I just nodded my head, because frankly, I didn't know what to say. My mother instantly smiled again, her expression changing back to one of a manipulative evil mastermind, almost as if she had planned this whole thing out. But she couldn't have, right? No, she definitely wasn't that smart. Well, you win this round, mother- one point to the crazy lady off her meds in the front seat.

April came way too fast, and before I knew it, spring break was here. *Yippy* Originally, my entire family was supposed to go to the beach house together but Illias pulled out, of course, to spend lovey dovey time with his girlfriend, I mean, its not like they don't have enough time to do that already. Eitan already made plans with his friends to go to Ft. Lauderdale for spring break, so that meant that he would be out too. And, this being Reuven's senior year of high school, he claimed he had soccer practice to attend at school over break, and if he missed it then he might not get a scholarship or something, blah blah blah, he just wanted the house to himself. So that left me, unfortunately, my parents, my sister (cringe) her trash compactor (vomit) and mr. poopy pants (my nephew, but don't tell Cara I call him that). Blah, this would definitely not work, so every night for two weeks before D-Day, as I liked to call it, I prayed for my sister to get her period the week of spring break so she wouldn't come. And guess what, she didn't get her period, but her hairy beast of a husband did get a huge ass rash all over is back, and I'm sure his ass too, apparently from eating spoiled food?!? So they

were all now out. Good. The less witnesses to this trainwreck the better.

The drive to the Jersey shore lasted about two hours and was completely silent. I was pissed, to say the least, and at this point I couldn't help but feel that not only had I been manipulated by Ezra, but also by my mother into this arranged marriage thing. And I'll admit, I was starting to get a little nervous and slightly annoyed that I didn't see this coming.

When we finally arrived at the "beach house" I was shocked, it was more like a beach mansion, these people must like everything big. I guess the hotel business is doing well. Two men (man-servants?) came out and took our luggage into the house. Behind them Ariel came skipping out, obviously overly excited about our visit. She ushered us into the house and then began to explain our "sleeping arrangements". Ariel explained that my parents were going to be sleeping in the room down the hall from Lazar and Ariel. Ok, remind to avoid that corridor, no need to be scarred by gross, old people sex.

"And where will I be sleeping? I woke up early this morning, and if its ok, I kind of want to go take a nap." I asked, getting impatient. Hey, its early, I'm tired, and marrying the devil, I'm allowed to be bitchy.

"Oh, Carmella, of course you can take a nap. We were going to put you in the room down that hall." Ariel said, pointing to an adjacent hallway. I began to walk in that direction without even uttering so much as a thanks when her next words stopped me. "But, then Ezra decided he didn't want to sleep in the house, for some reason, and has taken up residence in the guest house, so we decided that it would be a better idea if you stayed in the guest house with him."

I groaned. I mean, when were they going to stop shoving. Ezra and I were polar opposites, and like magnets, no matter how much they tried to shove us together, we would always repel. I don't care what he looks like, how hard his body is, how chiseled his abs may be, how large his..... wait, what was my point again? Oh yeah, he repelled me, he repelled me, really.

I shook my head, trying to get my attention to snap back, I've been told that I have the attention span of a goldfish. "Fine" I muttered. I am too tired to fight now, I'll just sneak out of the guest house later and find an empty bedroom in the house, I'm sure they have lots of those.

"Wonderful" Ariel beamed. "Garbanzo will escort you and your luggage to the guest house now so you can take a nap." Just then, one of the man-servants stepped out of the hallway and picked up my luggage that was on the ground. I just looked over at him and cocked an eyebrow, who the heck names their kid after a stinky bean? What ever, parents are crazy, I should know that. Garbanzo began to lead the way with me trailing slowly behind him when my mom spoke up. "Oh, and by the way Carmella, we are trusting you to behave while you stay with Ezra. I would like my daughter to have something to blush about by the time she gets married, so no you-know-what." I blushed crimson at that, like first time you get your period and your in the middle of gym class with your crush crimson. She couldn't actually think that Ezra and I would do "you-know-what" (*rolls

eyes*), that kid would be lucky if I hand him a tissue when he sneezes. Ariel's soft laughter reminded me that we were not alone, because everytime I'm humiliated there has to be several witnesses.Way to say that in front of his parents, mom, and put my virginity on blast. I swear, its like if she didn't embarrass me every chance she got she would die!

I nodded quickly, wanting to get away from the old people as quickly as possible, then turned to bean - man and nudged him to continue showing the way. When we finally got to the guest house I laughed because it looked just like the beach house, except in mini form, it was actually kind of cute.

I walked inside and stopped right in my tracks, my mouth fell open, and I couldn't help but stare. Standing in the middle of the living room was Ezra, soaking wet with a beach towel slung over his shoulder. His chiseled abs glistening from the sun shining in through the open windows. His biceps flexed as he readjusted the towel on his shoulder, and suddenly I had never wanted to be held by a man so much in my life as I did then. What shocked scared

me the most, however, was the tiny black speedo he was wearing. He looked like an olympic swimmer, and how he was able to fit all of.... him into that tiny bathing suit I couldn't comprehend, it looked very... tight. Hmm, maybe if he agrees never to talk this whole marriage thing could work out?

Chapter 8

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (8)

Ok, so I just want to thank everyone who's been reading, and voting and commenting on my story, you dont know how much I appreciate it. I also want to say that i had a really crappy day today, so I apologize now if it shows in my writing. Hopefully, though, you guys all like it.

This is the first time I wrote a piece like this, and when you read it you'll see what I mean, so comment and tell me if its awkward or anything like that.

Chapter 8

"You might want to avert your eyes, sweetcheeks, before the gloriousness that is my body blinds you." Ezra smirked.

Normally I would have blushed at that, but I was too preoccupied with being annoyed by how much of an ass Ezra is to register his comment as embarrassing. I sighed, yup, this marriage is definitely not going to work, because I don't think I will ever be able to get him to shut up. Hmm, I wonder how he would feel about bondage?

"Well if you weren't prancing around the house in girly panties I wouldn't be staring. I mean, I'm used to seeing my friend Ryan in his tighty-whities, but he's gay and I thought you were straight. Wait! You don't swing both ways do you, because I'm not into guys who double dip?" I asked, trying my best to act appalled while trying to keep myself from laughing at the horrified expression on his face.

"For your information, this is a regulation U.S Olympic speedo, not 'girly panties', and I am most definitely straight, and I only swing one way, one way!!" He almost yelled at the end.

I was slightly taken back by how riled up he got at my comment, but it didn't last long, since I soon realized that I just found his sore spot. So Mr. Perfect Body and Perfect Face and Perfect Everything is insecure about his sexuality, or at least about how others may perceive his sexuality. I guess thats understandable, considering the guy looks like a Greek god, I'm sure gay men hit on him a lot, and honestly, I don't blame them. Seeing as he is so fit and, though it pains me to say, absolutely friggin gorgeous, I'm sure there have been those that have accused him of being gay, either out of wishful thinking or hating over their inadequacy compared to him. Hmm.... Oh well, not my problem.

"Jeez, calm down. I didn't realize your sexuality was such a sore spot for you. But I want you to know, if you ever need anyone to talk to about it, I'm here, and as your future wife, I promise to at least pretend like I actually care." I sarcastically replied before rolling my eyes at his annoyed figure. I yawned, remembering that I was on my way to take a nap.

I turned to look for a hallway that might have the spare bedrooms but before I could take three steps I was grabbed by my arm, spun around and shoved up against the wall. I was dizzy for thirty seconds before my vision cleared and I could see straight, not that I needed to look to know who was currently pinning me to the wall by my shoulders. I mean, Ezra was the only other person in the room, and I did just challenge his sexuality. Crap, me and my big mouth, he better not punch me or anything.

He didn't punch me, not yet at least. He just stood there, six inches away from my body, staring into my eyes. I'm not exactly sure why, but this whole encounter made me blush, probably from my extreme inexperience when it comes to contact with guys. Ezra grinned slightly at my blush, probably realizing why as well. Great, something else for him to be cocky about, like there's not enough already. I was about to open my mouth and say something smart and sarcastic but before I could, Ezra leaned his body into mine, closing the space between us. I froze, what the hell is he doing?

Ezra moved his right knee in between my legs at the same time that he pushed his waist into mine, allowing him to release the death grip he had on my shoulders while still managing to pin me up against the wall. I looked up at Ezra, he was still grinning at me, a devilish gleam in his eyes. 'Stop him, Stop him right now!' my brain shouted at me.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice only slightly quivering, from fear of course, not for any other reason.

"You questioned my manhood, and so now I'm going to answer you. I'm going to show you which way I swing. Right here, right now." He whispered in my ear. I gulped, now completely panicking.

"Um, its ok, I believe you now, you proved your point. Your straight, no doubt about it." I nodded nervously at him. He just chuckled and shook his head, smiling triumphantly at me.

"Oh no you don't, sweetcheeks, you challenged me to the game, so now we're going to play. Besides, you look like the type that likes to play, I mean, look at what your wearing." I looked down at myself, I was

still wearing my pajamas from last night, I was too lazy to change this morning. My pajama bottoms were long, covering all of my legs and had Stewie from Family Guy on them. That seemed normal enough to me. I looked at my shirt, and then understood what he meant. I was wearing a white Bon Jovi concert t-shirt that said 'Slippery When Wet' on it. Normally it wouldn't be see through, but since I wasn't wearing a bra you could see the outline of my nipples, which were currently stiff. I blushed then, realizing that I had walked through Ezra's house dressed like this, in front of his parents, and their man-servants.

Ezra quickly interrupted my thoughts, however, when he pressed his chest into mine and brought his mouth to my throat, dragging the tip of his tongue up my neck before reaching my jawline. I took a deep breath to prevent myself from hyperventilating. His mouth formed a pout and began to move upwards towards my ear, his full lips lightly dragging across my cheek the whole way. The whole breathing thing wasn't really working so great for me, so I just decided to stop and held my breath. He tugged lightly

on my ear with his lips, gently nibbling, before whispering to me, "You know, you blush a lot for someone who talks so confidently about sex. If I didn't know any better, I would say that you are freaking out right about now. I'm beginning to think that you might still be a virgin."

I wanted to say something, I really did, its just I forgot how. I wanted to push Ezra off of me, yell some snarky comment at him, then run away and hide under my bed. But my body wouldn't let me, it held me there, frozen under his body and mute.

"Aww, does the cat got your tongue? Hmm, well lets see if I can't find it." Before I could register what he said, Ezra ducked his head down to mine, closing the space between our faces, engulfing my lips with his own. I was shocked to say the least, and completely pissed at myself, because at that moment, all I could think of was how bad of a kisser I am and why I hadn't practiced more on my pillow for moments like this. Not that I could have seen this coming.

He greedily sucked on my bottom lip and, against my will, I let out the breath that I was holding in as

I gasped. He quickly released my bottom lip and delved his tongue inside my now open mouth. I couldn't help thinking that I have kissed boys before, but none of those kisses were ever like this. Ezra began to move his tongue around mine in a circular motion, sparking tingles all over my body. No boy's kiss has ever given me tingles.

Ezra began to move his tongue with more fervor as his lips moved roughly against my own. He seemed almost frustrated that he hadn't elicited a response from me yet, seeing as I wasn't quite kissing him back. Not that I didn't want to, because believe me, no matter how much of an ass I thought he was, there was no denying I was attracted to him physically. I was just too preoccupied in thinking to remember to kiss back.

'What could it hurt?' I thought to myself. I began to move my tongue with his, copying the circular motion his was making. I internally gasped, was I really doing this? Just then, Ezra reached his arms above my head and grabbed onto the shelf above us, his biceps flexing with the tension in which he

grasped the shelf, using it as an anchor to thrust his body into mine harder, shoving me higher up the wall so that we were now face to face. He was slowly grinding his body in a rhythmic motion into mine, and I felt him stiffen beneath me. Oh. My. God. I really am doing this, aren't I. His grinding began to speed up and suddenly I felt like my pajamas were way too thin. The water that was on his body from his swim had absorbed into my clothes making them cling to my body. It felt like we were both naked. His hands came off the shelf and made there way to my waist, sliding under my shirt. His fingers slowly crawled up my stomach, drawing intricate patterns that sent sparks shooting through every nerve ending in my body. Though I tried to repress it, I couldn't help but gently moan at his touch.

He was about an inch away from my breasts when I gasped. 'I can't do this' I thought. I pulled my lips away from his and he immediately pushed his body away from mine, allowing me to slide down the wall until I was standing again. I looked down at the ground and saw splinters of wood littering the floor. I looked up to Ezra, my eyes wide. What had we just

done? How did I let this happen? Ezra just stood there, still slightly panting and staring at me with an unreadable look in his eyes.

He opened his mouth, "I told you I wasn't gay", then turned on his heal and walked away. I just stared after him. When I heard a door slam shut, I turned around and bolted to the front door, out of the guest house, and straight through the back doors of the beach house. I didn't stop running until I got to the room Ariel had designated as my parents bedroom this morning. I opened the door, and thankfully it was empty. I walked to the bed and got in under the covers. I don't care if I'm too old to sleep with my parents anymore, there is no way I'm going back into the guest house. It might be the first time since I was seven, and I may regret this in the future, but right now all I want is my mommy!

Chapter 9

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (9)

Ok, so first I want to give a big THANK YOU to everyone who has voted and commented and followed my story, you guys rock, and because of you I've seen myself on the "Most Popular" writers thing on wattpad a couple of times, which I personally think is pretty cool. So here's a nice long post for you guys as thanks, enjoy! Oh, by the way, I want everyone to go to youtube and listen to the song 'meet me half way' by the black eyed peas if you haven't heard it yet. I'm addicted to it, and it was the inspiration for this post, i listened to it the entire time i wrote.

Chapter 9

I was under the covers, I would say, for about twenty minutes before my mother burst into the bedroom and ripped the blanket off of me, exposing me to the harsh coldness of both the room and her fury.

"Carmella, what are you doing in our room, nonetheless sleeping in our bed?"

"Um, I had a bad dream." That sounded believable to me.

"Carmella, do you honestly think your mother is that stupid?"

Yes. "No."

"Now, get out of the bed and go back to the guest house if you want to sleep, your father and I want to take a nap before dinner, so out!" My mother shrieked. Argh, why can't I be five again, then the nightmare excuse would have totally worked. "Fine" I mumbled, before grudgingly getting out of her bed and leaving the room.

As I walked back towards the guest house I slowly began to hyperventilate. Though I will admit I kind of, sort of enjoyed myself today with Ezra, I am also

completely appalled at the fact that I swapped spit with that gorilla on steroids. By the look he gave me before leaving, I'm pretty sure Ezra reciprocates the feeling. When I finally got to the guest house I stopped and stood outside the front door, contemplating whether I should go in or not. On the one hand, I knew if I didn't find a bed within the next five minutes I would pass out right here on the grass. On the other hand, if I try to sneak back into the beach house my mother would probably put me on diaper duty until my nephew is potty trained. I looked down at the ground, the grass didn't look so bad, so I began to sit down on the lawn when, of course, the sprinklers go off. I sighed, the guest house it is then.

Luck seemed to be on my side as I walked through the guest house, I had managed to completely avoid running into Ezra, and I couldn't help but hope that my good luck would last long enough to get me to my room. Am I ever that lucky?

As I was making my way down one of the hallways, I could hear a light grunting coming from one of the

rooms. The farther down the hallway I got the easier I could hear the grunting. I started to get a little panicky, if Ezra was screwing some girl in his room I really didn't want to see, hear or know about it.

The last door on the right was slightly open and I knew that was the room Ezra was in. I couldn't decide if I wanted to look in or not; part of me did because frankly, I was curious, but part of me didn't, because even though there is nothing emotionally there between Ezra and myself, the thought of him doing "things" with other girls kind of bothered me. What the hell is wrong with me?

I sucked it up and peered into the room, and you'll never guess what I saw.

Nothing at all, well nothing bad anyway. In fact, I kind of enjoyed the view. The room wasn't Ezra's bedroom but his gym, and Ezra wasn't screwing some girl on his bed mercilessly, like how I imagine he would (not that I think about doing it with him), but was doing pull ups on a bar hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room. It was amazing... oh god, am I drooling? Eww.

After I wiped the spit off my lower lip I leaned in closer to the door. Ezra was still doing pull ups but he was going much faster now. I could hear him counting out loud and I think I heard him say 587?!? I was gone for like twenty five minutes, tops, how did he do so many so quick? When he got to six hundred he let go and dropped to the ground, pulling a towel off of a nearby workbench and wiping the sweat from his face and body. I was about to turn and leave, since things got boring now that he wasn't working out anymore, but he started mumbling something to himself. At first I thought he saw me and was talking to me, and I wont lie I was about to bolt from the doorway, but I soon realized he was talking to himself. Great, my fiancé is psycho.... I guess I could live with that if he promises never to wear a shirt.

"God, what is wrong with me? What was I thinking today, I kissed her? Shit." Ezra muttered out loud, before plopping down on the same workbench and placing his head in his hands. Yeah... he definitely was upset about today, great. All of sudden Ezra

started laughing and again I panicked thinking that he saw me.

"I bet I was 'little miss virgin's' first kiss too. Damn, its been a while since I've been with a virgin." Ezra chuckled again before grinning.

That ass. First he terrorizes me at my own party, calling me a bitch, then he tricks me into this stupid arranged marriage, then he kisses me to prove he's not gay, and now he's making fun of me to his imaginary friend!!! Just wait Ezra Biton, tomorrow I am going through your room, I'm going to find your steroids and switch them with estrogen, then we'll see who'll be laughing. Que internal creepy cackle!! Oh shit, did I just laugh out loud instead (he he -> lol)? Ezra's head snapped up, and for twenty seconds our eyes met and locked. Ezra slowly opened his mouth, "Carmella?".

I can't help it, when I panic I run, and thats exactly what I did. I bolted from the doorway and ran straight into the room across the hallway. I could hear Ezra calling me but I didn't care at that point, because even though I don't like him, it still hurts to

hear someone say those things about you, especially someone as cocky and perfect as Ezra. I locked the door behind me and sighed in relief when I saw I was in a fairly plain bedroom. I guess I found the guest room. I walked over to the bed and just crawled in under the covers, Ezra's pounding fists against my door cooing me to sleep. At least I know Ezra has a heart, that or he doesn't want to me to tell his parents and get him in trouble, most likely the latter.

It felt like five minutes later when someone else's pounding on my door woke me up.

"Five more minutes, please" I half choked out before rolling over groggily and going back to blissful sleep.

"Carmella!! You get up right this instant, its time for dinner." My mom shrieked, jeez, is that like the natural pitch of her voice or something?

"I'm not hungry" I shouted back.

"Like I care. Five minutes Carmella, you better be sitting in the dinning room of the beach house in five minutes!" She yelled one more time before I heard her retreating footsteps.

I yawned and rolled over to look at the clock on the night table. What the hell?!? 7:15 pm, I slept for like seven hours. Well thats what they get for waking me up at 6:30 this morning. I got out of bed and dragged myself to the door, peeking my head into the hallway to make sure the coast was clear. Yup, no Ezra in sight, time to make a run for it. I jogged down the hallway and towards the door. My bags were still sitting where Garbanzo left them this morning so I quickly grabbed a hoodie from my bag and put it on, not wanting to give everyone a free show again with my white t-shirt. I looked like a complete bum right now, and no doubt my mom would have something to say, but at this point I really didn't care. Its not like I'm trying to impress anyone anyway.

I quickly walked to the beach house and entered the dinning room, and surprise surprise, guess who were all sitting at the table? Everyone, including Ezra, and yes, I actually found that very surprising. He always seemed more like the "I'm-too-cool-to-have-dinner-with-my-family" type. I looked to the table and thanked god that today my mother wouldn't make me sit next to him, unfortunately, however, I did have

to sit across from him which meant I would be staring at my plate all night. I shot Ezra a quick glance before heading to my seat and oddly enough he looked kind of scared.

"Oh my god Carmella, what in the world are you wearing?" My mother shot at me with a horrified look. I just shrugged, I wasn't in the mood to fight with her right now. "Ariel I promise, she usually doesn't dress like this."

"Oh Ella, Carmella is fine, she is beautiful unconditionally. But please, Carmella, we would like to know more about you, tell us something." Ariel insisted.

"Um, like what?"

"Well, whats your favorite color? Animal? Food?"

"Um, thats easy. Green, platypus, and fruit loops."

"Fruit loops are your favorite food?" Ariel asked, confused.

"Yup, I like the orange loops the best." I answered excitedly, all of a sudden getting a craving for fruit loops.

"Oh, well thats nice." Ariel replied. My mother just shook her head. What?

The rest of dinner went on like that, just stupid banter back and forth between all of us. Except for Ezra and I, we didn't say anything to each other, heck, we didn't even look at each other. Actually, thats not true, Ezra stared a hole into my head all night while I refused to meet his gaze. *Sigh* What did I get myself into?

After dinner, to my relief, Ezra bounced, leaving me home alone with the old people. I lasted a whole two minutes before I said good night and went to my room to sleep, all of today's events had taken a lot out of me. This is going to be a long ten days.

I woke up at ten o'clock the next morning and continued my routine of peaking my head around the door to make sure Ezra was no where in sight. When I made it to the living room, however, I was blessed with the funniest site I have ever seen. There

Ezra was, sprawled out on the too small couch, with his head falling off towards the ground. He was still in his clothes from the previous night, and looked very uncomfortable. To top it off, his mouth was wide open and he was slightly snoring. He actually looked kind of cute, cute like a chipmunk that is. Whatever, he probably came home piss drunk last night and couldn't make it to his bed.

After tiptoeing out of the guest house, I made my way to the kitchen of the beach house. Man I was starving. I looked around for something to eat and that's when I found it. Fruit Loops! Mmm.... I grabbed a bowl and spoon and poured almost half the bag in. I grabbed the milk from the fridge and drenched my cereal in it. Then I took a big spoonful and shoved it in my mouth, full of anticipation for the fruity goodness that I loved. I chewed once, something wasn't right. I chewed again, and it still didn't taste right. I swallowed then looked down at my bowl.

That Son of a Bitch! Sitting in my bowl of fruit loops I saw green loops, red loops, purple loops, blue loops and yellow loops. Would you like to know what was

missing from my cereal? All the freaking orange fruit loops!!!!

Is he serious?!? Did he honestly spend his entire night picking out all the orange loops from the Fruit Loops just to piss me off?!?! I took a deep breath to calm myself down. Calling me a bitch is one thing, and even tricking me into an arranged marriage is one thing, but no one, I mean no one, messes with my Fruit Loops!

Chapter 10

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (10)

New Chapp.. extra long for you guys. Like I said before, I can't judge my own writing so I hope its good n you like it. By the way, I would like to dedicate this chapter to kjblack99 for being awesome, lol.

Chapter 10

I started taking deep breaths, my entire being filling with anger. 'I need revenge' I thought, something to end this little feud now, declaring me the final winner of course. I turned around in the kitchen looking for inspiration, and thats when it came to me.

I walked over to the refrigerator and opened the door and there it was, the half full gallon of water, slightly frosted from being shoved so far back in the fridge. I smirked to myself, this should be entertaining. I grabbed the bottle and ripped the cap off, throwing it behind me. Yea, I won't lie, I felt cool, besides after I'm through the bottle wont need the cap anymore anyway. I quietly tiptoed out of the kitchen and into the living room, stopping at the couch. Another evil grin crossed my face, some little part of my conscience told me I was enjoying this entirely too much, but I ignored it, who needs a conscience? I positioned the bottle above Ezra just where I wanted it, then turned my gaze to his face. I wanted to remember his reaction, burn it into my memory. Without another thought I turned the bottle upside down, pouring half a gallon of ice cold water onto Ezra's lap.

As soon as the frigid water made contact with Ezra's "manly parts" his eyes bolted open and a noise that sounded like my sisters cat the time I took her to get shaved (hey, I'm allergic and she was furry) came out of his mouth. Ezra shot up off the couch and looked

down at his crotch before grasping it with both hands and jumping up and down like a little kid who has to pee. I couldn't hold it in anymore, it had now become physically painful to keep myself from laughing, so I just let it all out and dropped to the ground, incapacitated by laughter. Tears were streaming down my cheeks, and I knew, whether I end up marrying Ezra or not, this will be one memory I will never forget.

"You Bitch! What the hell is wrong with you?!? Are you trying to make me sterile or something?!?" Ezra yelled at me, while still doing the potty dance clutching his balls. I just kept rolling on the ground in laughter, pointing at the hilarity that was Ezra.

"It was just water" I choked out.

"Yea, well it was cold as fuck. God damn, I think I'm getting frost bite, Fuck!" Ezra screeched before waddling out of the living room and down the hallway. I composed myself enough to get on my hands and knees and crawled down the hallway after him. When I found him, I nearly peed in my pants from the hilarity of what I saw.

There Ezra was in the shower, still in his clothes from last night, with the hot water pouring down on him. He had pulled the waist of his pants away from his body so that the hot water from the shower head was pouring down his pants. But that wasn't even the best part, not by far. The best part was that while the hot water shot down into Ezra's pants, trying to defrost his little buddy, he had his head bent down, talking to "it". Yes, I said it, my fiancé was talking to his penis.

"Ahh, much better. Don't worry, everything's ok, I wont let that mean lady hurt you again." Ezra cooed to his, uh.... member? I couldn't help it, and you can't blame me, I burst out into the biggest fit of laughter, I couldn't even hold myself up anymore on my hands and knees. I just laid on the floor, turning red from laughter, still pointing at Ezra for his ridiculousness. I vaguely heard Ezra mumble "you", but I wasn't really paying attention. I kept replaying the last five minutes over in my head, which in turn kept sending me into new fits of hysteria. I hadn't even noticed the room getting dark until I felt wet drops on my face.

I looked up only to see that the room hadn't gotten darker but Ezra had gotten out of the shower and was now hovering above me, blocking out the light. He just glared at me, and I couldn't help but gulp, he looked really pissed. That was, until, his lips turned up at the corners into an evil smile. Oh Shit! I scrambled to get up and bolted for the door, only to be pulled back by Ezra's grip on the hood of my sweatshirt. Without even thinking, I shrinked out of it, stumbling forward but still towards the door. I was a step away from the hall when I heard Ezra whisper in my ear.

"Oh no you don't." Ezra's muscular arms snaked around my waist, hoisting me up into the air with his strong grip. I frowned as my kicking and twisting didn't even put up a struggle, but my frown turned into a look of horror as I saw Ezra walk towards the shower. Shit, and I'm still wearing this stupid white t-shirt, remind me to donate it to the homeless when I get home.

"Ezra, don't you dare step into the sho-" I was cut off by, as if it isn't obvious, the downpour of hot water

from the shower. 'Oh well, at least its warm' I thought, but I spoke too soon, because just then Ezra's hand shot out from behind me and switched the water to freezing cold. "Aargh" I yelped, the water stinging, especially against my warm skin. I jumped from the shock and knocked into Ezra; the shower was kind of cramped with the both of us in it. As we collided, Ezra slipped on the tub, falling on his ass, not without, however, taking me with him. I managed to stick my hand out and stopped myself from falling completely on Ezra. When I finally caught my breath, I noticed the very awkward position this left us in, with Ezra's face about an inch and a half away from my chest, which was completely visible due to my wet t-shirt.

"Hmm, maybe I should start calling you 'sweet-tits' instead of 'sweetcheeks' from now on" Ezra smirked up at me.

"God, do you have to be such a perv all the time?" I shot back at him.

"What can I say, you bring out the best in me?"

Stupid, disgusting, asshole, I wanna wipe that stupid smirk off of his stupid perfect face. I should give him a black eye, that'd probably be the best revenge, make him ugly for once, though with my luck he'd probably make the black eye look sexy and dangerous, blah. I carefully extended my other arm to the wall to steady myself before pushing myself back up into a comfortable standing position. I was about to turn around and get out of the shower when Ezra had to open up his big mouth.

"Aren't you going to help your husband up?"

"Your my fiancé, not husband, I don't have to do anything for you."

"Come on, its slippery, I won't be able to get up without falling. Just help me out this once and then we can call it a truce, ok?" Aww man, he was using the puppy eyes, that look's not supposed to work on me, I practically created that look. I sighed and gave up, besides, a truce sounds nice right about now. I extended my hand to help him up and he gladly accepted it, placing his warm, wet palm in mine and smiling up at me. Instead of pulling himself up

though, he pulled me down, making me stumble and fall to the bathtub. As soon as I hit the floor, Ezra was on top of me smirking. I went to say something, but before I could let out a breath, his hand shot out and covered my mouth. He looked at me calmly, as if it was completely normal for him to be lying on top of some girl, half naked and soaked in the bathtub while the shower was running. What am I thinking, for Ezra that probably is completely normal.

"Sorry, no talking yet. I have a few questions for you. Ok first, why do you hate me so much?"

I snorted despite his hand covering my mouth. Was he seriously asking why I hated him? I mean, I think I had a right to, considering he's been a complete jerk and an ass since the first time we met. Besides, if anything, he's the one that hates me, I think he's made that pretty clear. Ezra looked at me expectantly, ahh, I guess its true what they say, you can't have brains and beauty. I raised my eyebrows at him signaling him to think, before I cleared my throat, I can't talk with his hand covering my mouth. He seemed to get the message because he grinned

sheepishly then removed his oversized hand from my mouth, jeez did everything about him have to be huge? Or was I just small?

"I don't hate you Ezra, I just don't like you."

"Why?"

"Why? Do you really have to ask, I mean you haven't exactly been very nice to me up to this point." Ezra pouted before shifting his weight so that he could prop himself up on his elbows. His new position sent shivers down my body as I now felt another part of his anatomy pressed against me. The shivers weren't from the close contact though, I had pretty much gotten over that after the last few incidents with him. The shivers were a reaction to the size of this piece of anatomy that was pressed against my inner thigh, and no I don't think its because I am just a small person, Ezra is definitely big, in every sense of the word.

"Mean?!? I haven't been mean to you, I've been on my best behavior, hell, I've even been trying to get you to like me. You should feel flattered, really, I never go out of my way to make girls like me." I

scoffed, he said that like he was proud of himself, as if it was some achievement for him to actually work for a girl's attention.

"Well if that's how you show a girl you like her, your sending the wrong signals buddy." Ezra just furrowed his eyebrows and inclined his face towards mine. My breathing hitched, and suddenly I became very aware of every part of his anatomy, as well as mine. He stopped an inch away from my face.

"But I do like you Carmella". I didn't say anything, mostly because I didn't know what to say. My eyes widened in shock, and my breathing became more uneven. I cursed my inexperience with boys, but I didn't have long to mentally scream profanities at myself, because Ezra quickly, but gently, pushed his lips up against mine.

My mouth immediately reacted to his, with my body in tow stiffening. My lips began to tingle as Ezra's mouth worked against mine. When I felt his tongue prod for entry, the tingling sensations took over, and I began to feel it travel down through my whole body. Both of Ezra's hands cupped either side

of my face as he pressed harder, begging for entrance. He pulled his mouth away to gently suck on my lower lip, eliciting an embarrassing moan on my part. I felt myself blush as he moved his mouth back to mine, and continued his assault on my lips.

'This is the best kiss of my life' I thought blissfully. Wait, blissfully? My mind did a double take. I am lying, soaking wet, in the shower tub with Ezra on top of me, kissing me? How did my day turn into this? This is wrong, very very wrong. I moved my head to the side, literally ripping my lips away from his. He looked dazed for a second but focused, before giving me a confused look.

"Ezra...."

Chapter 11

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (11)

Ok, so all my classes were canceled today, so lucky you to get a post. I might post another one today too if I get time (thats a maybe people), and I am deff going to post one sunday. I don't like this chapter that much mostly cause I think it's kinda boring, so... sorry.

Chapter 11

Ezra looked me in the eyes with caution, "Whats wrong now?" he asked.

"I don't think that I'm- no, that we are ready for this?"

"Speak for yourself. I would like you to know that right now, I am completely and utterly ready."

Great, so its all me. "Well, then I'm not ready, besides, this is wrong." I pushed Ezra up off of me so I could sit up and have some breathing room, bringing me to his eye level.

"Carmella, if your nervous because your a virgin, don't be, it doesn't bother me. Actually, I kind of like the fact that your a virgin, it means that I'll be your first... everything. Plus, you'll have no one to compare me too, so therefore I will automatically be the best you ever had." Ezra smiled a huge, stupid smile making me grin, the guy was irritatingly cute.

No. Focus Carmella. "Ezra, its not just the whole virgin thing that's bothering me, its the fact that I don't know you, and no offense or anything, but your first impression kind of sucked." I said, thinking back to how much of a jerk-off he was at the party.

"Well excuse me, but your first impression wasn't exactly that great either. At least I didn't introduce myself to my future in-laws dressed as an underage prostitute." I grimaced at the memory of that night,

sometimes I go overboard and I always end up regretting it later.

"Well I'm glad you didn't, otherwise my parents would probably think your gay." Ezra rolled his eyes. "Seriously though, Ezra, what happened? At the party you were a complete ass to me, you hated me. Then you agree to this whole arranged marriage, and now we've spent two days fighting and making out. Your confusing me and its giving me a headache."

Ezra sighed. "At the party, I didn't hate you as much as I hated the idea of you. I'm eighteen years old and my parents have never said anything about getting an arranged marriage. I mean, I have been with lots of girls," Ezra stopped to give me an apologetic grin, man-whore, "and they never said boo to any of it. Then one day they're all 'you have to get your life in order, your going to work with your father, and your getting married.' It was a lot to accept and I guess I just kind of took my frustrations out on you, I'm sorry."

I huffed, I guess I could kind of relate, in a way thats sort of like what I was doing to him. "But why me, I

mean your mom said that my cousin was your backup, so you knew no matter what you were getting married, so why take everything out on me?" I whined- hey, until I turn eighteen I am technically still a child, so I can still whine.

"My parents, and I, never wanted me to really marry Rafaela, so I guess I never really took it seriously. But when they found out that you were available they were ecstatic, my mother couldn't shut up about how perfect you were. It was annoying, and it made me nervous. So, yeah...."

I understood where Ezra was coming from, the same place I was. I had felt the same way about the arranged marriage, but instead of taking it out on Ezra, I took it out on my parents, or more specifically my mother. "I understand, and forgive you, Ezra. I get where you were coming from."

"Good" Ezra said before closing his eyes and leaning in to kiss me again. I stuck my hand up in front of my face, making Ezra kiss my palm. One eyebrow cocked up in confusion before Ezra opened his eyes to see what he was kissing.

"I have one more question." I said sheepishly. Ezra huffed, signaling me to continue. "What made you change your mind, you know, about getting married?"

Ezra, surprisingly, blushed, before a naughty grin stretched across his face. I glared at him suspiciously while waiting for his answer. "Most girls fall all over me. I never have to beg or even flirt really, I was sort of used to girls just throwing themselves at me. Your the first girl who didn't, in fact, you stood up to me and was a bitch, it was kind of sexy. Plus, your outfit helped."

I snorted then made a disgusted face, "So this all purely physical for you?"

"No, No! Thats not what I meant. I mean, yes I am physically attracted to you, but its more than that. You keep me in check, you call me out when I'm being an ass, and I like that about you. Plus, you can't go like five minutes without doing something embarrassing, its funny."

I grabbed the loofah that was hanging from a rack in the shower and threw at his head, my mishaps and

misfortunes were not for his entertainment. It hit him in the head, before falling to the ground, but he just kept staring at me with a huge smile.

"So, what do you say, Carmella, you want to give this a shot? I promise I'll be much nicer from now on."

I felt jittery. I didn't know if I wanted to give this a shot, I mean, Ezra did seem like a nice guy once you got pass all the bullshit, but he made me nervous. We were not on the same level, in any aspect, and it made me self conscious. I took a deep breath.

"Yeah, why not. What could it hurt?

With that, Ezra flung himself on top of me, knocking me back down to the bath tub, and started ferociously attacking my mouth with his own. I turned my head away from his to gasp for air. Ezra never took his mouth off of my body, trailing kisses down my neck before stopping at the crook and beginning to suck. Shit! He's going to mark me.... oh well, its worth it. I was panting heavily now, and I could feel Ezra's hands roaming all over my body. That jittery feeling was still there, but it was different now, sort of like the feeling you get on a roller

coaster when it first starts to move out slowly-anticipation. Ezra's hands lingered at my waist for a few seconds before he began to tug on my shirt, pushing it up. I froze, even if I was now dating Ezra, and yeah I was also engaged to him, I still wasn't ready for this.

"Ezra..."

Chapter 12

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (12)

Ok, as I said before, here's my second post of the day, another one should be coming sunday. Just so you know, there aren't going to be that many more chapters till the story's over. I already know how its going to end, and just a forewarning, most of you prob wont like it. That said, enjoy :)

Chapter 12

Ezra didn't stop what he was doing, as if he didn't even hear me. His tongue was making little circular patterns along my neck and over my collar bone, forcing me to stifle several moans. His hands continued to push my shirt up my body until he had

reached my breasts. He kept his hands on my shirt but dropped both of his thumbs under, and very lightly brushed against my now peaking nipples. I shuddered. A part of me, and when I say a part I mean a very large part, didn't want to stop him. In fact, that part wanted him to continue and then some. But my conscience kept telling me that it was going too far. It wasn't like I hadn't gotten this far with other boys, but this was different. This was serious, Ezra and I may actually have a future together, we needed to go slow.

"Ezra stop, please." I whispered into his ear. His hands, and fingers, abruptly stopped their ministrations, as did his mouth on my neck. I felt his whole body go rigid on top of me before he sighed. He completely collapsed on top of me, crushing me, before whining, yes whining. "Why?!?"

I muffled a giggle, he sounded like a little kid. "Ezra, I want to go slow, ok?"

"How slow is slow?"

"No sex until marriage."

"What?!? At all?!?" Ezra shrieked before lifting himself up off of me to look me in the eyes, probably to see if I was joking.

"Yes Ezra, I want to wait until marriage. It's important to me. And as far as anything else, we'll have to take it slow."

"But... we can do other stuff, right?" Ezra asked pleadingly with wide eyes. He really was making it hard not to laugh.

"Yea, of course. We can kiss and do everything that we've done up until today."

"But thats practically nothing." Ezra whined again like a five year old. I just smiled at him triumphantly.

"Is this going to be a problem for you, Ezra, because my terms are non-negotiable?" I asked with a mock-business tone, my smirk, however, giving me away.

Ezra just huffed then looked down at his crotch where he had a very large bulge threatening to burst through the zipper. He made a weird whiny noise in the back of his throat before he looked back up to me with a pout on his face. "No, I can handle it."

"Good" and with that I planted a little kiss on his nose bringing a half smile to his sullen face.

"Well I don't know about you, but I need some time to myself to deal with this news." Ezra said, huffing, again.

"Huh?"

"I need to take a cold shower, Carmella. You know, dating you is going to be very embarrassing, anything sexual I'm going to have to explain to you, probably very slowly and in detail. Remind me to buy you a Judy Blum book for your birthday to help with that." I blushed, slightly embarrassed, mostly because most of the stuff I knew about sex I did get from Judy Blum books. Ezra got up off of me and extended his hand to help me up. As as soon as I was on me feet, though, he dropped it and groaned.

"God, Carmella, you are not allowed to wear things like that around me anymore. Its not fair."

I looked down at my clothes and immediately understood what he was talking about. My evil white shirt was now completely transparent and molded to

my body. You could see everything. I blushed an even deeper red and crossed my arms around my chest. I looked up just in time to see Ezra unzip his pants. I looked at him horrified.

"Ezra, what are you doing? I told you no sex, of any type."

"Sorry, I was running out of room in there." And with that I stepped out of the shower, before I could pass out from blood loss, seeing as right now all of mine was pooling in my cheeks.

I walked down the hallway to the living room, carefully checking the whole time that no one else was in the house. I grabbed my bag of clothes and dragged it to my room, where I quickly stripped and changed into a dry, dark gray t-shirt and jeans. White clothes were just too dangerous for me to wear anymore.

I grabbed my ipod and shoved the headphones in my ears before plopping down on my bed. I sighed. Ezra still made me nervous, but I felt satisfied and content about our relationship. I just had a feeling that it would all work out.

I had been laying on my bed for twenty minutes listening to music and just thinking, when Ezra burst through my door, soaking wet and in nothing but a towel.

"Ezra, what the hell are you doing in my room?" I shrieked, jumping out of bed. I am a very jumpy person by nature, so any sudden movement startles me.

"Uh, I hate to break it to you, sweetcheeks, but this ain't your room."

"What do you mean, this isn't my room?"

"Why do you think I slept on the couch last night? This is my room." Ezra said as he walked over to a dresser and pulled out a pair of boxers. I looked down at my bag full of clothing. I had never bothered to unpack it, seeing as we were only here for eight more days, so I hadn't found any of his clothes in the room. I looked back up just as Ezra ripped his towel off and flung it at me. I quickly covered my eyes with my hands before I felt the towel land on my head, covering my face. Eww.

Ezra laughed. "You know, even if we don't have sex until we're married, you are eventually going to see me naked. You might as well get it over with now." I could hear him take a few steps towards me and prayed to god that he had his boxers on.

"No, thank you." I replied in a quiet, polite tone.

"And you know, eventually I am going to see you naked too, so you might want to get that over with as well." Ezra whispered seductively in my ear. I felt him pull the towel off my head but I kept my hands firmly planted in front of my eyes. Ezra began tugging on my hands, and I heard him grunt in frustration when they didn't move. I may look scrawny, but somewhere in me there is muscle. Ezra eventually won and got my hands off my face, but I was smarter. I kept my eyes shut, and unless he was planing on prying my eyelids open with his fingers I was not looking.

"Fine" I heard him mutter before I felt hot breath on my neck. I thought he would start kissing me like he did in the shower (yes, I know, that sounds wrong), but he didn't. Instead he got within a few centimeters

from my neck and started trailing hot breath down my throat, every once in a while letting his wet lips brush against my skin. I gulped, this wasn't fair. When he got to the collar of my shirt I felt his teeth graze my collar bone as he bit my shirt and lightly tugged on it. When he let go I felt his face press against my chest and slowly move down, his nose trailing between the dip between my breasts, his lips leaving a trail of warm kisses in his wake. I shivered and wobbled, reaching out my hand to steady myself. When I did though, I accidentally grabbed onto Ezra's thighs and what I felt shocked me.

No, not that you perverts. What kind of nasty minds do you have? ;)

I felt fabric. I slowly opened my eyes and peeked down, and to my surprise I saw that Ezra was not naked, but in fact was wearing his boxers.

"Your not naked!" I cheered.

Ezra snorted "Don't look too upset, now. I didn't want to give you a heart attack."

I rolled my eyes. "Thanks". I got up off the bed and went to grab my bag then made my way to the door.

"What are you doing?" Ezra asked alarmed.

"I'm going to find a room to sleep in." Duh.

"Whats wrong with this room?"

"Um, its yours." Shall I say it again, duh!!

"So, I don't have cooties or anything. You can share it with me."

"I don't think that would be the best idea, you know, it might be too much temptation for you to handle. Besides, I'm pretty sure my mom would shit a cow if she found out we were sleeping in the same room together." I internally shuddered at the image of my mom walking in on me and Ezra together, the noises that would come out of her mouth!

"Fine, I guess your right." Ezra pouted. "Besides, I don't want to kill her mood after I tell our parents our good news tonight."

Huh?!? "Huh?!?"

"Well tonight, at dinner, I'm going to tell them that we're now officially dating. They'll be so happy." Ezra announced with an evil grin on his face and a fake innocent voice.

"Wait, why do we have to tell them? Can't it just be our little secret?" I pleaded.

"Carmella Castiel. I am appalled, are you embarrassed to tell people you are dating me?" Ezra asked with feigned hurt in his voice.

"Oh, you know thats not true. Its just our parents are going to make such a big fuss over it, especially my mom, and she's already annoying enough as it is." I whined and pouted.

"Well too bad, sweetcheeks, guess you'll just have to suck it up and deal with it. Cause you see, you torture me", Ezra paused and looked down to his crotch then back up to me "and I'm going to torture you." Ezra winked.

That bastard, "What? Thats not fair, you are a very bad boyfriend." I yelled, appalled.

"Oh well, I guess you'll just have to punish me then." Ezra smirked back at me, wriggling his eyebrows in a suggestive way.

I gave him an evil grin, "Oh you want punishment do you? Ok, I can do that, you just wait."

Ezra gulped, a slightly wary look coming to his face. "Carmella....?" He warned.

"See you later, baby, I gotta go find my room." I was about to walk into the hallway when I shouted back, "And by the way, don't call me sweetcheeks you prick."

Chapter 13

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (13)

Ok, so I happen to have a lot of free time on my hands this week, so thats why I'm posting so much. Dont get used to it. Anyway, there will still be another post sunday, and maybe even one tomorrow. Hope you like it!

Also I know its kinda early to ask, but do you guys kno if you'd rather have a sequel or a new story when this one is done, cause I can only work on one story at a time. Let me kno!

Chapter 13

At dinner, everyone was quiet. Ezra sat next to me smiling like an idiot, while my mother kept giving

quick, suspicious glances between the two of us. Ariel sat looking confused, while her husband kept looking at me funny, with narrowed eyes. As for my father, well, like usual, he just continued eating, oblivious to anything around him. Ahh, what I would pay to be that naive.

As for myself, I spent the entire dinner watching everyone while keeping my hand firmly on Ezra's thigh. Anytime he would open his mouth I would quickly dig my finger nails into his flesh, promptly shutting him up. It was just a precautionary measure.

Everything was going smoothly when my mother had to ruin it, that seems to be her forte.

"Carmella, sweetheart, would you pass the mashed potatoes please?"

I thought for a second, how mad do you think she would be if I said no? I shivered, definitely not going down that road. I looked at the table and spotted the bowl of mashed potatoes, sitting on the other side of Ezra. If I wanted to pick up the bowl I would have to let go of Ezra's leg, but I knew that he was dying to say something, and would the second I let go.

"Ezra, could you pass the bowl of mashed potatoes to me?" I asked him. Ezra just looked down at me then smiled, before shoving his hands in the gravy bowl. Umm.. I'm not quite sure what to make of that?!?

"Sorry babe, I can't, my hands are sticky." My face flushed as I heard him refer to me as 'babe', but I quickly tried to compose myself before my parents caught on. I looked at the bowl again, maybe I could pick it up with one hand?

I slowly reached my left hand across the table and grasped onto the bowl. Not only was it heavy, but it was hot too. I carefully picked up the bowl, my arm wobbling a bit, but still managing to hang on to it. Huh, see I could do it with one hand, this isn't so bad, why was I even worr.... Fuck, its hot! My burnt hand let the bowl slip, and unless my mother wanted to wear the mashed potatoes instead of eating them I had to let go of Ezra's leg to catch the bowl. As if he planned it, as soon as I moved my hand off of his thigh, Ezra blurted out,

"Carmella and I are dating!!"

Oh poop!

I carefully put the bowl down on the table, stupid mashed potatoes, this is all your fault! I could feel everyone's eyes on me and sighed, well I guess they're waiting for me to say something. I looked up.

"Carmella, is this true?" My mother asked, with big cow eyes and a smirk on her face. I fought the urge to roll my eyes, seriously, she is making too big of a deal out of this. Well, at least for once in my life I have the upper hand, time to make her squirm.

"Is what true?" I asked, innocently.

"You know, you and Ezra, are you really going out?"

"Oh, of course we are mom." My mom looked shocked, and I even heard Ezra choke a little when I said that. "Yea mom, don't you know, in order to get to the guest house you have to go out..side. So yea, we'll be going out a lot, Ezra and I."

"Carmella, you know very well thats not what I meant. Now stop being silly and give me a strait answer, are you and Ezra dating?!?" She sounded more irritated now, and though I really wanted to

keep playing I couldn't think of anyway to twist her words, so I gave up, big surprise!!

"Fine, fine, yes- Ezra and I are now officially going out. Someone, please, inform the media!" I replied sarcastically.

"Oh, Carmella, I'm so happy! Finally, I was starting to think you two would never get along. You both look so cute together, I can't wait till blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah, blah blah...." After that I just tuned out everything, I was too annoyed to listen to my mother blabber tonight, not that I ever really paid attention when she talked, but tonight I was particularly distracted. Ezra wouldn't stop smiling, and it was sort of pissing me off. Smugness is not cute on anyone, ok I'm lieing, its kind of cute on Ezra, but only a little- don't tell him that.

As I walked back to the guest house, I thought about if I really wanted to get Ezra back, what I had in mind was kind of mean. I thought about it for like three seconds, then made up my mind. I was definitely getting him back.

I got back to the guest house first and quickly ran to my room to change. I stripped off all of my clothes until I was only in my bra and panties. I grabbed a robe from the bathroom and put it on before rushing over to Ezra's bedroom. He still wasn't back yet, probably stuck talking to my mother about our new relationship- sucker. I rifled through his drawers till I found what I was looking for, his box of condoms. They were unopened, hmm... I guess he just bought a new box, but he knows we're not having sex, so why would he buy it? Unless, he bought it a while ago and just never bothered to use them? Nah, he can't be that stupid. I grabbed the box and threw it in his hamper to hide it. I could hear footsteps coming down the hallway and quickly jumped on his bed. Oh my god, please let him be by himself and not with his father, or even worse, my mother.

Ezra opened the door and stepped into the doorway, but stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me. His eyes bugged out and for a second no one said anything. His brain quickly restarted and he was the first to break the silence.

"Carmella, is that you? He asked, confused.

No, duh! Who else would it be? Wait, don't answer that question, I'm sure there are lots of girls out there who would gladly trade places with me. I didn't say anything, instead I just nodded my head and motioned with my finger for him to come over. Ezra took a few steps and stopped when he was standing in front of me.

"I've changed my mind. I don't want to wait until we get married, I can't wait. Ezra please, can we make tonight special?" I batted my eyelashes at him for extra effect. Ezra bit down on his lip, still staring at me with wide eyes.

"Are you sure? This isn't a joke, right? Your not trying to get back at me for earlier, are you?" Ezra asked hesitantly. I faltered for half a second, but he didn't notice.

"Of course not, baby, I just can't fight this anymore. Please Ezra, I've never wanted anything more in my life, can you do this for me?" I pouted slightly when I finished, then stood up on my knees, letting the robe

slightly fall around my shoulders, revealing some cleavage.

Ezra gulped, and I internally smiled triumphantly. I won! Ezra wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me in for an intense kiss. As soon as I was distracted he pulled my robe off and pushed me down on the bed. His hands roamed all over my body as I tried to focus on my objective. I gently tugged on Ezra's shirt and, taking the hint, he sat up and pulled it off. I couldn't help it, one sight of Ezra's taut body made me completely forget about what I was doing. I blinked rapidly, positive that I looked like I was having a seizure, and regained composure. Ezra leaned in for another kiss, but I whispered in his ear first.

"Don't forget your pants" I felt completely stupid, those words did not sound sexy at all coming out of my mouth. Ezra just grinned at me again before sitting back up and taking his pants off. I made a point to avert my eyes this time, lest I start drooling again. He was now in his boxers and I could feel his little buddy rubbing up against my inner thigh. I

gulped, shocked at the images that brought to my mind, which I will be kind enough to keep to myself.

"You know, modesty really doesn't go with your outfit." Ezra purred in my ear, sending shivers down my body. I tried to give a throaty chuckle but instead it just sounded like I was trying to cough up a hairball. This was starting to seem more like a punishment for me rather than Ezra, I really hadn't thought this one through. I took a deep breath, I had to regain the upper hand.

"I think your forgetting something." I said, trying for casually.

"Oh yea, whats that?" Ezra murmured into my neck, where he was currently trailing sloppy, wet kisses.

"Do you have a condom?" I asked.

"Oh, yea, of course I do. I would never take that risk with you." Ezra smiled genuinely at me before reaching over to his bedside table. I felt almost bad for what I was about to do to him. Stupid conscience, go annoy Cara tonight, god knows you haven't been in that head for a while.

"Huh? I could have sworn I had a box here somewhere?" Ezra looked around confused.

"Thats ok, I have some in my bag. I'll just go get one." I jumped up off the bed and headed towards the door.

"You have condoms? Where'd you get them from?" Ezra smirked at me.

Shit. "Umm.... I got them in health class, yea... I just stuck them in my purse cause I was in a rush and I kept forgetting to take them out."

Ezra looked at me suspiciously for a minute but eventually softened and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, ok, just make sure their magnums, because those are the only ones that fit." I shuddered, feeling a tingling sensation in my lower stomach. Thats...new. "Hurry back" Ezra winked.

I nodded my head, "Oh, and when I get back, I want those off." I said, pointing at his boxers. Ezra's grin got wider, and with that I left, shutting the door behind me.

I quickly walked down the hallway, grabbing a sweatshirt and a jean skirt from my room on the way. I awkwardly shoved my clothes on as I made my way to the laundry room. Inside I found Maria, one of the maids, doing the laundry. Maria kind of reminded me of my grandmother. She was short, kind of chubby, and looked like Aunt Jemima.

"Umm, Maria, Ezra told me to get you. He spilled soda on his carpet and he said he needs you to bring the stain spray to help him clean it up."

"Uhh, that boy always make mess" Maria complained in her broken English. I nodded and followed her back to Ezra's room. When we finally got there I couldn't help but feel nervous, maybe this is wrong? Maria turned the knob on the door. Oh well, too late now.

It all happened so fast.

Ezra had done as I asked, and was lying butt naked on his bed, in all his glory, facing the door. As soon as Maria saw him she flipped out and screamed, and thats when it started. Ezra's eyes went wide in a horrified look as his mouth fell open. He quickly

grabbed a pillow off his bed to cover his privates, but it was too late. Maria came charging at him in full force, brandishing her spray bottle and rag in either hand. Ezra yelped as Maria started swatting him with her rag, screaming profanities in Spanish the whole time. Ezra got up to run, but since his room wasn't that big, and I was standing in the doorway, all he could do was run in circles, screaming 'I'm Sorry', with Maria chasing after him.

Ok, I know this was really mean, but I can't help it, when I see something funny I have to laugh. There's no point in trying to fight it, because I can't. I was laughing so hard my ribs were starting to ache and my legs were wobbling. I fell to the ground, clutching my sides, in hysteria. And Ezra says I'm funny when I embarrass myself?

Seeing the doorway empty Ezra bolted from the room, now with one pillow clutched in front of his body and one clutched behind, covering his ass. Remind me never to put my head on that pillow. Maria followed him out, still brandishing her rag and

spray cleaner. I sat up and started to wipe the tears off my eyes as I calmed down.

Just then, Ezra burst back into the room, shutting and locking the door behind him. Crap. I heard a thud against the door before a muffled "I quit", presumably from Maria.

I looked up at Ezra, who had a look on his face I had never seen before. He was beyond pissed. I smiled sheepishly before shrugging my shoulders and asking,

"Truce?"

Chapter 14

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (14)

As promised, here's my post for today, hope you likey. I'm going to try and post rather quickly, seeing as I have the rest of the story mapped out in my head and I want to get it out before I forget it. So be ready for many post coming fairly quickly.

Chapter 14

Ezra stalked closer to me with a deadly glare in his eyes, all the while clutching the pillow to his waist. Normally, I would have found this quite hysterical, however, right now something was telling me that this probably wasn't the best time to laugh at him. I gulped as Ezra stopped a few inches away from me,

ducking his head down towards mine, a sneer on his mouth.

"You are in so much trouble right now, you can't even imagine. I don't even know how I am going to forgive you for what you did."

Shit, I knew I went too far with this one. "Umm, listen Ezra, I'm sorry ok. I know, I went too far, I didn't think it through, I, I..."

"No, your little apologies are not enough. You went beyond crossing the line. If you want me to forgive you, you're going to have to beg!"

Say what?!? "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. I don't know if I can be with someone who cares so little about my feelings and would humiliate me that way. So if you want to salvage this relationship at all I need to know that you would do anything for me. Now beg for my forgiveness!" Ezra barked.

Was he serious? Who the fuck did he think he was talking to?!? Me, beg, does he know me at all? I looked up at Ezra and he looked just as pissed, if not

more, than he was when he first returned. I knew I hurt his feelings and embarrassed him, and yes I felt really bad for it, but did I feel bad enough to beg for forgiveness? That isn't really something I do.

"Well?" Ezra pressed, annoyed.

Crap, alright, I really do feel bad so I guess I could suck it up and beg just this once, I mean we are going to be getting married, so its probably better if the guy twice my size that's sleeping next to me doesn't hate me so much he might be willing to strangle me in my sleep.

"Ezra, I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you. Well, actually, I guess I did, but I feel really bad for it now. It was just to get back at you for dinner. Please, forgive me, I'm rea...." My begging trailed off as Ezra slowly started giggling. WTF?!? Here I am, very uncharacteristically I might add, begging for forgiveness from some giant prick, and he's standing here laughing at me. He should feel honored I would stoop this low! Ezra's giggling slowly increased as I stared at him like I'd seen a gorilla shaving it's ass,

making his face turn bright red. Pretty soon he was in hysterics, rolling around on the floor. Is he high?

"Um, Ezra, you mind telling me what the fuck is going on?" I asked, irritated at this point.

"You-were-hysterical." Ezra choked out between fits of laughter.

"And what the hell did I do that was so funny, if you don't mind me asking?" It was taking all my strength to keep myself from exploding at him.

"You actually got down and begged." Ezra replied, now calming down from his moment's lapse into insanity. His answer, however, just made me more pissed.

"But you said that I had to beg for your forgiveness." I accused.

"Yea, and you believed me, and not only that, you actually begged. I never would have thought that someone as 'all mighty' as you would actually beg for forgiveness. I guess that just proves it, I am a god". Ezra grinned smugly, before walking to his dresser and pulling out yet another pair of boxers to put on.

That bastard! He actually pretended to be pissed just to see me squirm; to humiliate me by getting me to beg? At this point I was fuming, not so much because of what Ezra did, but more because I allowed him to get to me, to let him win. I actually cared enough to beg- could I embarrass myself anymore?!? I felt two strong arms wrap around my waist from behind, and a chin rest on my shoulder.

Ezra whispered, "Don't worry baby, your not the first girl to beg for me."

"You sick bastard, that was really mean." I accused, after ripping out of Ezra's grasp to face him.

"Like what you did was any better? Maria's probably going to file a sexual harassment suit against me because of you. Plus she gave me a bruise from the spray bottle, see?" Ezra turned his arm over so I could see a small greenish purple bruise forming on his forearm. I quickly poked it.

"Oww, hey that hurt." Ezra whined, before rubbing his arm.

"Serves you right" I pouted, crossing my arms against my chest.

"Hey, don't be like that." Ezra purred before pulling me into a tight embrace. Oh damn, why did he have to be so warm and comfortable? I knew it already, I was going to lose this argument.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know the whole begging thing would bother you that much. I promise never to do it again, ok. From now on, no more pranks, its getting too much to handle. Truce?"

I looked up into Ezra's eyes, oh yeah, definitely losing. "Truce." I muttered, before snuggling my head back into his chest.

The rest of the week went by more smoothly than the beginning. I avoided my mother like she was a venereal disease, seeing as every time I saw her she would try to start talking about weddings and babies, the whole thing made me want to cry- from boredom. As spring break came to an end, I found out I would not be seeing Ezra, or his family, again for another three weeks since they needed to visit Miami for a new hotel opening. Yipee! Ezra gets to

miss my birthday, I finally have a boyfriend and I don't even get to celebrate with him. ~Sigh~ oh well, at least this means he has to get me an even better birthday gift to make up for it.

Two weeks passed, and it was finally my birthday. I was on my way out the door to school when my mother called to me from the kitchen.

"Oh Carmella, wait. Tonight we're having a special dinner for your birthday so be home by six. Your father and I have surprise for you." She cooed. I just smiled and nodded my head before heading out the door. Great, another "surprise" from my parents, as if the last one wasn't enough.

As I got off the bus from school I saw a large group of students congregating in the front of the parking lot by the main entrance. Hmm, a fight maybe? I contemplated checking it out for a second, curiosity did kill the cat after all? Ah, screw the cat, I was always more of a dog person anyway. I made my way over to the crowd.

"I think he's a model or something." "Yea, I have definitely seen him in a magazine before." "Dude,

that bike is sick". Everyone whispered, but I still didn't get what was going on. Did we have a new student or something? As I finally broke through the mob of students and got a good look at what all the commotion was about, my jaw dropped as I went into shock.

"Hey baby, miss me much?"

There Ezra was, in a tight dark green cotton t-shirt and a pair of black jeans, sitting on a freaking motorcycle in the middle of my school's parking lot. What happened to his blue sports car? Everyone's chatter stopped as they looked to see who had caught the Greek god's attention. I felt my cheeks blush, I hate this type of attention. Sensing my discomfort, Ezra got up off his motorcycle and strode over to me. He wrapped his thick arms around my waist before hoisting me up to give me a kiss. As if that was supposed to make everything better- ok, well maybe it did a little. Ezra pulled away then smiled down at me.

"Happy birthday baby girl."

I looked into his smoldering brown eyes and then... smiled like an idiot for two minutes before mumbling a response incoherently. Best birthday gift ever!

Chapter 15

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (15)

New chapp- dedicated to ELiza_rocks, who is a great fan! Hope you enjoy. By the way, there is a big twist coming up soon, that has to do with the ending. (Remember I said most of you will hate the ending) Any guesses as to what it is, I've been hinting at it in the last few chapters. Plus- I decided I will do a sequel, though it will be short, mostly because I know a lot of you will hate the ending. Am i giving away too much info? Tell me and I'll stop.

Chapter 15

Ezra chuckled, "For once, your speechless. I should bask in this moment."

That snapped me out of it. "Actually, I've got quite a lot on my mind I would like to tell you right now." I replied, still standing in his embrace.

Ezra groaned. "First, what are you doing here, I thought you were supposed to be in Miami until Thursday? Second, you were back in town and you didn't even bother to call me this morning to wish me a happy birthday?!? Man, aren't you a cheap one! And third, what the hell was that I saw you sitting on before, what happened to your car? And you know what else, wha-..." Ezra cut me off by slapping his hand on my mouth, muffling the rest of my words.

"Jeez, you can talk a lot. You know your a lot like your mother that way." I gasped in shock, how dare he say I have any of her annoying qualities?!? I definitely do not talk a lot, do I? I pondered that for a few seconds before realizing that Ezra had continued talking.

"...anyway since it was your birthday and all I had them move up the opening of the hotel so I could be here for you. You didn't actually think I would miss your birthday, did you? And plus, if I had called you

then it would have ruined the surprise of showing up here. So are we ready to go to class now?" Ezra pushed.

"Oh no you don't mister, don't think I didn't miss your very unsuccessful attempt to avoid answering my last question. What about the bike? And what do you mean 'are we' ready for class?" I asked suspiciously.

"Well I arranged it with the school so that I could go to all your classes with you today. As an extra birthday gift, I'm giving you the opportunity to spend the entire day with me." I rolled my eyes. "And as for the bike, well its something I picked up in Miami. I like it better than the car so we'll be driving that from now on." Ezra replied hastily.

"Are you kidding me, that thing is like a moving death trap! There is no way I'm getting on that let alone allowing you to drive it-" Just then the bell rang signaling the start of first period, cutting off the rest of my rant. That seems to be happening a lot lately, maybe I do talk a lot...

"Oh look, there's the bell. Come on Carmella, don't want to be late." With that Ezra grabbed me by my

wrist and yanked me towards the front doors of the school. "Which way to first period?" Ezra asked, as we made it into the school lobby. I pointed down an adjacent hallway, and within seconds we were stumbling through my health class. As we made our way to our seats I noticed that every single girl's eyes were glued to Ezra's ass. Oh no, this so wasn't going to work. One girl gingerly reached out her hand as Ezra walked by in an attempt to grab his ass. I swiftly stomped down on her manicured toes, which were currently exposed in her flip-flops. The girl let out a yelp and quickly retracted her hand. I sent out death glares to all the girls in the room as a warning that if they valued their limbs they better keep them to themselves. Jeez, having a boyfriend is harder than I thought, I feel like a friggin lion trying to defend the dead carcass of my prey from the blood thirsty hyenas- ok, maybe thats not the best analogy... whatever, either way I could already tell today was going to be a long day.

"Ah Miss Castiel, I see you've brought a visitor today. Would you mind introducing him to the rest of the class as well as give an explanation for his

presence?" Mrs. Harper, my Health teacher asked. In general, I liked Mrs. Harper, she was nice and didn't give a lot of homework. Right now, however, I rather disliked her.

"Umm... this is Ezra, he's my, uhh....." Crap, what do I introduce him as, my boyfriend or fiancé? I haven't told anyone yet about the whole arranged marriage thing. Heck, I haven't even told anyone about Ezra's existence yet. Every head in the room turned to hear the rest of the sentence, all beyond curious as to find out exactly who Ezra was.

"Boyfriend. I'm Carmella's boyfriend." Ezra finished for me, before giving a quick smile to the rest of the class.

"I see. May I ask you, Ezra, what brings you to my health class today? No offense or anything, but you look kind of old to be in high school still." Mrs. Harper asked suspiciously.

"Yes, I am actually too old for high school, I graduated last year. I'm here today because its Carmella's birthday, and I wanted to spend it with her." Ezra smiled a sweet smile at me. I would have

loved it if I hadn't hear a chorus of "awwwe's" coming from the entire female population in the class. Bitches, I know what you mean by "awwe", I know whats on your dirty minds!!!

"That is very nice of you Ezra. Well, welcome to Health class."

The rest of my classes passed similarly. Pretty much everyone in the school had heard of Ezra's arrival, seeing as every teacher made me introduce him, and it made it even harder for me to keep Ezra from being molested by horny female classmates, seeing as now people I didn't even know were trying to get to him in the hallways. Ezra just kept smirking the whole day, apparently getting a kick out of my annoyance over this. His smirk didn't last long, however.

As we were making our way out of school at the end of the day, I noticed Rafaela walking towards us. She looked up in time to meet my gaze before giving a quick glance towards Ezra. I tried smiling at her, expecting her to come over and wish me a happy birthday, but she just gave me a weak half smile

before turning in the opposite direction and scurrying off. That was weird. I looked up towards Ezra and noticed a very uncomfortable look on his face. I was about to ask what was wrong when it clicked in my head. After I had temporarily ruined our arranged marriage back at the party, Ezra had agreed to marry Rafaela. Shit, it must have really hurt her to find out he changed his mind, and especially to see him now. Note to self: send Rafael a a fruit basket or something as an apology. What? I like fruit.

I hadn't even realized we were outside until I felt something being shoved on top of my head. I looked up to see Ezra fastening a helmet strap under my chin. I looked back down at the bike then back up to Ezra.

"There is no way I'm getting on that thing, I will die." I snorted while trying to take the helmet off. Ezra just sat back and stared at me with a sly smile on his face. Why wasn't this stupid helmet coming off?!?

"Carmella, I would give up if I were you. I got one with child locks on it." Ezra's grin got wider as I

glared at him. Great, not only does he buy me the kiddie helmet, but I completely embarrass myself by not being able to unlock the stupid safety locks on them. "And I promise you wont die, I'll drive slow ok? Besides, your bus already left, so unless you want to walk the four miles to get back to your house I suggest you get on the bike." Ezra continued. I looked down the road in the direction of my house. Four miles isn't that far, it would only take me like an.... hour, if I ran. "You know, I have your birthday gift back at your house and the sooner you get home the sooner you can open it..." Ezra trailed, but thats all I needed to change my mind.

"Fine, but just this once. After today, I'm never getting back on this thing again."

Ezra rolled his eyes as he helped me get on the bike behind him. "Please, one ride with me and you'll never want to get off." Ezra replied, before looking over his shoulder to wink at me. I was going to say something to deflate his ego, but he quickly stomped down on the gas pedal, sending us zooming down the street. Within ten minutes we were pulled up in front

of my house. Ezra attempted to get up, but every time he did he would end up bringing me with him.

"Uh, Carmella, you can let go now" Ezra said. I just shook my head and muttered a "no". Ezra laughed.

"Can I ask why? I mean I know its hard for you to keep yourself off of me, but I would have figured that you would be clinging to my front rather than my back."

I ignored his comment. "Can't move." I whispered. I officially hate motorcycles.

Ezra chuckled. "Too fast for you, huh? Let me see if I can help." With that, Ezra reached his arms behind his back so they were by my waist. I was confused, how is this going to help? Ezra then started rigorously tickling my sides. I immediately let go of my death grip on his body and promptly fell off his bike, landing my ass firmly on the driveway's gravel.

"Ahh, my ass!" I moaned. Great, now I'm going to have a bruise. Ezra stifled a chuckle before quickly helping me to my feet and guiding me towards my front door.

"Ready for you birthday gift?" He asked.

I snorted, when am I not ready for free stuff? Ezra smiled at me before opening the door. As soon as he did I was tackled to the ground by a big mass of fur and saliva. In between licks on my face I beamed up at Ezra.

"You got me a dog?!?" I exclaimed excitedly, I had always wanted a pet.

"Not a dog, a puppy." A puppy? This thing is huge. Ezra pulled the fluff ball off of me and helped me up.

"Its kind of big for a puppy, what breed is it?" I asked, while simultaneously petting the dogs head.

"Its a wolf-dog, half wolf, half Alaskan Malamute. And if you think its big now just wait until you see it fully grown, its going to be at least two-hundred pounds."

"What?!?" My mother shrieked from the hallway. She looked, disheveled, to say the least. "You mean its only going to get bigger?" With that, my new best friend, turned and sprinted towards my mother at full force, leaping into the air and knocking her to

the ground. "Carmella, get this beast off of me before I call animal control." My mother shrieked again.

I stifled a giggle, this was the best gift ever. "Aww, mom, he's just showing you how much he loves you."

"Carmella!!" She shrieked again.

"Alright, calm down. Come here fruit loop." And as if I had been calling him by that name for years, the dog jumped off my mother and padded its way over to my side.

Ezra groaned. "You've got to be kidding me, your not seriously going to name the dog 'fruit loop', are you?"

"You better believe it. Now come with me to the backyard, I wanna teach him how to clean up his own poop, because that is definitely one task I will not be doing." With that I grabbed Ezra's hand and pulled him towards the back door, Fruit Loop faithfully trailing behind.

"Don't forget dinner is in three hours." My mother muttered as we passed. Apparently she didn't appreciate my birthday gift as much as I did. Go figure.

Chapter 16

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (16)

Note: There will only be three or four more chapters of the story before it is over. I have given another clue as to how the story will end in this chapter, can anyone find it? Enjoy!

Chapter 16

After Ezra and I had spent the better half of the afternoon trying to train Fruit Loop, I came to the conclusion that my dog is dumb as rocks. He didn't learn one thing- except for how to step in his own poop, three friggin times!!! I think I'm going to buy him booties- at least those will be easier to clean.

After we had cleaned up, Ezra and I sat down at the table and waited for dinner. When everyone was seated, I asked the question that had been eating at me all day.

"So, whats my surprise?"

My mother opened her mouth to answer, but was quickly cut off by my father.

"How about we wait until after dinner to reveal the surprise?" He stated more than asked. "Wouldn't want to ruin her birthday, after all." I heard him mumble afterwards. I gulped, that can't be good. I glanced at Ezra but all I got was a nervous smile in return. Crap! I'm really starting to hate my parents surprises.

After dinner had finally finished, and the birthday cake was served, I prompted my parents again about their "surprise".

"Surprise time?" I asked anxiously. Though I dreaded finding out what it actually was, anticipation was killing me. My dad sighed.

"Ella, go ahead. I know your dying to tell her." My dad spoke exasperatingly.

"Sweetheart..." my mother beamed, "we set the date for the wedding. The hall has been booked and the invitations are on their way. Surprise! Your getting married in three months. Isn't that the best birthday gift ever?!?" She squealed.

"Yup, just what every girl dreams of for her seventeenth birthday." I replied, only slightly sarcastic. I couldn't decide what I wanted to do more at that moment, pass out or jump my mother. The "surprise" had hit me like a ton of bricks, I did not expect the wedding to be so soon. Next September I would be a senior in high school, and now I would be a wife too. It just didn't sound right. I vaguely heard my mother rambling about dates and dresses and flowers... but I couldn't focus. This was so not how I pictured my senior year, attending prom with my husband?

"Carmella, are you ok?" Ezra asked quietly. I looked up at him, he didn't seem phased by this news at all.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Its just a lot to take in is all."

Ezra squeezed my hand in reassurance, and I was glad that at least I was going through this with him. I had really lucked out with Ezra, I knew he always had my best interests at heart.

"Carmella, are you even listening to me?!?" My mother snapped, quickly bringing me back to reality.

"Huh?"

"I said, in three weeks you'll be out of school for the year. I've already made an appointment at the dress shop for 4 pm on your last day of classes. Cara and I will pick you up at the front of your school, so don't stop to dawdle with your friends, the shop is on the other side of town."

I groaned. Cara's coming? As if a trip to the bridal shop with my mother isn't bad enough already, now I have Cara there to tell me how horrible I look in every dress. Was this punishment for something I did in a past life? Karma trying to get me back for something? What the hell did I ever do that was so bad? No wait- don't answer that.

"Shut up Cara, I don't want to hear it anymore. Hell would have to freeze over first before I wore this dress to my wedding." I screamed across the bridal shop as I made my way back to the fitting room. I looked at myself in the mirror one more time and shuddered. I had been trying on dresses for two hours already and each one I tried on was worse than the one before. At the moment, I was shoved into a floor length gown two sizes too small. The back was completely cut out down to the small of my back, and had to be taped to my body to prevent some "crack" slippage. The front was worse. The bodice was cut into a deep v-cut with straps pulled into a halter. The dress hugged every curve of my body in a way that was more appropriate for a rap video than a wedding. None of these characteristics, however, were the worst of the dress. What completely did the dress in from first sight was the thousands of sparkling sequins covering the fabric.

"Oh come on Carmella, it's not that bad. I would have killed to be able to wear this dress to my wedding." My sister pouted as she eyed the dress enviously.

"Well then you wear it, because you would have to kill me to get me to walk down the isle in this. I mean come on, I look like 'Candy, the engaged stripper' in this dress." I spat back. Cara just rolled her eyes but was soon shoved out of the way so my mother could hand me another dress to try on.

"Here you go, Carmella, try this one- Oh my God, what the hell are you wearing?" She asked horrified. "Take it off right now!" I was about to open my mouth to explain but my mother quickly shoved her dress at me then slammed the dressing room door shut. I grumbled. I could think of about a thousand things I rather be doing right now than trying on dresses, picking up Fruit Loop's poop being one of them.

I quickly peeled off Cara's dress from my body and slipped my mother's on instead. Well, it was definitely more roomy. I stepped out of the dressing room not even glancing at myself in the mirror.

"Ta-da" I announced unenthusiastically. My mother's eyes went wide.

"Oh Carmella you look beautiful, just like a princess." She cooed.

"Yeah Carmella, you should definitely wear that one. No one will be able to take their eyes off of you." Cara chimed in between giggles. I turned around towards the mirror, and what I saw will haunt me for the rest of my life.

"Holy crap, I look like the abominable snow man!" I screeched. What the hell had my mother dressed me in? There was fabric everywhere, I couldn't even find my hands. And bows, and lace, and taffeta, oh my! I looked like an over frosted cupcake, and not a tasty one either.

"What? You look beautiful. How can you not like this dress?" My mother asked, confused.

"Because I can see, that's why. I am not wearing this dress, ever. In fact, it's coming off right now." I remarked before trudging back to the dressing room, dragging several pairs of shoes that had gotten caught in the mesh undercoat of the dress with me. I quickly stripped the dress off and left it in a pile in the corner of the room. I slipped on the robe the

dress shop had provided me. I hope they wash those after every customer.

I stepped out of the room to find my mother and sister arguing over bridesmaid dress colors. I rolled my eyes then headed over to the racks of dresses to take a look for myself. I figured that if I didn't want to look like a twinkie, or a porn star named twinkie, at my wedding, I better pick out my dress myself. I was searching through a second rack of dresses when I found one that looked promising. It was a simple floor length gown that was off the shoulder. What could it hurt? I made my way back to the dressing room and tried it on. When I looked in the mirror my eyes went wide. The dress was perfect, it looked as if it had been cut to fit, and though it was very simple, it was beautiful. I stepped out into the bridal shop and heard gasps. I looked up to see both my sister and mother, mid argument, pause and stare in amazement. I smiled.

"I think I found my dress."

After we had purchased our dresses and safely secured them in our car, we made our way to a local

diner for dinner. After we had placed our orders, my mother turned to me with a creepy clown smile on her face. I shuddered, I hate clowns.

"So Carmella, are you excited for the wedding?" My mother asked out of left field.

"Something like that." I replied.

My mother smiled. "I remember the months before my wedding, I was terrified. You must be worried Carmella, about some things. Any questions you want to ask us, your wedding is only two months away now?" My mother asked innocently. Ok, she is definitely up to something.

"Umm, none that I can think of at the moment." I replied cautiously as the waiter brought out our drinks and bread. He was just placing my diet coke on the table when my mom blurted out,

"Carmella are you a virgin?" I sucked in a breath, I hope she knew she was emotionally scarring me for life. The waiter paused as he set the drink down and turned his gaze to me, apparently waiting for my reply. Perv. I raised my eyebrows at him and crossed

my arms against my chest, he got the message and left promptly. I sighed.

"For the hundredth time, mom, yes!" I replied, exasperated.

"Well if your still a virgin, then how come your not more nervous for your honeymoon? What, did you watch a national geographic video or something? Because that might be how animals do it in the wild, but that sure isn't how..... civilized people do it." My mother asked curiously.

I froze. The reason why I wasn't more nervous was because up until this afternoon I had completely forgotten about the whole honeymoon thing. Shit! I started panicking. I had only once briefly glimpsed Ezra, on the second night of spring break, but it was quick, and all I saw was a blur of skin and pillows. I was too busy caught up in what was going on to notice his... thingy? Now I wish I had, and no not for perverted reasons, but because I am a very small person, and Ezra is very... big. What if a certain part of his anatomy is too big? Is that possible? I felt myself starting to hyperventilate and quickly

grabbed my soda and started drinking to distract my mind, but it was no use. It was as if my mother had opened up a whole list of fears and anxieties I had craftily tucked away in my mind.

Forget him being too big, what if he isn't, and we do have sex, and I'm bad at it? What if I'm so bad that after the first time he'll never want to do it again? Crap, I don't even really know how to have sex, I mean, I know where things are supposed to go, but once the 'plug' is put in the 'outlet' where do I go from there? And fuck, I bet its going to hurt like a bitch, and I'm going to bleed, and... Oh My God, what if I get pregnant? That would ruin everything. And shit! I ran out of soda!

I was about to start crying when the waiter arrived with our food and a refill for my soda. I slightly calmed, at least I had soda again. The three of us were silent as we ate, and little by little I pushed back all the fears my mother had unleashed. I was finally calm again when my mother broke the silence.

"Carmella, I know your scared about your wedding night, but don't be. Trust me, I was in your position

once. I remember your father's and mine wedding night. The first time we had se..."

"La La La La..... I'm not listening, I'm not listening." I screeched at the top of my lungs whilst plunging my fingers into my ears. Seriously, if she expected me to keep any of my food down tonight, this whole sex speech had to stop.

"Carmella! Stop acting like a child, people are staring." My mother reprimanded. I just stuck my tongue out at her and pouted. How much longer is this day going to last?

"Now, I know you don't want to hear this from me, but its a conversation we need to have. There are just certain things you won't learn in health class." My mother took another bite of her food before she continued. "Well, the first time your father and I had sex," I cringed and pushed my plate away from me, it was obvious I wasn't going to be finishing my food tonight, "it was scary, for me at least."

"You see, I was a virgin when I married your father, but he wasn't. Your father had told me that he had been with a few virgins before, so he knew what to

expect, but I didn't" Eww... "The first time your father.... entered me, it hurt a bit, nothing too horrible, but just the same, nothing I'd like to experience again." I gagged at her words, and was thankful that I had decided not to eat dinner. I looked over at Cara and saw that she had pushed her plate away too. 'Good' I thought, if I have to suffer, then she should too.

"Now I'm sure you know that the first time for a girl causes her to bleed. Every girl is different, but for me the bleeding lasted for seven days." I choked on, well, nothing because I hadn't been eating or drinking anything since my mother opened her mouth. But at this point in the conversation I would have swallowed my tongue if I thought that would get my mother to shut up. Freaking seven days?!? What the hell, was breaking your hymen like getting your period or something? Hmm, maybe if I get my period the week of the wedding then I wont have to have sex? No, stupid Carmella, stop being so scared, besides, Ezra won't wait forever.

"You should also know that the first few times you have sex probably won't be that good. It may take you guys some time to figure out what positions you prefer, as well as for your body to adjust to sex. For instance, your father's favorite position is doggy style, however, I prefer miss-"

"Ahh" Cara and I shrieked in unison. "Too much information! Stop now, please?" I begged. My mind, my mind, it will be scarred for life! Please, someone, you have to get the mental images out of my head before I vomit my stomach all over the table.

"Are you sure, Carmella? You know, these are things I wish I knew before I had sex." My mother asked.

"I am absolutely friggin positive. I promise you, when I go home today, any more questions I have about sex I will Google, ok? Just no more sex stories, please?"

"Fine, fine" my mother said before rolling her eyes and continuing eating. I slumped in my chair and started knocking my spoon against my head. Stupid brain, stop picturing my parents having sex!! Great, now I probably need therapy.

Chapter 17

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (17)

Ok people, only one more chapter to go till the end. I'll clear everything up about a sequel and any questions people have asked at the end of the next chapter. I hope you enjoy this one, though I don't like it too much- its a lil too sappy for my taste. Thanks to everyone who reads and votes n comments, I love u all :)

Chapter 17

Dinner finished quickly, seeing as my mother was the only one with an appetite, and once the bill was payed we made our way home. I was more then exhausted when my head finally hit my pillow, and

more than anything I just wanted to sleep and pretend that today never happened, or more, that dinner never happened. My mother had traumatized me in two ways today. Yes, the whole sex talk was by far the most horrible thing she has ever put me through, but more than that, she dug up quite a few fears and insecurities. What if I can't be a good wife? I don't even know how to be a wife. I can't cook, I'm too lazy to clean, and I don't do dirty diapers or vomit. I can barely clean up after my dog. I sighed, maybe I shouldn't think about this right now.

I reached over turn turn my radio on when I heard a knock at the door.

"Come in." I answered. My door slowly opened to reveal my father. He looked at me uncomfortably, and I noticed that he had a brown paper bag in his hand.

"What's up dad?"

"Oh, nothing. Um, I was just thinking how we never talk anymore, you know, since the whole engagement thing. I just wanted to check up on you." My father spoke in fake innocence.

"Ok dad, I know somethings up. Just spill it before I have to beat it out of you." I joked.

"Ok, ok. Well, its just that when I look at you I still see my seventeen year old daughter, not a women about to be married. I worry sometimes that your not ready for all of this. You must be scared, Carmella, a normal person would be."

"Are you saying that I'm not normal, dad?" I teased. My dad smiled.

"Of course your not normal, your extraordinary. But lets be serious, are you scared, because you can talk to me." My dad prodded again. Hmmm... this conversation sounds too similar to the one I had earlier today with my mother. Aargh!!

"Dad, are you trying to talk to me about sex?!?" I accused my father bluntly, I was too exhausted to be coy. He grimaced.

"I'm sorry. It really wasn't my idea, believe me, your mother just thought that maybe you'd be more comfortable talking to me." Now why in the world would my mother think that!!

"Dad, seriously, I'm fine. Yes, I am nervous and scared about certain things, but nothing I can't deal with. And I love you, but I swear to god if I hear the word 'sex' come out of your mouth my brain will have an aneurysm. So can we just lie to mom instead, please?" I almost groveled at his feet.

"Fine by me, it'll just be our little secret." And with that my dad got up, kissed me once on the forehead, and made his way to my door. I remembered then about the brown paper bag my dad had brought with him.

"Hey dad, what's with the bag?" I asked.

My dad then blushed, wait blushed?!? That is... weird. "Oh, its nothing. Just something your mom wanted me to give you." We just stared at each other, silently, for about thirty seconds before I blinked first. Dammit, I always lose staring contests.

"Well, are you gonna give it to me?" I asked, slightly confused. My dad just looked at me horrified. What is wrong with my family, are they all crazy? Enough was enough. I got up off my bed and swiftly walked

up to my father. I grabbed a hold of the paper bag and tried to pull on it but my dad wouldn't let go.

"Dad, what are you doing? I thought you said that it was for me?" I asked, now very confused.

"It is, but...." As he faltered I yanked the paper bag out of his hands and quickly looked inside. What I saw terrified me. I looked up at my dad shocked, but he just sighed.

"How about we just pretend this never happened, ok?" My dad asked seriously. I just nodded and headed back to my bed. I heard my door shut as my dad left and I silently shuddered. My family is psycho. What kind of mother would give her daughter that? I shoved the paper bag under my bed and vowed never to clean under there again.

'I am going to sleep' I told myself, because too much crap happens when I'm awake.

During the next few weeks every single one of my family members bombarded me with the sex talk, it was freaking disgusting. I thought I was going to barf when my sister and her ~gag~ husband tried to

give me advice, I almost didn't make it through. I'm sorry, not to be mean or anything, but how anyone, even a doctor, can stand to see that man naked without going blind is beyond me.

My brother's "tips" on sex were probably the most.... useful. After a half an hour of Ilias yelling that I was not allowed to have sex, his girlfriend called and he had to leave, allowing Reuven and Eitan to explain to me how to "get the job done". All I can say is, I feel bad for every girl that has ever slept with either, or both, of them. Oh, and I'm never doing half the stuff they talked about with Ezra, no matter how much he begs. There are just somethings I wont do.

About a month before our wedding, both Ezra's and my parents decided to throw a co-ed bridal shower for me. Great, that many more people to witness my humiliation. Three teddies, two crotchless panties, and a pair of edible underwear later, I was pretty much ready for the night to end. I mean, this is a bridal shower not a bachelorette party, I'm supposed to be getting towels and crockpots, not dirty lingerie and sex toys, especially not from my grandmother!!!

Whose idea was it anyway to make this a CO-ED bridal shower? Probably Cara's. My dad looked like he was about to faint when the chocolate body paint was unwrapped.

"Can we take a break from opening gifts for a while, PLEASE?" I begged my mother. She looked at me sympathetically, that emotion looked weird on her face.

"Of course, honey, today's your special day anyway. How about you go into the dinning room, huh? There's another gift in there for you, you can open it in peace." Not exactly what I had in mind, but its better then this. I made my way to the dinning room, avoiding as many guests as possible. When I finally stepped into the room I noticed that I wasn't alone. Ezra sat at the head of the table, his head down, fidgeting with something in his hand. He looked almost nervous.

"Ezra, are you ok?" I asked quietly. Ezra's head quickly shot up and a big smile crossed his face.

"I'm fine, absolutely fine." Ezra stood up and quickly walked towards me, enveloping me in a big hug

before gently planting a kiss lightly on my lips. I smiled up at him, he always knew how to make me feel better.

"So, my mother said there was another gift in here for me?" I asked while snuggling into his chest. Ezra laughed nervously. Oh god, please don't tell me its another pair of handcuffs or something?

"Yeah, I actually have it right here." Ezra replied quietly before taking a step back. He stuck out his hand and in his palm was a small velvet box, well I guess that's what he was fidgeting with before. Ooh, maybe someone bought me earrings for my wedding? Hey, it could happen.

I slowly opened the box, but there were no earrings inside. Siting in the center of the small box was a simple ring, with a huge ass diamond sitting in the center. My eyes went wide, was this what I thought it was? I looked up at Ezra, but he wasn't there anymore. I heard a cough from below me, and looked down to see Ezra bent on one knee. Oh yeah, this was definitely what I thought it was. I started to get anxious.

"Carmella, I know we haven't known each other for that long, and I'm still not sure if you would be standing here if you had your own free will, but I want you to know that even if this weren't arranged, I'd still be standing, well kneeling, right here before you. Your the only one I have eyes for anymore, and my heart has been consumed with love for you. I will never leave you, I can't. I love you Carmella, please, marry me?"

I couldn't speak. I couldn't move. I was barely able to breath. Too many thoughts were flying through my head. I knew my answer didn't really matter, I would marry Ezra in the end no matter what, but this was different. Ezra was asking me if I wanted to marry him, the arrangement aside. He loved me, but did I love him? I wasn't sure. Ezra started to fidget under my gaze, I still hadn't answered him. I should say yes, Ezra is the nicest person I've ever met, he's perfect, I should love him. 'Say yes Carmella', my mind was telling me, but I couldn't get myself to speak. So I did the next best thing, I nodded in approval. Ezra's nervous pout turned into a huge grin as he slipped the diamond ring out of the box and onto my finger.

The band felt ice cold against my skin. Ezra stood up and lifted me off the ground in a huge embrace before passionately kissing me on the lips.

When he pulled back I gawked in awe, I was just proposed to. The moment was ruined, however, when I heard a collective "awww" from behind me. I turned around to see everyone at the party smooshed into the archway of the dinning room, all with sappy looks on their faces. I rolled my eyes.

"What? We were already engaged, jewelry just makes it more official." I announced.

Chapter 18

Arranged Marriage to a Stranger (18, END of PART 1)

Note at bottom, MUST READ if you want a SEQUEL!!

Chapter 18

For about twenty minutes I sat on a chair in the dinning room while various female relatives ogled at the fairly large rock now on my left ring finger.

"Oh, its so beautiful Carmella..." One cousin purred enviously.

"Yes, I know, I have eyes too." I replied curtly. I wasn't sure why, but I felt unnerved, and it was cutting my patience short.

"And it was so sweet how Ezra proposed." Another cousin gushed.

"Yeah, yeah, real sweet. Uh, I'm thirsty, I'll be right back." I lied hastily before bolting from the room. Honestly, I felt kind of queasy, something just didn't feel right. I should be ecstatic right now, thrilled really. Ezra is perfect, he loves me, we're getting married, I'll be set for life.... I should be happy, dammit!! Why aren't I happy?!?

I walked over to my father's office and quietly slipped inside, I needed some solace and this is the one place in the house off limits to the guests. As I shut the door behind me, however, I realized I was not alone. Sitting at my father's desk, staring out the window, was my cousin Rafaela. Jeez, she looked like her whole world just collapsed or something.

"Hey Rafaela, what are you doin in here?" I asked.

Rafaela jumped slightly in surprise at my voice, but her shock was soon replaced with worry as a horrified look crossed her face.

"Oh, um... nothing. I was just about to leave." She replied nervously, before getting up and trying to hurry past me out of the room. As she slid by, I grabbed her arm hauling her to a stop. Enough was enough, why has Rafaela been avoiding me? I mean, we were never besties or anything, but we were pretty close. I know my arranged marriage with Ezra must have upset her, but its not like she had a real claim on him or anything.

"Alright Rafaela, what the hell is up with you and the cold front you've been giving me? Is this about Ezra?" I asked, the second question more softly.

Rafaela gasped, "You know?"

"Yeah, his parents told me." I answered, the guilt seeping into my body now.

"What?! He told his parents? I'm completely mortified!!" Rafaela whined as her head fell into her hands.

"Hey, don't be embarrassed, its no big deal. There is a great guy out there for you, and I'm sure you'll find him soon." I placed a hand on her shoulder in an

attempt to comfort her, but I don't think it quite worked. Rafaela looked up from her hands with a wary, confused look on her face.

"Carmella, what are you talking about?" She asked. Is she seriously going to make me say it?

"You know, the whole arranged marriage. I know you were Ezra's backup, in case I didn't accept the offer, but since I did....." I trailed off before finishing my sentence. Rafaela's face was turning bright red while her eyes turned into murderous slits.

"Backup?!?" Rafaela screeched. Crap. Maybe I wasn't supposed to tell her that. "What do you mean 'backup'?!?" She demanded again.

"Um.. thats not what I meant...." I paused, the anger and hurt across her face freezing me in my tracks.

"I'm going to kill him!!" Rafaela spat out as she stomped to the hallway in search of Ezra. Aww poop. I am going to be in soo much trouble now.

I quickly followed after Rafaela. Hey, I'm only human, and if there's going to be a fight I want to see. I found her standing in the middle of the empty

living room, glaring at Ezra who stood across from her, bewildered.

"Please, Rafaela, don't do this. Not here, not now."I heard Ezra whisper. Do what? Throw a little temper tantrum over being second best- granted I thought that was a little childish, and extremely embarrassing on her part, but whats the big deal?

Rafaela scoffed before anger returned to her voice. "So I was your backup, huh? It didn't seem like that before." She accused. What the hell is she talking about?

"Please Rafaela, don't." Ezra pleaded once more.

Rafaela just shook her head. "Don't, why shouldn't I after what you did to me?" Ooh, this is juicy, what did Ezra do to her? "I hate you, do you know that Ezra? You are a disgusting pig as far as I am concerned." The whole room, which had recently refilled with people at the sound of fighting, gasped. I looked over to Rafaela's mom, she looked horrified by the scene her daughter was making. "You don't deserve me or Carmella, or anyone for that matter. I can't believe you, and do you know what the worst part is?"

Rafaela asked, finally taking a break in her tirade. I stood frozen, behind her, unable to move away from the train wreck unfolding before me. I felt a discomforting feeling wash over me, Rafaela's words didn't sound as innocent as I thought they would be. I glanced quickly at Ezra, but all I got was an apologetic glance back as he mouthed to Rafaela "please" one more time.

"The worst part is that I'm, I'm.....I'm going to be sick." And with that Rafaela bolted from the living room and down the hallway to the bathroom, both her mother and mine trailing behind. I swiftly peered around the room, all the guests were immobile in shock, except for Ezra who was now making his way towards me. The queasy feeling grew stronger inside me as he got closer, and I decided I didn't want to be with him right now, so I made my way to the bathroom as well.

When I got there I almost gagged. Rafaela was hunched over the toilet puking her guts out as her mother held her hair back and my mom rubbed soothing circles on her back. Why must people keep

doing disgusting things in my presence? I mean, the stench coming from that toilet smelled like Cara's husband's armpits!

"Are you ok, sweetheart?" My mother asked when Rafaela finished puking her brains out. She just shook her head 'no' before passing out on the bathroom floor.

At the hospital, my parents, Ezra, his parents, and I sat awkwardly outside Rafaela's exam room. No one spoke about what had gone down in my living room, but you could tell that questions abound. The doctor had told us that her vomiting and fainting was brought on by stress and Ariel, the angel she is, couldn't help but feel slightly responsible, seeing as she canceled her arranged marriage. So, she insisted on her family accompanying us to the hospital, great, like that won't make things weird with Rafaela.

Ezra sat beside me awkwardly holding my hand, it burned with uncomfort, and more than once I had to stop myself from ripping it out of his grip. Great, in less than three weeks I'm supposed to marry the boy,

and at the moment I can't stand to be near him. Isn't this flipping fantastic?!?

When we were finally allowed to see Rafaela, we all crowded into the tiny exam room, waiting for an explanation. Rafaela sat with her head down, not daring to make eye contact with anyone.

"Rafaela has some news she needs to tell, its of all of your concerns." Aunt Maya announced. "Rafaela..." She prodded.

Rafaela took a deep breath before lifting her head, tears streaked down her face. She sniffled once before replying.

"I'm pregnant."

There was a collective gasp in the room as we all took in the news. I felt Ezra stiffen beside me but I didn't give it much attention, I was too wrapped up in Rafaela. 'Virgin my ass!!' I accused in my head, she promised that she would stay a virgin with me till we were both married, and here she is pregnant. Hmm... this is the best gossip I've heard from my family since it was discovered that my uncle Norman was secretly

a transvestite on the weekends. Except he wasn't gay, apparently, he just liked to dress up as a woman. Wait, so does that make him a lesbian? I shook my head trying to focus back on Rafaela. I wonder who the daddy is?

"So whose the daddy?" I blurted out before I could stop myself. Stupid brain, your supposed to have a filter between my thoughts and my mouth. My mother glared at me, but it wasn't strong. Ha! She was curious too.

"Well, thats where you all are concerned." Maya answered. Huh, how was her baby daddy any of my concern? Whoa, Whoa, Whoa.... I hope she doesn't expect me to baby sit or something.

"I don't understand?" Ariel asked.

Rafaela choked back another sob before steadying herself and replying.

"The father is Ezra."

As soon as the name left her lips my heart stopped beating and I think something inside of me died. I turned slowly to face Ezra, needing him to reassure

me that this wasn't possible. When I met his gaze his mouth was open and his eyes, which were now wide in shock, were darting between Rafaela and myself.

I heard a quiet voice in the background. "Rafaela, sweetheart, are you sure?" Ariel asked.

"Positive." Rafaela sighed. "I'm really sorry Carmella."

I looked at Rafaela for a moment before looking back at Ezra, guilt laced his face and a pleading emotion was emanating from his eyes. How could he? I looked back over to Rafaela.

"How many months are you?" I asked, no emotion in my voice.

Ezra spoke up before she could. "Carmella, please don't! You have to understand, I love yo-..." I slapped Ezra across the face, cutting off his speech. Again, an echo of gasps were heard around the room.

"How many months are you?" I demanded now.

In a weak voice Rafaela replied. "I'll be four months next Tuesday." I quickly pulled out my phone and opened up the calendar application, scrolling back

four months. If he slept with her before we got together, maybe I could try to forgive him. As reached the month of April, I realized that, sadly, I just couldn't. Four months next Tuesday would mean that Ezra and Rafaela had slept together the week of spring break. The week I spent with Ezra at his beach house. The week he asked me to officially be his girlfriend.

I looked back at Ezra, he moved to embrace me but I just slapped him across the face again. Thats why his box of condoms were unopened in his dresser drawer. Thats why he came home piss drunk the first night we were there, because he had spent the whole night fucking the shit out of my cousin!!! And the worst part, he wasn't even smart enough to use protection.

"Wow, you really are a bastard, aren't you?" I accused acidly.

"Please Carmella, you have to let me explain. It was an accident." He pleaded before grabbing me into a tight bear hug that I profusely tried to escape.

"An accident? An accident?!?!?" I screeched before finally shoving him off of me. "What, did your dick accidentally fall in between her legs!?!?!" I was panting heavily, but Ezra didn't reply. I looked around the room to see everyone, including Ezra, giving me sad, apologetic looks. Well they can all shove it. I couldn't take it anymore; I pulled the ring off my finger and through it at Ezra, who caught it at the last second, bewildered by what was happening.

"I can't marry you." I whispered out, trying to fight the tears that were now on the brink of escaping my eyes.

"Carmella, please, you can't leave me!" He begged. I stopped him before he could go any further.

"I'm sorry Ezra, but I don't love you." And with that I turned around and bolted through the door, the tears finally cascading down my face.

I guess I finally got what I wanted. I don't think my parents will ever arrange another marriage for me again.

Fin.

Ok, so yes this is the end of the story- part one, bet you didn't see that coming (or at least I hope you didn't lol).

I have made a decision, though I really like the story ending the way I left it, if you really want a sequel I will right one, reuniting all the characters. But only if you really want one!!!

So if you do want a sequel you need to either comment or message me telling me so, otherwise I'm not going to bother and I'll just start a new story.

Also, a lot of people have asked me how I come up with the 'funny' in my stories, and I just want to say that I have no idea, that is just how my brain works. I like playing pranks, making people laugh, and overall being ridiculous. The way Carmella talks is how I talk in real life, and all the pranks are either things I have already done or would do.

Love you all, and thanks for reading!!

*********UPDATE**********: I have written a sequel, quite a few chapters actually, they are up and titled "Whats Love GOT to do With it?". Check them out!

Chapter 19

Whats Love Got to do With It? (Sequel to Arranged Marriage to a Stranger, 1)

Note at bottom from now on.

Chapter 1

"Well, at least your single again, so now you can go and party and not have anyone at home tying you down." My friend Ryan cheered over the phone.

"Yeah, I guess." Was all I muttered back. The truth is, I didn't want to go out or party, or have any fun really, I couldn't muster enough enthusiasm for any of those activities. All I wanted to do was go home, lock myself in my room, and sulk. Yes, I was feeling bad for myself, so sue me, my life pretty much sucks

right about now. Why, you ask? Hmm, lets recap shall we.

After the fiasco at my bridal shower, and of course the announcement of my cousin's pregnancy by my fiancé, my own wedding was canceled, which was actually my idea, so I can't really whine about it (well I shouldn't, but I will anyway). Then, of course, all of my guests had to be informed, my friends included, and by the time school started everyone was talking about how I was 'left at the alter' or how the groom 'ended up being gay', WTF?!? Great way to start out your senior year of high school, huh? I mean, come on, who doesn't like a good piece of gossip?

But wait, it gets even better. My cousin Rafaela, now five months pregnant, has started to show a little baby bump. At first I was ecstatic, thinking that her scandal would outdo my mine on the gossip scene at school. How naive I am sometimes, God so doesn't like me that much. On the first damn day of school, Rafaela arrives in a shiny blue sports car. Hmm, sound familiar? And before she can even open the door to get out, the one and only Ezra Biton, my ex-

fiancé and Rafaela's baby daddy, hops out of the driver's seat to open her door.... in front of the entire school. Would you like to hear the rumors now?

"OMG, wasn't that kid Carmella's boyfriend? Wow, thats really low for him to dump her for her cousin."

"Boyfriend? That was her fiancé! I heard that the whole time he was secretly in love with Rafaela, and in the end he just couldn't marry Carmella."

"Holy shit! Is Rafaela pregnant?!? I bet you ten bucks that Ezra kid is the father, and thats why he left Carmella."

Its funny sometimes how close rumors and gossip can come to the truth.

Did I mention that my life sucks?

Oh, and I almost forgot the best part. About three weeks later, a small envelope arrived at our house, addressed to the entire family. It was an invitation..... to Rafaela and Ezra's wedding!! That steaming pile of Fruit Loop poo! "I can't live without you" my ass, because apparently, he can!

Right now it was a Saturday night, and I, of course, had absolutely nothing to do, other than sit in my room and listen to music. My friends and family have long ago given up on trying to coax me out. Yes, I was sulking. No, I do not care.

As I lay on my bed I heard my computer beep, signaling a new email. I got up and went to my desk and opened it. The email was from Ezra, shit. I hadn't actually spoken to Ezra since the day of the bridal party. He had tried to come by my house later and "explain", but that didn't go so well. Unfortunately, for him that is, I actually found it quite amusing, my brothers answered the door first. It was the second time we had to call the ambulance that day.

I stared at my computer screen. As much as I wanted Ezra out of my life, having zero contact with him had kind of sent me into withdrawal, and I was really curious. I quickly glanced around the room, as if there were any other people there to witness my moment of weakness. I turned my platypus doll away from me, he didn't need to see this. I opened the email.

"Dear Carmella,

"Since you won't answer my calls, return my messages, speak to me in person, or even meet my gaze when we're in the same vicinity, this is my last attempt to talk to you before I result to tackling you to the ground and forcing you to listen. After my relationship with you, I am no longer afraid of public embarrassment.

"I know that I hurt you, and lied to you, and betrayed your trust, but those were never my intentions. I would formally like to beg for your forgiveness. I don't expect it, but if you could find it in your heart to give me a second chance, I promise I wou...."

I stopped reading. Forgive him? Give him a second chance?!? He was marrying my cousin in five months, what the hell was I supposed to be, his mistress?!? Besides, there's no way in hell I'm going to be some kid's step-mother at the age of 17, especially not to my cousins kid, thats just too Jerry Springer for me, though I wouldn't mind throwing a chair at Ezra right about now. Anyway, how are you supposed to explain to a kid that his step-mother is also his second cousin?

I looked back at the email, unsure if I still wanted to keep reading, but in the end deciding I would just skip through the mushy, 'take me back' crap instead.

"...even if we can't be together, we should at least be friends. We're going to be in each others lives now, no matter what- we'll be family, we should at least be cordial. "

I felt queasy, I wasn't sure if I could be friends with Ezra. I mean, I had been intimate with him, ok maybe not as 'intimate' as Rafaela had, but that was a lot for me. How am I supposed to be in the same room as him, let alone be his friend? I looked back at the email, suddenly loosing interest in it, the rest was senseless groveling and crap anyway. I was about to close it when I noticed a side note at the bottom.

"P.S. Would you be the godmother to my baby?"

I sucked in a breath. That flaming bastard! How in the hell can he ask me something like that? I began to see red. I grabbed the nearest thing to me, which happened to be my platypus doll, and chucked it at the screen. I then proceeded to freak out when I realized I actually broke it.

I moved to my bed, fuming. Why was I breaking my crap, when the only piece of crap I wanted to break was Ezra? I sighed, he was right though, no matter what, there was no way of getting him out of my life now, and all the anger and hatred I had towards him was draining my energy. I will never forgive Ezra or Rafaela for what they did. They both made a conscious decision to break my heart. I will never be friends with them either, but maybe I can try to get over it and move on. What's done is done and I can't change the past, but for my own sake, I needed to let this go.

I rolled back on my bed and stared at my ceiling.

"Fine, Ezra", I spoke to myself aloud. "You want to be friends, then I'll just be the best damn 'friend' you ever had!"

"Carmella!" I heard my mom yell from the other side of my door.

"What?" I shouted back.

"Who are you talking to?" She asked, hesitantly. I rolled my eyes. After the breakup with Ezra, I think

she thought I was having a mental breakdown or something. More than a few times she tried to get me to visit a shrink.

"Just my imaginary friend, we're having a tea party. Want some cookies?" I shouted back innocently.

I heard my mother mumble something before she walked away. I sighed, why does life have to be so complicated.

Ok, so first chapter of sequel, what do you think?

I know its not that interesting, but I just needed to lay the foundation for my story. I already kno how its gonna go, and I think you'll be surprised, and of course like it.

reviews and critiques always welcome :) Thanks for reading.

Chapter 20

Whats Love Got to do With it? (2)

Ok, I want to give a special shout out to rcstern who is an amazing fan and makes me wanna work extra hard on my stories. Thanks for everything, this chapter is dedicated to you.

Important not at the end of the chapter.

Chapter 2

"He's staring at you again." Ryan teased. I just kept my head down, shoving carrots into my mouth. Since I had read the email Ezra sent me, I had felt even more uncomfortable in his presence. I felt so uncomfortable, that I avoided going to family get-togethers, entering and leaving school on time, and

driving down the main road of my town which lead past both Rafaela's or Ezra's houses. Yes, I realize that all sounds crazy, but you know what, heartbreak and humiliation and plain old rage can drive a girl to such lengths. I was beginning to think that home and school were the only two places I could find a reprieve from the two "lovebirds", seeing as Ezra already graduated from high school, so I didn't have to worry about him enrolling here to stalk me or anything. Of course, leave it to him to find a way around it.

"Oh my god, Carmella, he's coming over here!" Ryan shrieked excitedly. My head quickly shot up and my eyes almost bulged out of my head at the sight of Ezra walking across the cafeteria. Since Rafaela was now in her sixth month of pregnancy Ezra had gotten permission to come to school during her lunch and free periods to check up on her. Apparently she was having a high risk pregnancy due to her young age or some shit like that, whatever, people have been having babies for centuries, whats the big deal about hers?!? Ok, that was a little insensitive.

"Hello Carmella". Crap. I had forgotten about tall, dark, and bastard. I turned my head up to face Ezra and as soon as I did my eyes went even wider, he was even more beautiful than I remembered. Really not fair. About thirty seconds went by while I just sat there staring at him, bug eyed like a loris (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rLdQ3UhLoD4) before Ryan nudged me in the rib to say something.

"Hi" I squeaked out. Real smooth Carmella. Ezra smiled simply.

"Can I talk to you for a second.... in private?" He asked.

No. No. No, no, no, no.... "Of course you can" Ryan spoke up, before shoving me out of my seat. I would have fallen ass first on the floor if Ezra hadn't caught me. Bastard- both of them. I quickly pulled myself together and out of Ezra's arms, his smile faltered a little but was soon plastered across his face again.

I followed Ezra out into the hallway, which was mostly empty since everyone was either in class or in the cafeteria, but he didn't stop when I expected him to. He kept walking until we came to the science

corridor filled with all the lab rooms, I silently questioned how he knew his way around so well. The hallway was completely empty, and the quiet made me nervous. I had been lost in my thoughts when all of a sudden Ezra stopped and turned on his heal, forcing me to accidentally walk into his chest and bump my nose. I glared up at him while rubbing my now sore nose and noticed he was trying hard, but failing miserably, not to smirk. That idiot, he should really know that this is not the century for him to be laughing at me.

"You ok?" Ezra asked, though something in his expression told me that he wasn't just asking about my injury. He reached up with his hand and lightly stroked my cheek, his thumb gently grazing the tip of my nose. I shuddered at the contact, it had been so long since I had felt his touch.

"Just peachy!" I replied sourly after taking a step back. This was not the conversation I wanted to have right now, or ever for that matter, and his nearness was making me extremely uneasy.

"I'm sorry". Ezra said, his eyes burning. Ohh, don't give me the puppy dog eyes, come on, don't be weak Carmella!!

"I know you are, really I do." I replied, sincerely for once. Maybe when he cheated on me he didn't care, but I know that he really does feel bad about it now, thats obvious at least.

"Do you forgive me?" He asked, hope tinging his voice. I snorted, and then tried to cover it up unsuccessfully with a cough. Ezra's face visibly dropped, tugging at my heart. Why was I feeling bad now, what the hell did I do?

"Thats easier said than done." I replied, trying very hard to sound pleasant. Yeah, that didn't work.

"But why, Carmella, you already know that I'm sorry?!?" Ezra pleaded. He took a step closer, backing me up against the wall. Leaning his body to the left of me, he lightly cupped my face with his right hand, turning it to face him as he spoke.

"Carmella, what I did was horrible, I agree, but it didn't mean anything, not to me at least. I was upset,

and drunk, and Rafaela was there hanging all over me. I don't love her Carmella, I never did, the only reason that night happened was because I was plastered off my ass. I don't know why I allowed it, and to be honest, I can't really remember that much of that night anyway. It wasn't a conscious decision, I would never have made that choice of my own free will. It was the alcohol. Please, you have to understand."

I looked Ezra in the eyes and shook my head. I have been drunk many times before, maybe not to the point where I black out but whatever, I am still a virgin. Alcohol is not an excuse, not in my book at least.

"Fine, Ezra, I understand. It was because of the alcohol. Now let me ask you, what happens the next time you drink that much, am I supposed to understand that time to? Should I just forgive you every time you do something stupid because you were drunk.? What if it were the other way around, huh? What if I went out and got drunk and slept with some random guy at a bar? Would that be excused

too?" I asked heatedly. Thank god the hallway was empty, otherwise I knew everyone would be staring by now.

"Ok, one, it would never happen again because after that night I quit drinking, for good. Two, if you so much as hug another guy I would personally kick his ass. And three, Rafaela wasn't exactly just 'some girl'."

"Yeah, I know, she's the girl knocked up with your baby." I spat back. Part of my heart had fluttered when he responded so possessively, while the other half had wanted to rip through my chest and choke him to death at his words. I mean, we are in a deserted hallway, its not like anyone would know if I killed him. Oh wait, Ryan saw us leave together, he would know, and most likely tell, he's not so good at withholding gossip.

"Thats not what I meant. I can't help it, when I'm around you nothing comes out how I want it to. I can't focus my thoughts, I can't speak, I can't feel any emotion other than love, and lust, for you Carmella." Ezra replied frustratingly before leaning his body

into mine. I gulped, this did not look good. His hand, which had been firmly planted on my cheek, now lightly trailed along my neck to my shoulder. His index finger flitted across my collar bone before hooking itself in my blouse. I gulped as I felt Ezra draw circles on the bare skin underneath my shirt. His eyes were smoldering now, begging me to give in. I won't lie, I really really wanted to.

I saw his head begin to lean in towards my own, and if I didn't move to put an end to this now, I knew what would happen. I could feel his hot breath on my face, and before I could speak I felt his warm lips brush lightly against mine.

"I think we should just be friends." I blurted out hastily, literally into his mouth.

"No you don't, you want this, I can see it in your eyes." Ezra replied back, still not moving an inch away from me, leaving our lips pressed up to each others. I was not about to continue talking like this, it was weird for one thing, and if anyone walked by they would think we were making out or something, and thats a whole shit load of drama I do not need in

my life right now. I took step to the side and a deep breath to clear my head.

"Ezra, I'm serious, as much as I may want you, I can't have you. Your engaged to marry someone else, and before you say that engagements can be broken, remember that your fiancé, my cousin, is pregnant with your child, and at this point in the game that is not going to change. I'm giving you an ultimatum..." Oh god, why am I doing this, I am positively sure I will regret it later, "either have me in your life as a friend, or don't have me at all."

"Are you serious?!?" Ezra pleaded, now looking down at me with almost teary eyes. Jeez, guilt trip much?

"Like a heart attack." I muttered out, now looking away to avoid his gut wrenching gaze.

Ezra looked heart broken for a moment, but quickly put on a mask of indifference. "Fine, if those are my only choices then we'll be just friends."

I nodded my head in approval. Phew, thats better, right? "Well, I...um, I gotta get to class, lunch is probably almost over by now." I spoke nervously. For

some reason I feel more uncomfortable with Ezra now that I'm his friend than before when I wasn't. Ezra nodded. I was about to scurry off when Ezra spoke, and man do I wish he hadn't.

"So, now that we're friends, I wanted to ask if you wanted to hang out sometime? Rafaela and I are going to the movies with two of her friends this Friday, want to come? I know she would really like it." A look of indifference was still plastered on his face so I couldn't quite tell if he actually wanted me to go or not. I sighed, if I had an excuse, any excuse to not go I would use it, but now that we're 'friends', I guess we have to start acting like it.

"Sure..." I replied awkwardly. Could he tell how uncomfortable this was making me? "Um, can I bring a friend?" I asked quickly afterward. Maybe if I had an ally with me this wouldn't be so bad?

"Who were you thinking?" He asked cautiously.

"My friend Ryan."

"No, there's not enough room in my car." I mentally rolled my eyes, I wonder if he knows that Ryan's gay,

though how you could miss that little fact is beyond me.

"Fine, just text me with the details so I know what time your picking me up." And with that I turned around and nearly ran down the halls away from Ezra.

As I was walking I thought about my current situation with Ezra and Rafaela, my whole being filling with regret. I knew it, I knew I shouldn't have given him an ultimatum. I should have just told him that I want him out of my life, that I want nothing to do with him. Why? Why can't I do that? Why can't I say no to him, to tell him to leave me alone? Those are stupid questions, I know why I can't. I loved him, even if I couldn't admit that to him, looking back now I know that I did, and part of me still wants him in my life. Part of me, a small part mind you, still thinks that there's hope, that things can go back to the way they were. Jeez, I never knew I was that stupid.

When I finally got to the cafeteria I was greeted by the sight of... nothing. Great, that bastard made me miss lunch. I pulled out my cell phone to check the

time and sighed, I was late for class too. Could my life get any more fucked up than it already is?!?! Outside I heard a bolt of lighting crack. 'A sign from God', I thought, that yes, yes it can and, because I am me, it probably will.

Ok so first things first, everyone has to check out the following site, you wont regret it.

http://z100.elvisduran.com/pages/p2article.html?feed=240173&article=6194578

Ok, second, I wrote another story called Tamper Proof, its a bit darker than this one, so check it out and tell me what you think.

Three, I have a job interview today for a very big company and I am petrified, so wish me luck.

That was really it, I guess it wasn't that important, oh well.

~Corinne

Chapter 21

Whats Love Got to do With it? (3)

Chapter 3

I heard my mother talking to Ezra downstairs as I stood in front of my mirror trying to finish getting ready for the movies. Well wasn't this just pathetic, I am going to the movies with my ex-fiancé and his new girlfriend/fiancé/whatever, who just happens to be pregnant with his baby. Oh, and did I forget to mention that I'll be the only single one there? Yea, Rafaela's two 'friends' are actually her best friend, Rachel, and her boyfriend. Fun.

"Carmella!" My mother hollered from the living room.

"Coming." I answered back, frustrated that my hair just didn't want to cooperate. Aghh, screw this, what does it matter what my appearance is anyway, its not like anyone is going to be looking. I quickly pulled my sweatshirt on before trudging down the stairs with a frown on my face. I just want to get this over with. As I made my way to the door, my mother kissed my forehead gently, before giving a small, uncomfortable smile towards Ezra.

"You look nice today, Carmella." Ezra said softly when my mother was out of earshot, smiling at me as we walked towards his car.

"I look like shit." I replied back, not in the mood for anyone to be nice to me. Ezra dropped his smile and quickly stepped out of the way as I stomped past him. Can you tell, I'm in a really, really bad mood. When I got to his car, Rafaela stepped out so I could move the front seat to get in the back. Argh, I hate sports cars. Before I could slip in, Rafaela grabbed my arm and pulled me into a tight embrace, her huge belly making me hunch over to hug her. Damn she's big, is she sure she's only, what is it, seven months now?

"I'm so glad you came, Carmella, I was getting scared that you would never forgive me." Rafaela beamed when we stopped hugging. I just smiled and shrugged, not really sure what to say, mostly because deep down I hadn't forgiven anyone yet, but how can you be mad at a pregnant woman? They might go all hormonal and attack you or something.

"If you want to make the movies on time we have to leave now." Ezra shouted from inside the car. Impatient much?

The entire ride to the movies I stayed plastered to my side of the car, putting about a foot of space between me and Rachel and her boyfriend. This was mostly due to the fact that Rachel and her boyfriend were practically trying to make a baby of their own in the back seat. Nasty, at least do that shit in private.

When we got to the movies we all bought our tickets, well actually, Rachel's boyfriend bought the tickets for both of them, and Ezra, of course, bought his and Rafaela's tickets. Who bought mine? Me, how romantic!

Inside the theater wasn't any better, as I found myself stuck in another awkward position. Rachel and her boyfriend plopped down in the two seats to my right, all the while attempting to eat each other's faces, while Rafaela and Ezra sat to my left, Ezra's hand resting gingerly on her protruding belly. With still about ten minutes left until the previews would start rolling, Rafaela decided to take this time upon herself to torture me, as if life hadn't done a good enough job at that as it was.

"So, Carmella, Ezra told me that he asked you about being the godmother to our baby." Rafaela spoke up cautiously. I gave a quick nod, feeling as if I was about to pass out at any moment. "So, what do you say?" She asked, a little more hopefully. Crap. What do I say? Of course I don't want to be the godmother to your -gulp- "love child", why in the world would they think that? Besides, even if I didn't completely resent the kid, which I absolutely do, I'm pretty sure I would be one crappy godmother. I mean, what am I going teach it, the puppy dog look? How to clean up its own poop? I can't even teach my dog that trick.

I could feel both Ezra's and Rafaela's eyes on me now, waiting for my reply. Shit, shit, shit! Its now or never, Carmella, just spit it out.

"I would.....love....to?" I asked instead of stating, my voice squeaking towards the end. What the hell is wrong with my brain, why did I just say yes?!? Ezra's eyes went wide in shock, obviously not expecting me to say yes. Ha, well that makes two of us!

"Oh my god, Carmella, thats great! I'm so happy, this means so much to me, thank you." Rafaela shrieked in excitement before pulling me into another bone-crushing hug. I felt exhausted, and paranoid, and sick to my stomach, and more than anything, I just wanted this to be the end of all the bullshit consuming my life.

"Well, now that that's out of the way, I have another really important question for you Carmella." I looked over to Rafaela, my mouth holding a fake, plastered smile, while my eyes were wide in astonishment. What else can this girl want from me? My hand tightly gripped onto the armrest for support.

"Mine and Ezra's wedding is planned for a month after the baby is due, and I was just wondering if..... you would be my maid of honor? I don't have one yet, and I think thats cause all along the only person I could imagine leading me to my wedding is you." Rafaela asked innocently and genuinely, smiling as if she hadn't just ripped my heart out of my chest with what she just asked of me. I quickly glanced at Ezra, his facial expression had now changed from one of shock to one of horror. At least we were on the same page on this.

I could feel my brain starting to go numb, my entire body shutting down. Maybe this was a dream? Or a joke? I quickly started lightly smacking myself in the face. It hurt, crap, I guess I'm not sleeping. Both Ezra and Rafaela were looking at me like I was insane, and right now, I think I had every right to be. I can't be Rafaela's made of honor. I can't lead her in her wedding, especially not to marry Ezra, because if I did I am pretty sure that halfway through the wedding march I would fall to the ground, sobbing like a five year old in the middle of the procession.

"Carmella?" Rafaela asked again, her eyes now showing sadness at the possibility of me saying no. Oh, what the heck, I've already given up my happiness, my tears, and my sanity, four hours at the love of my life's wedding to my cousin can't be much worse.

"I'd... love to." I answered, trying to muster up the best smile I could give, which was not much, all the while feeling utterly defeated. I'm not sure how, but Rafaela must have believed it, because she enveloped me into another bear hug. Ezra just sat there staring at me with disappointment in his eyes, shaking his head in disapproval. Well, what the hell did he expect me to say, no? I was kind of put on the spot here, besides, I didn't hear him objecting to anything.

As soon as Rafaela pulled away, the lights in the theater began to dim and the coming attractions started to roll. I let out a sigh of relief, at least for the next hour and a half I am guaranteed peace, that is, if my mind would stop screaming at me about how much of an idiot I am, because believe me, I know.

I quickly suppressed the need to punch Ezra in the face as I vehemently stared at the screen. Though I know this situation is not entirely his fault, I can't help but put all the blame on him. If Ezra had just never stepped into my life I wouldn't be here right now, upset and fuming. Then again, if it wasn't for him I might me married to some old, fat, sweaty guy right now. I shuddered, time to think about something else.

As the previews came to a conclusion I realized that I didn't know what movie we were at. I had been so distracted earlier by Rachel and her boyfriend's slobber fest that I didn't even look at what movie I was buying a ticket for. I reached into my jeans pocket and pulled out the little stub, which read "A Love Like No Other", great, we're watching a love story, how anticlimactic.

The movie wasn't so bad at first, but about twenty minutes in it took a turn for the worst. Jasmine, the spunky heroine of the story, fell in love with Arnold, the brooding town hottie. Everything was going great until he gets a phone call from his ex-girlfriend

saying her parents died. Did I mention that his ex-girlfriend is also the mother of his child, and because her parents died he has to leave town, and Jasmine, to go take care of his ex and their baby? Sound familiar!?!?!

As I quickly began to hyperventilate during the scene in which Arnold is kissing his skank of an ex-girlfriend, I thanked god that we were at least sitting near the speaker, so hopefully no one heard me choking on my own lungs. Before I knew it I was peering over at Ezra and Rafaela beside me. Rafaela was snuggling into Ezra's shoulder, much like I had several months ago. His hand still lightly rested on her stomach, cradling it as if it was the most precious thing in the world. I gulped as I felt a tear slide down my face, for Ezra, that probably was the most precious thing in the world. Rafaela was carrying his child, and no matter what happens in the future, whether I end up with him or not, Rafaela will always be the one to give him his first child, his heir, and that is a bond no one can break.

I couldn't take it anymore. Not the movie, not Rachel and her boyfriend swapping STD's beside me, and certainly not Ezra and Rafaela sharing a moment I'll never have. I quickly got up from my seat, ignoring the complaints of people behind me who couldn't see.

"I haveto goto the bathroomhome, notfeeling goodbye." I muttered out, not caring if they understood what I was saying as I choked on the sobs that were escaping my throat. Tears streaked down my cheeks as I ran through the lobby of the theater and out into the cold November air. I leaned up against the brick wall of the building, sliding till I hit the ground below me, where I continued to curl myself into the fetal position and cry. What was I thinking, being friends with Ezra? A godmother to his child? Rafaela's maid of honor? I did not want to do or be any of those things. I am not ready to forgive, or forget, and definitely not move on. Who was I kidding, I love Ezra, I friggin love him, and as much as I try not to I just can't! With my luck, I'll never get over him. Fuck. My. Life!

A few minutes later, I had calmed down and was no longer hysterically sobbing, but just letting the left over tears come out until I was all dried up. I was gently kicking around a pebble when two boots stepped in front of my vision. I looked up wide eyed to see Ezra gazing down intently at me. I gulped, please don't let me start crying in front of him, though I'm sure he could tell that I had already done quite a lot of that. Ezra bent down and firmly placed his arms around me. I sat there frozen, my brain unable to compute what was going on. Ezra's grasp got tighter as he pulled me up off the ground, his arms sliding below me to pull my legs around his waist. I stared at him in shock. This was so wrong on so many different levels.

I opened my mouth to speak but never got the chance, as Ezra thrusted his mouth upon mine with such force that I almost lost my breath. With my back pressed up against the wall, Ezra let go of my waist to cup either side of my face with his palms. His mouth moved forcefully against mine with a passion I had never experienced before. I realized it was hunger driving him as I soon found myself kissing back with

the same emotion, the same need. Our tongues fought for dominance withing each other's mouths as we greedily demanded more from each other. Ezra's hands were no longer on my face, but were now traveling across my body, grabbing at places that had been untouched for so long since he left. His fingers set my body on fire as they slowly made their way beneath my shirt. I gasped for air as our mouth's separated, but soon found myself almost suffocating on the heat of Ezra's lips as they began to suck on the bare flesh of my neck.

"Ehem." A voice interrupted. 'Ahh, go away!' I shouted in my head. Can't they see we're busy?? I reluctantly pulled Ezra's face away from my neck so I could focus on the person I was about to kill for interrupting, but could not see the person from my angle. Ezra looked confused and upset for a moment but his eyes went wide at the person before us. Confused myself, I unwrapped my legs from around Ezra's waist and peered around his body, and when I did I nearly pooped my pants. It was the po-po.

"Um, how can we help you officer?" Ezra asked nervously, looking completely disheveled and sweaty despite the bitter November wind.

"Well, you can start by taking your little "love" session indoors, preferably somewhere private and out of the eyes of young children. That would be a little more appropriate, don't you think?" The officer asked sarcastically.

"Yes, of course sir." Ezra replied respectfully before intertwining his fingers with mine and pulling me off towards the theater entrance.

"You and your girlfriend have a nice night." The officer shouted behind us before chuckling. Hold up, girlfriend? I am not Ezra's girlfriend. I quickly yanked my hand away, enough was enough.

"Whats wrong?" Ezra asked after turning to face me. We stood in the center of the promenade in front of the theater.

"That cop just called me your girlfriend." I replied acidly.

"So, whats the problem, you are." Ezra replied nonchalantly.

"Oh yea, when did we decide this? Last time I checked you were still engaged to my cousin, and she was still pregnant with your baby!" I screeched, all my anger and frustration finally coming to the surface. People were staring, oh well, what else is new?

"Carmella we've been over this already. I am only marrying Rafaela because she's pregnant, but if you'll have me I'll gladly call it off. And as for the baby, well, your going to be the godmother anyway, so we'll just take it one step further and make you the stepmother....?" Ezra stated, trailing off towards the end, probably because of the look I was giving him.

"You are fucked up, do you know that? Your playing everyone, me, Rafaela, your unborn baby, everyone! Rafaela's in love with you, can't you see that, and now you tell me that you're only marrying her out of convenience, and you would dump her at my word?!? And like your baby's not going to be confused enough as it is, lets add in that his second

cousin, who is his godmother, is also his stepmother? What is wrong with you, do you like breaking people's hearts?" I screamed. Yup, people are definitely staring. Ezra hushed me before he replied.

"Listen, I know I messed up Carmella, I do, but I'm trying to do what's right. I love you and I want to be with you, you and only you, and I know that's what you want too. I don't love Rafaela, and what I did was a mistake, I know that. If I could take it back I would, hell, if I could switch you for her I would..." Ezra pleaded. I looked at him in shock, I hope he wasn't talking about getting me pregnant at seventeen!! Seeing my eyes go wide, Ezra realized the insinuation he just made.

"Oh no, Carmella, thats not what I meant, I mean it is, its just, I wish that if I had to be in this situation I could have been in it with you. You don't know how much I wish it were you carrying my baby, that it would be you who was the mother of my first child, of all my children." Ezra took a step closer to me and cupped my face with his hands, leaning his head in

and resting his forehead against mine before closing his eyes and speaking.

"I know I have hurt everyone badly, you the worst, but you don't know how much that fact kills me. It eats away at me every moment, and its something I will never forgive myself for. But you have to believe me, I love you and I need you, you have to stay with me Carmella. I'm trying to fix this as best I can, to fix me, but thats all I can do." He spoke, sadness heavy in his voice. I sighed, if only he had gotten "fixed" a long time ago, then he wouldn't have created this mess. I hadn't realized it, but tears had begun to stream down my face, again.

"Please don't cry, Carmella, especially over me." Ezra whispered, pleading with me. I looked up to see his eyes now wide open and full of anguish. Slowly, his left hand parted from my face as his thumb wiped away some of my tears. I had to stop crying for him, and because of him. If I didn't, sooner or later I would develop a salt deficiency. I gently pulled away from Ezra's grasp and took a step back from him, hurt colored his face as his mouth turned down into

a frown, and if I didn't know any better, I could swear that his eyes were getting glassy.

"I'm sorry Ezra but your right, I need to stop crying over you, and I know that I can't unless I make a clean break. As long as you are still in my life there will always be tears, and I just... I just... I just can't anymore. I'm sorry, and, well, since I never said it before, I guess this is the last chance I'll get. I love you, Ezra Biton, and I would have loved to be the one who you married and started a family with." I whispered.

At that point my face was leaking from every hole I had, I swear to god that tears were coming out of my ears. I turned around, I couldn't face him anymore if I wanted to remain conscious and standing on two feet. The 168 bus pulled up at the corner of the movie theater, and though it would drop me off eight blocks away from my house, I rather walk home in the frigid November wind than have to sit in a tiny car with both Ezra and Rafaela. I quickly jogged over to the bus and got on, handing my money to the driver

who looked at me warily. I could only imagine what I looked like.

I sat down and felt the bus move and begin to drive away. Looking out the window I saw Ezra, still standing in the same spot as before, staring at me through the tinted glass of the bus window. And though I couldn't be sure, I thought I saw tears streaming down his face.

Ok people that was one long ass chapter, it took me a while to write so you better enjoy it!!!

Just kidding, I know its kinda sappy so I hope it doesn't make you wanna vomit or anything, cause I really don't like vomit.

That being said- see you next post.

~Corinne

Chapter 22

What's Love Got to do With it? (4)

Chapter 4

"Holy mo-fo, that is the saddest story I have ever heard in my entire life!" Ryan shrieked, his eyes starting to water, tears threatening to spill over. Yea, I thought my life was pretty sad too. "Why didn't you ever tell me, Carmella?" Ryan shrieked again, now dabbing at his eyes daintily with his embroidered handkerchief. The boy was special.

I had never told anyone the entire story, that is, the entire story of Ezra and myself, from the first day I found out about the arranged marriage up until the whole movie incident three weeks ago. Lately,

though, it was getting to be too much for me to handle on my own and I just needed someone to vent to, someone I could trust. Ryan was the only person I had anymore.

"I dunno, I was scared you would think I was weird or a freak or something, I mean, most people don't have arranged marriages, and the ones that do don't usually end up like me." I replied back sullenly.

Ryan and I were sitting by ourselves in the commons of our school during our free period, which was now the only chance we got to talk freely since I stopped going to lunch, for obvious reasons (I'll give you a clue, it has to do with a very large pregnant lady and the guy that sperminated her). I took another quick glance around the room to make sure no one was eavesdropping, but alas, we were utterly and completely alone. I should try and get used to that since thats probably how I'll end up spending the rest of my life. Sigh.

"So thats it, you guys are just over? Your just going to give up on Ezra, on true love?" Ryan asked

disbelievingly, his eyes wide in shock. Uh, yeah, did he not just hear my entire story? I rolled my eyes.

"Thats the plan. I figure the sooner I forget about Ezra the sooner I can get over him and move on." I answered back acidly, my hurt and anger over Ezra still bubbling inside me.

"But don't you love him?" Ryan asked, confusion lacing his voice.

"I used to". I replied back quietly.

"But love doesn't just go away over night. True love isn't something thats fleeting, that you can just get rid of as soon as its not convenient anymore. True love is lasting, and if you really love someone you will love them forever, no matter what, even if you can't have them." Ryan asserted. Jeez, was he trying to make me cry? "Do you still love him, Carmella?"

I paused. "Yes." I answered in a whisper, finally. My head was hanging low, and I was staring at my feet, which were dangling off the side of the bench. Why does it hurt so much to admit that? I feel almost

embarrassed that its true. A soft hand lifted my chin up, and soon I was looking into Ryan's seafoam eyes.

"If you love someone, truly love them, you accept their apologies and forgive them for their mistakes when they repent for them." Ryan spoke melodically, his gaze never leaving mine. Wow, this is the first time a gay man has made me feel weak in the knees. Damn, there must be more wrong with me than I thought!

I smiled. "When did you get so wise, huh?" I asked playfully, eliciting a wide grin from Ryan.

"You'd be surprised how much smarts I got floatin around in this gorgeous head of mine. Just feel lucky that I find you worthy enough to receive my wisdom." Ryan teased with a wink. I laughed.

"Oh, what a humanitarian you are. Your probably read that in a fortune cookie or something." I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"Seriously though, Carmi, give him another chance. I agree that what Ezra did was wrong, but its not like you guys were actually dating at the time, I mean,

from what you told me you kinda hated each other then. Besides, he seems really sorry, and at most what he did was fucked up, but nothing you can't try and forgive him for. Come on, just give him a chance, I want to see you happy again and I think this is the only way." Ryan peered at me, sincerity radiating deep within his eyes.

I knew deep down that Ryan was probably right, that maybe I was blowing this out of proportion or being over dramatic, just a little bit. I know that Ezra is sorry, and that if he could he would take it back, but I don't know if I'm ready to forgive him yet. There is just so much anger and hurt inside of me that I can't just make go away. I may be able to forgive, but I don't think I will ever be able to forget.

"Carmi?" Ryan prodded. I took a deep breath.

"I don't know if I can, Ryan, but I promise you I will at least try, ok?" I responded, suddenly very tired.

"That's all I asked for." Ryan answered, before pulling me into a big hug and planting a big, wet (blah) kiss on my forehead. We were sitting there giggling when Mrs. Meier, the school secretary, who looks like she's

eaten one too many double stuffed oreos, came running up to us, panting like a fat kid running after an ice cream truck. Her cheeks were bright red and little beads of sweat could be seen trickling down her face. Jeez, her office was only down the hall!

"Oh, Carmella, I'm so glad I found you. I was scared that maybe you went out for your free period!" Mrs. Meier hollered as she skidded to a halt in front of us. She would have fallen over if Ryan hadn't reached out to steady her. I saw him squirm and start to spasm as some of her sweat dripped onto his hand. Ryan, like me, did not like other people's disgustingess to touch him. I held back a chuckle.

"Why, Mrs. Meier, what's up?" I asked smiling, still amused at the sight of Ryan flinging his hand around in the air trying to get the sweat off.

"Its Rafaela, sweetheart." Mrs. Meier said before clutching her chest as she wheezed for air. My head immediately snapped up at the sound of Rafaela's name.

"What's wrong with her, is she ok?" I asked forcefully, now beginning to panic. She only has one more

month until her due date, how can something be going wrong now?

"She's fine dear, but you have to hurry, she's gone into labor and the ambulance is on its way. I'm sorry, but we haven't been able to get in contact with either of her parents or Mr. Biton, so your the only family member we can find. Someone needs to be there to sign her into the hospital, as well as to be there for her." Mrs. Meier spoke hurriedly after finally regaining control of her lungs. She moved to walk away but, noticing I wasn't following her, she stopped, turned around, and began tugging me towards the school entrance. I walked in a daze, the people and sounds blurring around me. It wasn't until we stepped outside and the brisk December air hit me that my mind cleared and I snapped back to reality. Oh.My.God. They want me to be there when she's giving birth? I think I'm going to be sick.

Outside the school, I was immediately greeted by an EMT who rushed me into the back of the ambulance before I could even say a word of protest. As soon as I was in the vehicle I wanted out. Sitting on the gurney

was Rafaela, screaming in pain, her face flushed to a bright red. Already dressed in a gown, her legs were spread wide open with an EMT peering in between before announcing that she was now seven centimeters dilated. I gulped, I wasn't sure how dilated she had to be to deliver a baby, but with the amount of screaming and grunting she was doing I was pretty sure it would be soon. I placed my hand on one of the cabinets to steady myself as a wave of dizziness washed over me.

"Carmella, thank god your here!" Rafaela screamed when she finally noticed me. I carefully stepped over to her and took her hand.

"Don't worry, Rafaela, I'm here for you." I said, though I didn't feel that confident about how much longer I would be conscious. I'm sort of the queasy type.

"I'm scared." Rafaela whispered, tears starting to stream down her face. I took a deep breath and pushed the nausea away, willing myself to stay strong for Rafaela.

"Me too, but don't worry, its going to be fine, I know it." I replied back, mustering a weak smile. Rafaela smiled back, but it was short lived as her face became contorted in pain with the onslaught of another spasm rocketing through her body. Her grip got tighter on my hand, and we both found ourselves screaming out in pain. Jeez, for a small girl she has some strength to her. When the spasm passed Rafaela's death grip loosened, and I took that opportunity to pull my hand back. I frowned, I could already feel a bruise forming.

"We're pulling up to the hospital now!" The ambulance driver shouted from the front seat. I silently thanked god.

Rafaela let out another glass shattering scream as they rolled her out of the ambulance and into the hospital. More tears rolled down her face as the pain got worse, and I couldn't help but shudder. I'm sorry, but having babies is definitely not worth all the pain you go through to get them out.

Rafaela was wheeled into a private room and transferred onto a bed. I was handed all her

paperwork to fill out as the doctors pumped her up with drugs. Soon I saw Rafaela relax and a small smile cross her face. Hmm, I wonder if she'd be willing to share some of her happy juice? I could really use some right about now.

Three hours later Ezra had arrived, and I don't think I've ever been happier to see him. We had got in contact with my aunt Maya and found out that her and my uncle were both stuck in traffic and were about a half an hour away. Great, I guess its just me and Ezra... the guy I love....here to watch my cousin give birth to his baby.....fun times...

"Ok, Rafaela, I know you wanted to wait for your parents, but its time. Your fully dilated and your contractions are coming fast, you have to push." The doctor gently ordered Rafaela. From where I sat in the corner of the room I had a full view of Rafaela's lovely lady parts and the slime ball that was about to burst through them. Yea, my aunt and uncle wanted a video tape of the birth of their first grandchild, and since I'm the only one not doing anything I get stuck filming it. Aren't I lucky?!?

"No, I can't, not yet. I'm not ready, please??" Rafaela pleaded as she began to bawl into Ezra's shirt as he stood beside her trying to comfort her. I don't think it was working.

"Rafaela, listen to me, the baby is coming now. If you don't push both of you have the chance of dying, so on my word you push, ok?" The doctor almost screamed. The monitors around the room were all beeping frantically. Nurses flitted around the room, preparing the station for the baby after he was born, sterilizing medical instruments, wiping the sweat off of Rafaela's face. Rafaela had nodded to the doctor that she would push, but I could hear her whisper repeatedly "I'm not ready" into the pillow beside her. I suddenly felt very insignificant.

"Ok Rafaela, here it comes.... Now push!" The doctor ordered. Rafaela gave a big grunt and then fell limp in the bed, panting. In between her legs a small patch of hair could be seen, which belonged to the baby people, and I had to cover my mouth with my hand to keep myself from gagging.

"That was really good, Rafaela, your doing great. I can see the head, so that means we're almost there. Now, I need you to give me another really big push, ok? So on three, one, two, three. Push!" The doctor ordered again and, with more force this time, Rafaela complied, now eager to get the baby out. I didn't blame her. The head popped out between her legs, covered in blood and I don't want to know what else, and I had to grab onto the side table to keep myself from passing out. The doctor then quickly stuck his hands inside of Rafaela and pulled the baby out the rest of the way.

Now, I do not lie or exaggerate when I say this, but, it looked like a freaking alien was clawing its way out from inside of her. It was horrible, and I have thoroughly decided that I refuse to have any children until they figure out a way to teleport them out of me!

Rafaela slumped back against her pillow, exhausted from the whole ordeal. Ezra was smiling down at her, his hand lightly gripping her shoulder. I put the camera down and walked over to the bed.

"Congratulations you guys, I'm happy for you, really." I spoke softly, lightly smiling. Both Rafaela and Ezra gave me weak smiles back before turning to the doctor to see their baby. The doctor lifted him up into the air so we could get a good look at him under the light, and Holly Mother Fucking Groundhogs!!!

"Holly shit, that baby's black!" I shouted before quickly covering my mouth with my hands in embarrassment. Stupid brain, there's supposed to be a filter between my thoughts and my mouth! Everyone's eyes went wide at the sight of the baby because, if you didn't already surmise, the baby was black, as in, not Ezra's skin color!

Ezra's stare remained frozen on the baby as he spoke. "But...what...how... How is this possible?" He mumbled out, eventually tearing his gaze off the small, crying child to face the doctor, who looked nervous to answer.

"Well, um... all I can say is, that I... I would suggest you order a paternity test. I'm...I'm sorry, but I highly doubt that this is your child." The doctor replied warily, with a sad look on his face. The baby was

then handed off to a nurse who began to clean off all the gunk.

As soon as the baby was removed from his eye sight, Ezra snapped his head in Rafaela's direction. Nothing was said between the two, as Ezra glared at Rafaela, rage taking over his face. It was almost as if the two were frozen in their positions, Ezra radiating anger while Rafaela sat, eyes wide and mouth open in complete and udder shock. Just as the tension in the room began to hit a crescendo, both of Rafaela's parents burst through the door.

"Did we miss it?" My aunt Maya screamed, while panting and trying to catch her breath. Her voice broke the dominating silence that had overtaken the room. Ezra and Rafaela broke their tension filled gaze as Rafaela turned to her mother and started to cry.

The room began to bustle again as it filled up, and Ezra hastily vacated the room. Well, now that her parent's were here, I guess Rafaela doesn't really need me anymore, right?

I quietly walked to the door and left the room. As soon as I stepped outside I heard crying coming from down the hallway. I looked to my right, and about ten feet down the hall was Ezra, sitting on the floor against the wall, his knees pulled to his chest and sobbing.

My heart felt like it broke all over again at the sight of him. As soon as I made my way down the hall, and was sitting beside him, I enveloped Ezra in a hug, letting him cry into my shoulder, as now his heart broke too.

---

ok, ok, is everyone happy now? Ezra is not the father of Rafaela's baby! But, that doesn't necessarily mean, or prove, that Rafaela and Ezra didn't sleep together, muahahaha *evil laugh*

Next chapter will explain everything, who's the baby's daddy, what happened between Rafaela and Ezra, and what will happen now with Carmella and Ezra, and much more.

Vote~Comment~Love

~Corinne

Chapter 23

Whats Love Got to do With it? (5)

Inspiration for this chapter, and really the story, is "Happy" by Leona Lewis. Check, check, check, check it out >>> http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3D8POSR-kdo

Chapter 5

I don't know how long Ezra and I sat on the floor of the hospital hallway, but I was pretty sure it was a while going by the numbness creeping up my butt. Ezra had stopped crying after about ten minutes and had regained his composure, however, his grip around my waist never once loosened.

We didn't speak throughout the whole ordeal, I never murmured softly into his ear about how it would be ok, or that he would get through this. I didn't gently rub his back in an attempt to comfort him, or soothingly rock him back and forth in my arms. I just sat there, letting him cling to me for dear life while he thought through everything that was going on in his head. I was there when he needed someone, I didn't judge or prod him to talk, and that was enough for him.

I was staring up at the mold on the ceiling, thinking how disgusting and unsanitary it is for a hospital to actually have mold on the ceiling, and also wondering how many diseases were trapped in it, when I felt Ezra's weight lift off of me as he sat up against the wall. I looked up to his face and met his gaze. His eyes, though slightly red rimmed from crying, were now dry and calm, no longer haggard with wild emotions of sadness and hurt. I smiled at him, not really sure of what else I had to offer.

"I'm sorry Carmella." Ezra spoke softly, looking me strait in the eyes. I didn't have to ask to know what

he was apologizing for, and I also didn't need to think twice to know that I forgave him.

"I know you are, Ezra, and I forgive you. What's in the past is done, we can't take it back. Whats important now is who we are in the present, and who we will be in the future. I trust that your not that person any more." I answered back, surprised by how wise I sounded. Who knew?

"Yea, well I can definitely say I am not who I used to be." Ezra replied solemnly while staring at his hand, which was currently outlining the ugly black splatters etched into the floor tiles with his index finger. I took a deep breath and thought through one last time what I was about to do, there would be no taking it back without breaking either or both of our hearts, again. Like once wasn't enough.

"Of course your going to be different now, life changes people, thats how it works, but as long as inside your still Ezra, I'm willing to stick along for the ride." Ezra looked up at me in shock as I spoke my last few words. Yes, Ezra had cheated on me, and yes, it was with my cousin, and no he didn't get her

pregnant, but obviously they didn't use protection either. But despite all of that, I couldn't deny the way I felt for Ezra, the pull my body felt for his, and the fact that 24/7, whether I liked it or not, he was always on my mind.

"You would take me back? After everything I did?" Ezra asked incredulously. Jeez, the boy really shouldn't push his luck.

"People make mistakes, I get that now, and I'm not saying that I'm ok with what you and Rafaela did, actually, I'll clear that up right now, I am not ok with what you and Rafaela did, but I have forgiven you. And with time I think I can put the whole 'you sleeping with my cousin' thing behind me. And hey, if it makes you feel any better I can go out and find some random guy on the street and have hot monkey sex with him, so this way we'll be even, what do you think?" I asked innocently. A smile began to spread across my face as I saw Ezra roll his eyes. With his mouth in a sarcastic smirk, he leaned in and whispered in my ear, his warm breath fanning across my neck as he spoke.

"Absolutely not! The only person you are allowed to have hot monkey sex with is me, you got that?!?" He ordered teasingly. I chuckled as he pulled back and placed a light kiss on my forehead. "And, thank you Carmella, for everything." He said, a genuine smile finally crossing his face.

"No problem." I replied, as Ezra's warm palm gently found mine and our fingers entwined. Ezra once again lowered his face to mine, slowly making his way to my neck. I felt his lips brush against the crook of my jaw as he whispered in my ear.

"I love you."..... Ten seconds passed and I didn't say anything in response..... Twenty seconds..... Dammit. I felt Ezra's entire body sigh. I knew what he was waiting for, the words he wanted to hear. Within my body, my mind and my heart fought for dominance over my mouth. I loved Ezra, I truly did, but my rational side told me this was wrong, too soon to happen.

My heart had not yet completely healed from everything life had put it through. I could feel Ezra's gaze upon me now, setting my soul on fire. My heart

clenched, 'Just say it!' I shouted in my mind, willing my lips to just utter the words. I turned my head slightly to peer at Ezra, and immediately succumbed under his gaze.

"I love you too." I whispered out. Well, what I said wasn't completely false, I did love Ezra, I just wasn't sure if I actually wanted too.

"Ezra! Carmella! Oh, there you two are." My aunt Maya screeched as she barreled down the hallway. Her voice broke the awkward trance Ezra and I found ourselves tangled in. Thank you, God! Finally, you do something helpful. I quickly stood up to greet my aunt, pulling Ezra along with me as his grip on my hand only tightened. Oh boy.

"Uhh, whats up?" I asked uncomfortably, only now remembering the purpose for today's lovely hospital visit. My aunt smiled weakly.

"Rafaela would like to speak to the both of you. She wants to explain, so please, just give her a chance." Aunt Maya pleaded. I looked towards Ezra. Though I still was unsure about where I stood with him, there was no way I was going let him down now. Ezra

nodded his head in accordance, and so we slowly made our way down the hallway to Rafaela's room.

The first thing I saw as I entered her room was the beautiful sight of Rafaela learning to breastfeed her baby, and all I have to say is, owee! That thing was practically chomping away on her, eliciting a few painful winces on Rafaela's part. I now understood Cara's unnatural obsession with her breast pump.

Rafaela gave a weak smile when she finally noticed our presence, and motioned for the nurse to take the baby away. I tugged Ezra to the chair opposite the bed, trying badly to ease the tension eagerly rising in the room. I moved to sit in the chair next to him, but Ezra quickly pulled me to his lap, securing his arms around me in a tight embrace. Great, I had become his own personal security blanket. What happens when I have to pee?

"Ezra, Carmella, I.... I don't know where to start." Rafaela spoke, slightly choking on her words. I saw pleading in her eyes as she frantically looked to me for help. I smiled slightly before mouthing the words 'the beginning' to her. Rafaela took a deep breath.

"Um, well... Ezra is obviously not the father.... because, well, he's not black." Rafaela spoke, fumbling with her words. Way to state the obvious. Rafaela fidgeted in her bed, avoiding looking anyone in the eye. She had stopped talking, as if she didn't know how to proceed. Sigh.

"How about you start from the beginning, Rafaela." I offered, then wished I had never opened my big mouth. I silently hoped she would be kind enough to leave out all the gory sex details, especially when it came to Ezra, cause she's not pregnant anymore, so its now officially socially acceptable for me to bitch slap her.

"Ok... well, the father is... the father is..., um, the father is Hardorks...." Rafaela trailed off, mumbling the name to herself, making it inaudible. Well jeez, she obviously doesn't know me that well.

"Oh for god's sake, Rafaela, just spit it out!" I shrieked as my cheeks tinted pink in embarrassment at my outburst. What? I was curious. Rafalea looked up at the ceiling as she intook a deep breath. Exhaling, she

looked back down at us before closing her eyes and speaking softly.

"The father is Harry Dorkus. It was my first time." Rafaela spoke, shockingly calm.

"Holy shit-flinging orangutans, you had sex with the "Dorkinator"?!?" I screeched in shock, before quickly covering my mouth with my hands. 'Stupid brain, filter! Filter!!!'

A single tear slid down Rafaela's face, and she quickly turned her head in an attempt to hide it. Hey, I don't blame her, I'd be pretty embarrassed too if I had lost my virginity to the "Dorkinator", let alone had sex with him.

Harry Dorkus was the school nerd and nasty ass. Standing at 5"8, the 130 pound kid was gangly and bowlegged, not to mention the massive amount of acne eating his face. As if this wasn't enough to make him a social outcast, the kid had an unhealthy obsession with Pokemon, as well as a fear of deodorant. Apparently he believed that it caused AIDS, I don't even want to go there! I would rather die a virgin than sleep with him.

"Hey, its ok Rafaela, don't cry. I'm sure you had a really good reason for sleeping with the "Dorkinator", I mean Harry." I cooed, trying to comfort her. Rafaela gave a sad chuckle as she finally turned and faced us.

"Thats not why I'm crying, but your right, I did have a good reason for sleeping with Harry, or at least, I thought it was a good reason. I liked him, and I thought he liked me too." Rafaela spoke softly, while sniffling up the last of her tears. I just sat there in shock, still trying to comprehend what about Harry anyone, even his mother, could like.

"Harry was my math tutor, and we would meet twice a week at his house for lessons. We really got to know one another, and I found out that besides being weird, Harry is also really sweet and nice. He was exactly the type of guy I wanted to lose my virginity to, someone I thought wouldn't take advantage of me afterwards." Rafaela spoke, her mouth slightly pulling down into a frown.

"After we had sex, Harry completely ignored me. He stopped tutoring me, and wouldn't talk to me

anymore. I was depressed, but I was dealing, that is until I remembered that I was arranged to marry Ezra." I could feel Ezra fidgeting below me at Rafaela's words. I poked him to calm down. What? The story was getting pretty good. Thats kind of bad of me to say, isn't it?

"Now I know, that at the time I wasn't arranged to marry Ezra anymore. Ariel had called my mother to cancel our engagement, but my mother didn't tell me, apparently she didn't want to ruin my spring break. So I thought I was still engaged, and I started to freak out that I would get in trouble when Ezra found out I wasn't a virgin on our wedding night." Ezra sat up in the chair, still clinging to me like I was life itself, but was now staring at Rafaela, eyes wide in disbelief. Rafaela just averted her gaze and continued the story.

"Rachel invited me to the Jersey Shore with her family for the weekend as a way to cheer me up. She was the only person who knew about my "situation". When I saw Ezra at the bar, already slightly drunk, I knew it was my only chance." Tears started seeping

down Rafaela's face, soaking her hospital gown as they fell from her puffy eyes, eyes which begged for understanding and forgiveness. Ezra stiffened beneath me and his embrace tightened, almost stopping the flow of oxygen from my lungs.

"I thought that if I could just get Ezra drunk enough I could get him to sleep with me, convince him that he took my virginity, then he couldn't be mad about me not being a virgin on our wedding night. I thought that was the only way I wouldn't get in trouble. The first time I didn't get my period, I thought it was just late, but when two months passed and still nothing came, I bought a pregnancy test and found out I was pregnant. I just assumed it was Ezra's, I mean, I thought you couldn't get pregnant your first time. But looking back at it now, I'm not even sure if Ezra and I even had sex that night. We were both so drunk I think we might've just passed out. I'm so sorry, I didn't know what else to do...." Rafaela begged before completely loosing it and breaking down in tears.

My throat tightened at her words. She had hurt so many people, almost destroyed lives, I didn't want to

forgive her, but I couldn't help but feel my heart tug at her words. I don't know what I would have done in her situation, to see your whole world crumbling before you, your life spiraling out of control. I can't say that I would have acted any different, though I definitely don't think I would have tried to trick any guy the way she did. I have to give her credit for that, boy did she have balls.

"Its ok Rafaela, I understand. What you did was wrong, but I won't hold a grudge against you, I know you didn't intend to hurt me on purpose." I spoke softly, hoping that I was making the right decision. Rafaela smiled up at me through her tearful eyes as she blotted her face with a tissue. She sniffled once before turning to gaze at Ezra.

"Ezra....." Rafaela trailed off.

Ezra sat rigid in the chair now, his arms wrapped around my waist as both his hands dug rigorously into the armrest. If he didn't let go soon, both the chair and myself would be on the floor, crumpled in pieces. To say that Ezra looked angry would be an understatement. His eyes shone with pure fire, and I

was pretty sure that his grip on the chair was more to prevent himself from jumping across the bed and strangling Rafaela, than from keeping him steady.

"I do not forgive you!" Ezra spat, his voice pure acid and rage. Oh boy!

Ok, I just want to say that this sequel is gonna be kinda short, no more than ten chapters. Just thought I'd put that out there.

Second, I just wanted to thank everyone who reads, and votes, and comments, and fans me, you are all awesome!

Oh, and for all of you who offered me luck with my interview a while back, thank you, it worked! I got offered a job, but I turned it down :(I know, I know, but I decided to focus more on school, yeah I'm a dork, but hey I got a scholarship, I just can't give that up. Besides, if I took the job I wouldn't be able to post as much, if ever, so i think I made the right decision.

Ok, I'm done boring you to death. Bye :)

Vote~ Comment~ Love

~Corinne

Chapter 24

What's Love Got to do With It? (6)

Chapter 6

"That little, lying, sack of..."

"Poop!" I chimed in, cutting off Ezra's sentence. It had been approximately three hours since we had left the hospital, and Ezra still hadn't calmed down. Both his parents and my own had decided that it would be a better idea to have me sleep over, you know, to try and help in calm down and deal with the whole situation. So far.... I was doing a pretty crappy job.

I sat on the edge of the bed watching him pace back and forth through his room. I sighed, I wonder if my life will ever be normal? Hmm..... nope, don't see

that happening any time soon. Ezra plopped down on his desk chair across from me with a thud , before heaving a big sigh and leaning back.

"I will never be able to forgive her." Ezra asserted firmly.

"Yes you will, it's just going to take time, you'll see. Six months from now we're all going to look back and laugh at the whole situation." Ezra looked at me in disbelief.

"In what demented, alternate universe would any of us look back on this situation and laugh? What about any of the last nine months has been at all funny?" Ezra demanded.

"Um, well, there was that time at Uncle Benny's birthday party where Rafaela's pregnant bowls got the best of her and she farted, blowing out the birthday candles. That was pretty funny, granted, I will never look at another birthday cake the same way again." I grimaced, because I really never would look at another birthday cake the same. Ezra chuckled.

"Your not helping" He groaned.

"Oh yeah" I said as I got up off the bed and made my way to Ezra. "Then why are you laughing. I mean jeez, it hasn't even been a day yet and already your cracking up." I teased. Ezra just rolled his eyes at me before pulling me into an embrace, snuggling into my neck.

I was excited and massively uncomfortable all at the same time. It was nice to be held, to feel loved, needed. It was nice to find comfort in someone else's embrace, the whole thing just felt right. At the same time, however, it felt very, very dirty. Here was a guy, and incredibly mouthwateringly sexy guy, who just had the biggest shock of his life on top of breaking up with his fiancé, and I'm sitting on his lap straddling him.

I felt Ezra move beneath me and I looked up, his face now parallel to mine. Our eyes locked.

"You're really beautiful, you know that?" Ezra asked softly, gently gliding a finger down my cheek and changing the mood in the room completely. I blushed at his compliment, nodding my head in

disagreement. I had never really been a girly girl. I didn't really like wearing skirts, always having to make sure no perv was trying to sneak a peak at your panties. I wasn't the type of girl to gush over the hotness of guys with her girlfriends, or flirt openly with a crush, that just wasn't me. So I never really learned how to take a compliment, especially one like this from a guy like Ezra.

"Yes you are, Carmella, you really are beautiful." Ezra insisted, now bringing his face closer to mine. I could feel his arms move to wrap around me, and it wasn't long until I felt his hands firmly grasp my waist, lightly outlining the curves of my body with his fingers. His lips moved to meet mine, but stopped just a centimeter short, sending my heart into overdrive at the millions of dirty images his mouth brought to my mind. His breath warmed my lips as we sat, our bodies entwined, panting, though neither of us had moved more than an inch.

I felt another part of my body heat, as my libido kicked into overdrive. I gulped at the new feelings I was experiencing, almost scared of what they meant.

Ezra's grip around my waist tightened, as he repositioned himself beneath me. And thats when I felt it, hard and long against my thigh. I felt my entire abdomen tighten as pressure began to build in my pelvis, something I had never experienced before but knew right away what its cause was. Ezra began to slowly rock back and forth beneath me, and I bit down hard on my lower lip to keep from gasping as I realized what he was doing.

Oh my god! I am going to lose my virginity in the sitting position, on a computer chair in Ezra's bedroom, in his parent's house! That was the least romantic thing I had ever heard of in my entire life, yet I didn't make a sound, not one peep, because even though my brain was shouting at me to stop, my heart telling me that this is not how I wanted my first time to be, I did not want to stop.

My sex drive, my physical needs, had been locked up for so many years, that now I couldn't hold it back anymore. I didn't care that I might regret this afterwards, or that my cousin just had a baby, and perhaps, if this was some kind of PSA, I should learn

some lesson from that, but all I could think of was how much I wanted to have hot, back cracking, dirty, animal sex with Ezra, and I wanted to do it now. I wanted someone to love me, to love my body, to make me feel good, for however short it may be. I want to be a normal teenager, and make irrational decisions, and not be the only virgin in my school anymore. I want to be just like everybody else, to fit in, and this is one way to do it.

I started grinding down on Ezra's lap and, as if he didn't expect me to respond, Ezra's eyes grew wide in shock before his gaze quickly turned to one of lust. Both of our breathing had become even more ragged and, as if he couldn't take it any longer, Ezra lunged towards my lips, capturing them hungrily with his own. I started to move faster on his lap, pushing the embarrassing feeling like I was a dog humping someone's leg to the back of my head. Ezra's lips moved fervently on mine, his tongue forcefully claiming dominance within my mouth, his hands roaming my body freely, grabbing at every curve and dip. The tingly sensation within my pelvis engulfed my body, and I could feel my own panties moisten at

my lust. I blushed despite knowing Ezra would not notice my embarrassment.

Ezra's hands moved to my collar bone where he began to unbutton my shirt. I shivered as the coolness of the room hit my bare flesh, but only leaned into Ezra more for warmth. Ezra flung my shirt to the back of his room, then broke his mouth away from my own and began to trail his lips down my exposed neck, nipping and kissing sporadically. As his face finally came to the curve of my cleavage, in one swift movement, he unhooked my bra from behind me, quickly taring it from my body and leaving me topless, something I had never done with a boy before. I felt my nipples stiffen from the cold, and, as if I hadn't realized I was naked until then, became very self conscious.

"Ezra, can we turn the lights off?" I whispered into his ear as he was creating a very large hickey on my neck, which I knew I would regret tomorrow. Eh, why do today what you can leave for tomorrow? I always say.

"Absolutely not. I want to see you, all of you, in the light, every detail of your body. You are beautiful, Carmella, and I want to take you in, to remember something this beautiful. If I were to die right now, this is the last image I would want to see." Ezra cooed seriously in my ear as his hands made their way down my torso to my waistband. Ezra popped the button of my jeans with one finger easily. I gripped onto his shoulders in panic, I was not ready for him to see me completely naked yet.

"Relax" Ezra whispered in my ear. His head ducked down to my chest where he started pressing soft kisses, massaging my body with his mouth, his soft, supple lips. I threw my head back and took a deep breath, I could do this, if Rafaela could, then I definitely can too. I could feel the zipper of my pants slide down. I brought my head back up to come face to face with Ezra, his eyes told me he was waiting for me to tell him to stop, but I didn't. I gingerly grinded my hips on his waist, and as if that was the secret signal to continue, he moved both of his hands to either side of my hips and with his knees gently lifted my butt up so he could pull my shorts down, bringing

my underwear with them. Damn, why does underwear always get stuck in your pants when you pull them down?

I was now completely naked and sitting on Ezra's lap who, by the way, was completely clothed. Wow, now I see how easy it really is to take advantage of girls, I mean, Ezra managed to get me completely naked without having to take anything off himself, how the hell did that happen?!?

Ezra's eyes widened as he took in my entire form, and it was all I could do not to bolt off his lap and wrap myself in his comforter, seriously, he's lucky I lasted this long.

"Your perfect, fucking perfect, did you know that? Your body is,... is... if you only knew what was going through my mind right now, of the things I want to do to-..... you would probably slap me, so I'm just gonna keep my mind to myself." Ezra stuttered, while slowly moving his hands down my body. His fingers splayed out, molding to every curve and dip of my figure. His touch sent shivers through my body, but I was frozen in shock on his lap, not daring to move.

His hands continued south over my abdomen, further until he had nearly reached the apex my thighs. Time seemed to stand still those last few seconds, as he gently maneuvered his way down. As he finally reached his destination, he hesitated for a signle moment before gathering his courage and continuing. All I can say is..... thank god I shaved this morning when I took a shower!

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ok, so yea, this one's really short, but your lucky you got anything at all. I'm sorry its been a while since I posted, but this week is finals week for me in college, plus its holiday time and I'm working extra hours at work, and my boyfriend's been kinda, uh, needy? So yea, no time for anything, not even sleep!

Anywayz, I hope you guys at least like this chapter, and now that schools bout to be over for the semester I'll have a month off so I promise lots of updating, and i really promise this time, not like last time, when I kinda ended up lying, this time I'm serious!

lol, ok, done now, good night.

Vote~ Comment~ Love

~Corinne

Chapter 25

Whats Love Got to do With it? (7)

Chapter 7

Ezra stopped once more before he ventured to a place no man has ever dared venture before.

"I love you so much, Carmella. I'm so sorry for everything I've put you through, and I promise from now on everything is going to be perfect. I don't want to lose you again." Ezra spoke gently as I sat on his lap, butt naked!! His sudden words brought me back to reality with a shock, my adrenaline high now beginning to wear off. The last time any person had seen me naked I was five, and let me tell you, my body has changed quite a bit since then.

My entire face flushed at the realization of my current predicament. What the hell was I doing, this wasn't me at all?!?

"Ezra, if you really love me you'll do me a favor." I spoke slowly, determined to keep eye contact with Ezra so he couldn't look down at my nakedness.

"What's that?" Ezra asked flirtatiously, a devilish smirk crossing his face. Please, the boy should really know better by now.

"Close your eyes." I replied hastily.

"Will I get a special treat if I do?" Ezra asked seductively, trailing his fingers up and down my spine all the while. Well, he asked for it.

"Yes, now close your eyes already!" I demanded eagerly, there was only so long I could sit here naked while also keeping my cool. Hell, sometimes it was hard for me to keep my cool when I was fully clothed.

Ezra slowly closed his eyes, a coy smile still plastered across his face. ~Sigh~, why do I always fall for the delusional ones? I quickly hopped off of Ezra's lap,

much to his protest, and pulled on enough of my clothes to feel comfortable. I was searching for my left sock when Ezra spoke up, eyes still closed.

"Hey, where's my special treat?!?" Ezra whined. I rolled my eyes at his impatience, then turned around to find my backpack. Picking it up off the floor, I ripped open the front zipper of my bag and pulled out a plastic baggie that I had used when I took Fruit Loop to the park. No, I didn't use it to pick up his poop. Inside the baggie were six dog treats, I was supposed to be using those to train Fruit Loop, but I think he might have ADD or something because thats not going so well.

I pulled out one treat and walked back over to Ezra. Bending down to his ear, I whispered seductively, "Open your mouth and I'll give you my special treat."

It took Ezra less than three seconds to oblige, almost bouncing with excitement. Seriously, what is the best thing that I could put in his mouth, chocolate? Even I don't get that excited over fruit loops.

Acting hastily before I could think things through and change my mind, I shoved the dog treat in his

mouth towards the back of his throat. Ezra immediately started coughing and choking as he quickly tried to spit out the rancid dog treat. They were peanut butter and pig ear flavored. I clamped my hand over my mouth to keep myself from being consumed in hysterics. The sight of Ezra dry heaving on the floor was almost more than I could bear. When he had dislodged enough of the cookie to relax a little, Ezra sat back up on his chair and gave me a murderous glare.

"Well, you asked for a special treat, and I figured since Fruit Loop likes them so much you would too." I stated innocently.

"What rationale could you possibly have for thinking that I would ever consider Fruit Loop's doggie snacks as a 'special treat, especially while your fully clothed'?" Ezra asked in shock and disbelief.

"Because your both dogs!" I spat acidly, losing my cool completely now.

"What the hell are you talking about?!? I just professed my love for you, and you reciprocate that feeling by shoving a nasty dog treat down my

throat?!? I thought everything was ok now, what happened?" Ezra asked, bewildered, and now starting to freak out a bit. Drama queen.

"What happened?!!!? What happened is that you tried to take advantage of me. You knew how I felt about sex before marriage yet you still brought us there. You knew that I've had exactly zero real experience with guys and relationships, yet you still tried to push me to my limits. And after everything we've been through, you almost becoming a father because of one stupid night where you weren't thinking, you would still try to have sex with me. I mean, do you even have a condom, I don't see one anywhere. Are you really ready for me to come to you with the news that you got me pregnant?!?" I screeched. Great, now I was the one freaking out.

"Well I wouldn't mind as much if you were the one I got pregnant." Ezra replied shyly, his gaze refusing to meet mine. Oh no, the boy did not just go there.

"Excuse me?!? Well let me tell you something, mister, I would mind it very, very much if you got me pregnant, ok!!!" I screamed, now completely freaking

out and on the verge of hyperventilating. I mean, in the last five minutes Ezra not only told me he loved me but also confessed that he wanted to get me pregnant.... at seventeen! Who wouldn't flip out?

Ezra slumped back in his chair and buried his head in his hands. I quickly sat on his bed and looked away so I wouldn't feel guilty. I always felt like giving in when it came to Ezra.

"Shit, I'm so sorry Carmella. I fucked up again, didn't I?" Ezra muttered shamefully. I sighed, my heart ached at his sadness, and somehow I knew that I wasn't going to win this argument.

"Yea, you did, but I know you didn't mean to. Its my fault, really, I'm too much of a prude." I replied, now feeling bad for myself. Jeez, what a crappy, depressing day today turned out to be. I totally didn't see this coming when I woke up this morning. Ezra got up off his chair and knelt in front of me, bringing us to eye level, and cupped my face in his hands.

"You are not a prude, ok, you are respectable, and classy, and I love that about you. This whole thing is my fault, I pushed you too far, and I knew that I was

doing it too, I just let my horny basterdness get the better of me. I'm so sorry, Carmella, I know I keep hurting you but I promise I will change. From now on, it's all about you. I don't want to do anything to hurt you or drive you away, ok. So please, forgive me?" Ezra pleaded. I looked into his eyes and knew immediately that I could not hold a grudge against him, I loved him too much. Besides, I never exactly told him to stop while he was stripping me down on his lap. Wow, that sounded really bad.

"Please say you forgive me, Carmella." Ezra begged. I hadn't realized it, but we had both begun to lean in towards eachother, and I now found our faces just a couple of inches apart. Ezra quickly flicked his tongue out to wet his chapped lips, and for a split second I diverted my attention to those luscious, plump lips. But one second is all it took.

Before I knew it, Ezra was lying on his back on the floor and I was on top of him, like a rabbid dog, sucking his face. The taste of his mouth was intoxicating, and every swipe of his tongue in between my lips sent shivers throughout my body.

Thank god he had managed to spit out all of the the dog treat.

Ezra's hands were traveling across my body, up and down my back and underneath me, where he firmly grabbed my ass. But he went no further, making sure to keep his hands above my clothes lest he be tempted to cross my boundaries again. I tried hard to be happy about this, but sadly, the thing was, right now I kind of wanted him to cross my boundaries. Crap, what the hell is wrong with me, why can't I make up my mind?

Ezra now had one of his hands in my hair, pulling my head to the side and exposing my neck. He placed hot, moist kisses up and down the curve of my collar bone until he found my sensitive spot. My body jerked responsively to his touch there, and once Ezra found it he wasn't letting go. I let out a soft moan as he massaged my weak spot with his lips, my hands grasping at his shoulder's for balance. Just when I thought I wouldn't be able to take it any longer without exploding, Ezra pulled away from my neck to whisper in my ear.

"Fuck, Carmella, I don't know how much longer I can last-" Unfortunately, Ezra never got to finish his sentence, as he was cut off by his door suddenly being slammed open.

"Oh my god, Ezra, did you get Carmella pregnant?" Ariel shrieked before a horrified look crossed her face at the position Ezra and I were in. I quickly swatted Ezra's hand off my ass before I scooted off of him and a few feet away, just for safe measures.

"What the hell, mom, of course I didn't. Why would you think that?" Ezra asked, looking like he was about to have a heart attack if any more surprises came his way today.

"Well, your father heard Carmella scream something along the lines of, 'you got me pregnant', what were we supposed to think?" Ariel half shrieked, annoyance beginning to creep into her voice and color her expression. Looks like Ezra isn't the only one whose had enough with surprises.

My entire face flushed red with embarrassment. Figures this whole thing would be my fault.

"Carmella, would you please explain to us what is going on?" Ariel, who was now glaring menacingly at me, demanded impatiently.

Oh fuck!

Ok, so here's the dealio. I was supposed to have off tomorrow from work, and I was going to use that time to write a new chap of each of my stories, but guess what? They're making me come into work :(So, me being the gracious and kind person I am, as soon as I got home from work today, i quickly wrote this chapter.

So, sorry if its not that great, cause I was kinda running short on time, but its been a while and i really wanted to get another chapter out for you guys. I will write up the next chap for tamper proof tomorrow night and post that then.

Sorry again, guys.

Vote~ Comment~ Love

~ Corinne

Chapter 26

Whats Love Got to Do With It? (8)

Chapter 8

"Carmella, I can't believe you!" My mother shrieked, over dramatically might I add, from across the dining room table. Of course, after discovering Ezra and I in such a compromising position, Ariel just felt it was necessary to call over my parents. *Sigh*, you cant get away with anything these days.

I looked up at my mother. Yup, still yapping, this must be a record or something for her. I, being the patient and good little daughter that I am, just sat there patiently and thoughtfully, waiting for her to finish her tirade.

"After everything that we all have gone through, how could you put us through this. Especially Ariel and Lazar, don't you think they've been through enough recently?" My mother demanded, though we all know there was only one answer she would accept.

I looked beside me to Ezra for help, but he was busy playing with the hem of his parent's tablecloth. Traitor.

Of course everything is my fault. Its my fault for being alone in Ezra's room with him. Its my fault for being naked and tempting him. Its my fault for screaming I was pregnant through the house. Ok, well maybe the last part was my fault, but the rest I had nothing to do with! Its not my fault Ezra is a horny bastard.

"Carmella, are you even listening to me?!?" My mother shrieked, bringing me out of my silent fuming.

"Of course I am, what else could I possibly find more interesting than listening to you complain."

My mother looked at me in shock before her face turned into a disgusted glare. Oops, did I say that out loud? My bad.

"Ben, discipline your daughter. I can no longer converse with someone so rude and insulate." My mother huffed before plopping back down in her chair. I rolled my eyes, what a drama queen. I mean, she is totally overreacting, this whole thing is just a big misunderstanding.

"Carmella, you will not talk to your mother like that, have some more respect please... For my sake." My father mumbled, giving a wary look towards my mother, who was still fuming.

"Fine, fine, fine. Look, I'm sorry ok, for everything, the rudeness, the screaming, the inappropriateness, the whole shebang. I promise to... feel bad about it for at least fifteen minutes." I spoke hastily. Hey, that's the best I can do, because I think we all know that I will do something like this again, its unavoidable.

"Carmella.." My dad warned, though you could see he has much less passion for this fight than my mom has. Sucker, I was always my dad's favorite.

"What???" I whined, sounding like a four year old on helium.

"Why are you making such a big deal out of this? Its not like I haven't done worse, I mean, compared to some of the other stuff I've done this is really nothing. And how come no ones picking on Ezra, because in case you haven't realized he was there too."

Ezra kicked me beneath the table at the mention of his name, but I ignored it. If I was going down than he was going with me.

"Because, Carmella, you aren't a little girl anymore. After Rafaela's pregnancy we have come to realize that none of you are children anymore, and you all are dabbling in adult territory. And if your going to participate in adult activities than you need to be mature about it." My father finished, his face flushing with heat, whether from passion or embarrassment about the subject matter I am not sure.

"Ok, I get that, I really do, but nothing happened between Ezra and I, and nothing will. We've talked about it already, and decided that we want to wait, you know, till marriage or something..." I trailed off. My father was giving me a guilty look that I really did not appreciate.

Suddenly the whole room went quiet. Oh shit, this is the part in the movies when the mass murderer jumps out from behind the curtains and shanks the young, beautiful, protagonist. Which I guess in this case would be me, since my mom is definitely not as young as she tells the people at the DMV.

"I do not want a grandson out of wedlock." Lazar spoke up, for the first time ever I think. I had to quickly grab a dinner roll off the table and shove it in my mouth to keep hysterical laughter from exploding from my mouth. No wonder Lazar never spoke, he sounded like an oompa loompa on crack. I quickly averted my eyes and found my father giving me a disapproving look, despite the slightly upturned corners of his mouth.

Come on Carmella, calm down, its really not that funny. I took a deep breath through my nose then closed my eyes and swallowed the big mound of mushed bread in my mouth. When I finished I looked back towards Lazar and smiled, signaling that I had once again regained control of my idiocy.

"I was very ashamed when I found out that Rafaela was pregnant and it was Ezra's child. Ashamed because Ezra had been so stupid to act in such a way, to forever change, or possibly even ruin both his and Rafaela's lives. Ezra has been given a second chance, and I will not let him throw that away." Lazar asserted roughly, his face resolved to his decision.

"What are you saying, dad?" Ezra asked, speaking for the first time since we all convened in his dining room.

"I'm saying that the decision is made. You and Carmella will no longer continue this 'dating' thing you two are doing, since it seems neither of you can control your rabid hormones."

"What?!? But you can't jus-" Ezra stood up to speak was soon cut off by his father.

"The decision is already made. We have all talked about it and decided that you two will not date. Instead, we have decided to reinstate the arranged marriage, and the sooner it happens the better. In three months Carmella will have spring break and you two will be married, end of story!" Lazar spoke before calmly sitting back down in his seat, a look of indifference on his face, as if he had never spoken.

I looked around the room, but couldn't quite read anyone's faces. I was on an emotional washing machine cycle and I wasn't quite sure where I stood at the moment with where my life was going. I looked over to Ezra just to be met with the same questioning and bewildered gaze. What the fuck just happened?

I looked upon the room again, just now noticing everyones discomfort. Huh, I guess they were expecting me to freak out or something, go figure. Never the one to find solace in a silent moment, my mother opened her big mouth and disrupted the peace.

"Well, now that that's settled, who wants cake? I baked it myself, and its chocolate." She cooed.

And just like that everyone, well except for Ezra and I, got up and went to the kitchen to get themselves a piece of cake.

I looked at Ezra.

"So, I guess we're getting married...again."

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ok everyone i know ive been gone long and there is a reason, which i will explain later. But please, bare with me. I love you all. Sorry if this chap is kinda sucky, promise it will get better, and soon!!

Vote, Comment, Love

~Corinne

Chapter 27

Whats Love Got to do With it? (9)

OK, just a few things i want to say:

1.) I know a lot of people were confused about the whole marrying but not be able to date thing, so hopefully this clears it up

2) i work at an organic supermarket, you'll understand why i point that out when u read this chap.

3.) i apologize if anyone is insulted by the section about mentally handicapped people, i did not mean it to be insulting

ok, thats it for now. enjoy.

Vote~ Comment~ Love

~ Corinne

Chapter 9

"So let me get this straight. Ezra and I are arranged to be married, again, but are not allowed to 'date' because you think that the hormones they pump into non-organic cows to get them to produce more milk is causing Ezra and myself to become overly horny, and you don't want me getting pregnant? Did I get that right?" I asked our parents, who were now sitting around Ezra and myself in his living room, sipping coffee and eating cookies like they were British royalty or something. Hello?!? We live in New Jersey; people in Jersey don't sip anything!!!

"Yup, that's pretty much it" my mother replied with a smug grin on her face, "except I didn't use such brash words to explain it."

I rolled my eyes. "You realize that your reasoning behind this decision is completely and utterly retarded, right?" I asked, astonishment on my face as

to how anyone could come up with that type of rationale.

"Mentally handicapped" my mother replied smartly.

Huh? "Are you calling me mentally challenged?!?" I accused my mother, and to think she gave birth to me.

"Stop being so overdramatic, will you, I was not commenting on your mental capacity, though after 17 years of living with you the quality of the part of your brain which controls decision making has come into question a few times. I was just correcting your word choice, the mentally handicapped community no longer agrees with the term 'retarded', so please refrain from using that word in public, I don't want you embarrassing me." My mother retorted curtly before gently dunking a cookie in her tea then biting it, her pinkie high in the air the entire time.

Well, I at least know one person in my family who is "mentally handicapped".

"So, it's settled then. Ezra and Carmella will refrain from spending time together outside of supervised

family functions or other occasions for which permission is given. The wedding will be in April over Carmella's spring break, and the venue will be at our summer house down the shore." Lazar spoke. I silently praised myself for only allowing a small flinch to shake my body at the sound of his voice, and my mom says I can't control myself.

"Great, back to where it all started." Ezra muttered with a slight chuckle.

"What was that, Ezra?" Ariel asked. I quickly nudged him in his ribs with my elbow, our parents definitely did not need to know about what went on at his summer house.

"Nothing." Ezra replied with a small grin on his face. Slowly, he reached his hand underneath the pillow and onto my lap, intertwining his fingers with mine, giving my hand a gentle squeeze. I guess living with Ezra forever won't be so bad, especially if he's half naked most of the time, which I'm pretty sure I can arrange.

Thinking about forever, "Umm, I have a question." I said, raising my hand in the process like an idiot as if

I were in school. Maybe there is something wrong with my brain.

"Go ahead, sweetie." My dad answered with a chuckle.

"Ok, uh, what happens, you know, after the wedding?" I asked nervously, not sure if I would like their answer. I felt Ezra stiffen beside me, but ignored it, he probably saw a bug or something, that always makes my sister freak.

"Uh, Carmella, dear..." My mothered started uncomfortably. Crap, that can't be good.

"We already had this conversation, don't you remember? Before everything. You, me, your sister, after your dress fitting, at the restaurant, there was that one waiter there....." My mother trailed.

Oh My God, NOOO!!! I wasn't talking about that. Argh, bad images flashing through my head!! And I had just got them to go away too.

"Uh, yeah, I remember mom, but I wasn't talking about... that. Thanks for reminding me, though, really

appreciate it." I replied with sarcasm. My mother gave me an impatient look.

"Then what are you talking about, Carmella?" She asked.

"I'm talking about after the wedding, and the honeymoon, when we come back home. Then what? We'll be married, but will we be living together? And if we are, where? And what about school, I'll still have like two and a half months to go, you know? I have to graduate, I did not just waste the last four years of my life in that place to not get something out of it, even if all it is is a piece of paper with my name on it and a crappy book full of crappy pictures of people I wont remember in ten years." I replied sarcastically, again, now beginning to get worked up.

"Oh, well, uh, I don't know. I mean, none of us.. we never really thought about afterwards. We were all too busy trying to make sure you actually made it to the wedding we never even got a chance to think about afterwards. Ariel?" My mother asked, unsure of, well, everything now I guess.

This is just great, they try to dictate how I'm going to live my life, and they don't even have a plan set out?!? I knew it, I'm going to end up on the streets in the city, pregnant and toothless, dancing to Lady Gaga songs with a used paper cup in my hand to collect coins from Japanese tourists as they take photos of me to show their friends back home how pathetic Americans are. I will be a disgrace to this country.

"Look, its late and its been a long day, how about we all call it a night and discuss this issue tomorrow. There is still time to figure things out, so everything will be fine, ok?" Ariel asked cheerfully, though you could clearly see worry in her eyes. Yup, look who dropped the ball now.

"Yes, I think that's a good idea too. We'll see you all tomorrow. Come Carmella." My mother called. Jeez, what did she think I was, a puppy? With a huff, I pushed myself up off the couch and moved to follow my mother, a very sour look on my face at the outcome of the day.

I expected Ezra to release my hand, which he had held the entire time, when I got up but was surprised to find he wouldn't. Instead, he pulled my hand back, towards his face, and planted a gentle kiss on my knuckles. Slowly, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the ring he had proposed to me with, what seems like a century ago, and placed the ring on my finger.

"I believe this belongs to you, and this time, please, don't take it off." Ezra spoke coyly. I couldn't stop the smile spreading across my face even if I tried.

"I love you Carmella." Ezra whispered, sincerity clear in his voice.

"I love you too." I replied, slightly taken aback by the emotion coursing through me as I uttered those words. Crap! I've got it so bad.

Chapter 28

Whats Love Got to do With it? (10)

Please don't hate me for this chapter, you'll see what I mean when you read it. Oh, and, yes, I do know that I am evil, mhuahahahaaa!!!

Chapter 10

"One hundred and five, one hundred and six, one hundred and seven...." I counted to myself as I lay in bed staring at my ceiling, imagining sheep hopping over hurdles of mattresses like they do in those commercials. I glanced over at my clock, the block numbers glowed a bright red against the black backlight. Great, it's freaking two o'clock in the morning, why can't I get to sleep?!?

That's a stupid question, I know why. I couldn't sleep because I couldn't get my mind to stop speeding for a moment's rest, it was still reeling from today's events, and if it doesn't stop soon I think I'm going to get motion sickness.

I sighed and rolled over on my side so that I was now facing my bedroom wall. I quickly scooted over towards the cool sheetrock and gently pressed my cheek up against it, letting out a deep breath in an attempt to relax. Hmmm..... Nope, not working! Stupid Ezra, this is all his fault. What the hell did he do to me?

I mean, I've known for a while now that he loves me, I'm pretty sure that he made that obvious with, you know, the whole asking me to marry him and whatnot. And I've thought for a while now that I loved him too, but something about today, about the way he looked at me, like I was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. The way he held my hand, so gently, and caressed my palm tenderly. And when he gave me that damn coy smile, as if he knew something I didn't, like he always knew that we were

going to end up together in the end, or that I would be staring at my ceiling at two- no, make that two thirty now, in the morning thinking about him. And that just pissed me off, how the hell did he know this shit before I did?!?

I huffed at the thought and roughly flung myself away from the wall, rolling over onto my other side. As I contemplated how insane it was that I had yet to get ten minutes of sleep tonight, I gently fingered the ring Ezra had given me back today, and all of a sudden all I could do was smile at the memory of his re-proposal. He was right, I would never take that ring off again, even today when I went to wash my hands, I just couldn't bring myself to remove it. Having that ring on my finger was like always having a little piece of Ezra with me at all times, and I feel for the poor S-O-B who ever tries to mug that thing off of me.

I groaned inwardly. When the hell did I become so soft?!? I never act like this, all mushy and soggy like mashed potatoes with an extra serving of chunky gravy. When did I turn into the girl that swoons at

the sight of a gorgeous man, especially one as full of himself as Ezra? And what the fuck is up with the butterflies in my stomach every time I see him? I don't even like butterflies. What is happening to me?

As I contemplated a question that both Spiderman and the incredible hulk both asked of themselves as well, a sharp scratch reverberated around my room.

"Great, probably another bird flew into my window." I muttered to myself as I got up out of bed and made my way to the south facing window of my room. Stupid birds, don't they see the rest of the house?

Opening my window, I warily peered out into the pitch black of my desolate backyard. I silently prayed that the bird had flown off and wasn't waiting for me, to take revenge on the evil human who built a house in the way of his migrating route or some shit like that. Cause birds may be stupid enough to fly into windows, but they are definitely smart enough to know who put the windows there.

Glancing around the vast space of my lawn I saw nothing, not even a bloody bird on the ground with a concussion. Hmm, I guess it was just the wind then?

Taking a step back from my window, I was about to turn around and attempt to go back to sleep when I heard a branch snap, causing me to freeze in my spot. Damn bird, I knew he was waiting for me, just waiting until I turned around and then he could attack me from behind. Well, if that bird wants to play dirty then so can I.

"I like fried chicken!" I screamed into the empty darkness surrounding my house then recoiled as my words echoed back to me. Oh my god, sleep deprivation has made me go insane, and now I am taunting a probably dead bird somewhere in my backyard at three in the morning?!?!

"Carmella?" A deep voice questioned from somewhere in the dark. What the fuck?!? Birds can't talk, other than Big Bird that is, and I don't think that Big Bird would be spying on me in the middle of the night while I was sleeping. Actually, I would probably believe that.

"Who the hell is out there?" I demanded from my mystery stalker as my voice slightly trembled with fear and frustration.

"Uh Carmella, it's me, Ezra, and I'm up here, in the tree, so stop staring at your barbeque grill." Looking up, I could vaguely make out the figure of Ezra on the low hanging branch of the Oak tree outside my window. Though the darkness hid most of his features from my view, the simple knowledge that he was there sent butterflies fluttering in my stomach...again. God damn butterflies!

"What the hell are you doing here, in a tree, at three o'clock in the morning?!?" I shrieked, a little too loudly, and I'll admit, overdramatically, allowing my anger over the realization that I am a mush ball when it comes to Ezra take over.

"Uh, can I answer that in your room, I kind of feel like a peeping tom or something in this tree, plus, I think this branch is about to break." Ezra asked sheepishly and, being the pansy that I am, I hurriedly moved to the side, allowing him to crawl to the end of the branch and pull himself into my room through my window.

As Ezra stood up fully in my room, I couldn't help but feel like my hormones had been set on fire. Wearing

a pair of low slung black basketball shorts, and what looked like nothing else underneath, Ezra looked absolutely divine. His tight, fitted, white wife beater tank clung to his toned chest and abdomen, leaving very little to my dirty, dirty imagination. His hair, which I hadn't noticed had grown out a bit since we had broken up, was completely disheveled on top of his head, in of course the completely adorable way only guys can pull off. I probably looked like a complete and total mess, disheveled hair and sleep deprivation circles under my eyes included.

"So, uh, what are you doing here again?" I shyly asked, while attempting to pat down my messy hair in a nonchalant manner which was totally obvious because I am a dork. Ezra, however, did not answer me. Instead, he kept his eyes directly on my face before raking his view down my body. Wonderful, as if I wasn't already self conscious enough about how I look, he couldn't even pretend to not notice?!?

"Ezra?" I prodded, now feeling extremely uncomfortable. If this weren't my bedroom in my house, I totally would have bolted already.

Ezra seemed to snap out of his intense audit of my body at my voice, and finally refocused.

"Oh yeah, you wanted to know why I was here, right?" He asked. I just nodded my head and was going to say something along the lines of, 'that would be nice', but I suddenly had the breath knocked out of me as Ezra slammed me against the wall, pinning my arms above my head. His body pressed into mine as he ducked his head low to my ear, his hot breath fanning along my neck before he spoke.

"I'm here to do this." And just like that I felt Ezra's lips come crashing down upon mine with a force that would have sent me flying if I hadn't been up against a wall. I stared at Ezra with wide eyes as he hungrily nipped at my lips with his own, unable to comprehend what was going on. Ezra forced my lips open and shoved his tongue inside, exploring the confines of my mouth. I could feel his length harden against me as he stood between my legs.

Right then I knew what Ezra had come here to do; I knew exactly what he wanted, and at that very moment, there was no way I was going to stop him,

because lets face it people, I wanted it too, and badly. Suddenly, I felt the biggest need, desire, to have Ezra, to have all of him. I forcefully pushed against his lips with my own, knotting my fingers in his hair as I silently begged for him to take me, to put me out of my horny misery.

Ezra, finally getting the message, swung his arms around my back, roughly fondling me before lifting me up off the ground and wrapping my legs around his hips. The entire time our lips moved in unision, as we each fought for dominance over the other. I began to feel intoxicated as the taste of Ezra filled my senses, and all I knew was I wanted more.

It wasn't long before I felt myself crashing down on the bed, Ezra hovering above me as he massaged my neck with his lips. Somehow, my hands seemed to have taken on their own agenda, yanking his shirt up and off of his body, blessing me once again with the image of his beautiful physique. *Sigh* It was even better than I remembered.

I got so lost in Ezra's abs that I didn't even notice as he pulled the hem of my shirt, lifting it up and off of

my body, leaving me half naked and exposed beneath him. The breeze from the open window caressed my bare chest, sending shivers down my spine and bringing me back to reality. I was sitting naked underneath the most beautiful, and experienced, male I have ever met and in about one minute he is going to do something to me that I have never let anyone do to me before. But holy shit, I did not want him to stop, and this time I wouldn't ask him to.

Ezra's mouth moved to my bare neck as his hands travelled further south, caressing the soft curves of my breasts so gently that I felt my entire body shiver from his touch. I could feel Ezra leaning into me, pressing our bodies together. His hard erection pressed against my thigh through the thin material of his shorts, and the fact that it felt slightly damp only made my hormones rage with anticipation. I had never known I could have that effect on another person, and the fact that it was Ezra of all people only made me feel even happier, and, well, a little smug.

Ezra slowly moved his mouth off of my neck, where I'm sure a peppering of love bites were left in his wake, and down to my breasts where he gently ran his tongue over my right nipple. Simultaneously, one of his hands dipped down in between my legs, touching me like I had never been touched before. The feeling sent me into overdrive, and soon I found myself gasping for air, my body wet from sweat and, well, other bodily fluids which I won't elaborate on.

I felt my entire body ache. As much as I was enjoying this experience with Ezra, I wanted more. I wanted to go farther, to have him inside of me, to do dirty things to me. Dammit, I was horny because of him and now I want him to fix it!

"Ezra, please?" I begged in his ear, prompting him to grab onto my ass with so much force it almost hurt... almost.

"I need you Ezra, right now. Please, all I want is you inside of me, now!" I screamed at the end, as I lost my patience at Ezra's torture. My words seemed to have been enough for him, since Ezra immediately sat up and, staring down at my half naked body and

wet panties, reached down and ripped my panties off of my body.

For thirty seconds I mentally mourned the death of my favorite pair of panties, but the sight of Ezra beginning to pull his shorts off helped me get over it.

We spent the rest of the night, or I guess morning, rolling around in my sheets, screaming in ecstasy. When we had each finally had our fill for the day, we lay down together in my bed, curled around each other, and drifted off to blissful sleep, a smile on each of our faces.

I was just about to completely drift off into oblivion when I heard footsteps outside of my door. Holy ever-loving shit, NO!!!!

The footsteps got louder, and I wanted so bad to wake Ezra up, to shove him out of bed, to at least tell him to get dressed, but I couldn't, it was like my body and voice were paralyzed. This cannot be happening!!

All of a sudden my door burst open and my mother walked in, and all I could think of was, 'why me?'

"Carmella, is everything ok, I heard screami- OH MY GOD!!"

Beep, Beep, Beep.....

I shot up out of bed and slammed my hand down on my alarm clock. Panting heavily, I hastily blinked the sleep out of my eyes and looked around my room. What the hell just happened?!

My mother was no where in sight, I was fully clothed and my window was still locked. What the fuck?!? I quickly got up and looked under my bed. Nope, no Ezra. I ran to my closet and pulled it open. No sign of Ezra here either. Was that a dream?

I groaned and fell back on my bed, just now feeling exhaustion consume me. Great, I had just had my first wet dream and, of course, my mother was in it. Must she ruin everything?!?!

"Carmella!!" Speak of the devil.

"What?" I yelled, aggravation seeping into my voice. Stupid fucking dream....

"Nothing, just wanted to make sure you were awake." She shrieked from the other side of my door.

Oh God, fuck my life!

OK, so this was one long ass chapter (in my opinion at least), so everyone be thankful. I know its kinda a filler, but I've been wanting to put something like this in my story for a while, and now just felt right. I will work on the next chapter tomorrow so expect it out by this weekend (yes, thats how long it takes me to write, I am a very busy person!!)

Shout out to all you fans who sent me messages of encouragement and such, you guys are awesome and make me wanna continue my stories.

By the way, I am still gonna update Tamper Proof, its just gonna take me a while, so please be patient.

K, thats it.

Vote~Comment~Love

~Corinne

Chapter 29

Whats Love Got to do With it? 10 (Re-post)

ok, this is a re-post of chapter ten that i posted yesterday for those of you who couldn't read it. I'm not sure why some of you have been able to and some of you havent, but for those who couldn't here you go. I'll prob leave this up for about a week then take it down. So, enjoy, again!

Chapter 10

"One hundred and five, one hundred and six, one hundred and seven...." I counted to myself as I lay in bed staring at my ceiling, imagining sheep hopping over hurdles of mattresses like they do in those commercials. I glanced over at my clock, the block

numbers glowed a bright red against the black backlight. Great, it's freaking two o'clock in the morning, why can't I get to sleep?!?

That's a stupid question, I know why. I couldn't sleep because I couldn't get my mind to stop speeding for a moment's rest, it was still reeling from today's events, and if it doesn't stop soon I think I'm going to get motion sickness.

I sighed and rolled over on my side so that I was now facing my bedroom wall. I quickly scooted over towards the cool sheetrock and gently pressed my cheek up against it, letting out a deep breath in an attempt to relax. Hmmm..... Nope, not working! Stupid Ezra, this is all his fault. What the hell did he do to me?

I mean, I've known for a while now that he loves me, I'm pretty sure that he made that obvious with, you know, the whole asking me to marry him and whatnot. And I've thought for a while now that I loved him too, but something about today, about the way he looked at me, like I was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. The way he held my hand,

so gently, and caressed my palm tenderly. And when he gave me that damn coy smile, as if he knew something I didn't, like he always knew that we were going to end up together in the end, or that I would be staring at my ceiling at two- no, make that two thirty now, in the morning thinking about him. And that just pissed me off, how the hell did he know this shit before I did?!?

I huffed at the thought and roughly flung myself away from the wall, rolling over onto my other side. As I contemplated how insane it was that I had yet to get ten minutes of sleep tonight, I gently fingered the ring Ezra had given me back today, and all of a sudden all I could do was smile at the memory of his re-proposal. He was right, I would never take that ring off again, even today when I went to wash my hands, I just couldn't bring myself to remove it. Having that ring on my finger was like always having a little piece of Ezra with me at all times, and I feel for the poor S-O-B who ever tries to mug that thing off of me.

I groaned inwardly. When the hell did I become so soft?!? I never act like this, all mushy and soggy like mashed potatoes with an extra serving of chunky gravy. When did I turn into the girl that swoons at the sight of a gorgeous man, especially one as full of himself as Ezra? And what the fuck is up with the butterflies in my stomach every time I see him? I don't even like butterflies. What is happening to me?

As I contemplated a question that both Spiderman and the incredible hulk both asked of themselves as well, a sharp scratch reverberated around my room.

"Great, probably another bird flew into my window." I muttered to myself as I got up out of bed and made my way to the south facing window of my room. Stupid birds, don't they see the rest of the house?

Opening my window, I warily peered out into the pitch black of my desolate backyard. I silently prayed that the bird had flown off and wasn't waiting for me, to take revenge on the evil human who built a house in the way of his migrating route or some shit like that. Cause birds may be stupid enough to fly into

windows, but they are definitely smart enough to know who put the windows there.

Glancing around the vast space of my lawn I saw nothing, not even a bloody bird on the ground with a concussion. Hmm, I guess it was just the wind then?

Taking a step back from my window, I was about to turn around and attempt to go back to sleep when I heard a branch snap, causing me to freeze in my spot. Damn bird, I knew he was waiting for me, just waiting until I turned around and then he could attack me from behind. Well, if that bird wants to play dirty then so can I.

"I like fried chicken!" I screamed into the empty darkness surrounding my house then recoiled as my words echoed back to me. Oh my god, sleep deprivation has made me go insane, and now I am taunting a probably dead bird somewhere in my backyard at, what is now, probably three in the morning?!?!

"Carmella?" A deep voice questioned from somewhere in the dark. What the fuck?!? Birds can't talk, other than Big Bird that is, and I don't think that

Big Bird would be spying on me in the middle of the night while I was sleeping. Actually, I would probably believe that.

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"Uh Carmella, it's me, Ezra, and I'm up here, in the tree, so stop staring at your barbeque grill." Looking up, I could vaguely make out the figure of Ezra on the low hanging branch of the Oak tree outside my window. Though the darkness hid most of his features from my view, the simple knowledge that he was there sent butterflies fluttering in my stomach...again. God damn butterflies!

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"I'm here to do this." And just like that I felt Ezra's lips come crashing down unto mine with a force that would have sent me flying if I hadn't been up against a wall. I stared at Ezra with wide eyes as he hungrily nipped at my lips with his own, unable to

comprehend what was going on. As Ezra forced my mouth open and shoved his tongue inside, I could feel him begin to get hard as he stood between my legs, and oh yes people, I felt everything.

Right then I knew what Ezra had come here to do; I knew exactly what he wanted, and at that very moment, there was no way I was going to stop him, because lets face it people, I wanted it too, and badly. Suddenly, I felt the biggest need, desire, to have Ezra, to have all of him. I forcefully pushed against his lips with my own now, knotting my fingers in his hair as I silently begged for him to take me, to put me out of my horny misery.

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erection pressing against my thigh through the thin material of his shorts, and the fact that it felt slightly damp only made my hormones rage with anticipation. I had never known I could have that effect on another person, and the fact that it was Ezra of all people only made me feel even happier, and, well, a little smug.

Ezra slowly moved his mouth off of my neck, where I'm sure I now had a rather large hickey, and down to my breasts where he gently ran his tongue over my right nipple. Simultaneously, one of his hands dipped down in between my legs, touching me in a way in which I had never been before. The feeling sent me into overdrive, and soon I found myself gasping for air, my body wet from sweat and, well, other bodily fluids which I won't elaborate on.

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"Ezra, please?" I begged in his ear, prompting him to grab onto my ass with so much force it almost hurt... almost.

"I need you Ezra, right now. Please, all I want is you inside of me, now!" I screamed at the end, as I lost my patience at Ezra's torture. My words seemed to have been enough for him, since Ezra immediately sat up and, staring down at my half naked body and wet panties, he reached down and literally ripper my underwear in half and off of my body.

For thirty seconds I mentally mourned the death of my favorite pair of panties, but the sight of Ezra beginning to pull his shorts off helped me get over it.

We spent the rest of the night, or I guess morning, rolling around in my sheets, screaming in ecstasy. When we had each finally had our fill for the day, we lay down together in my bed, curled around each other, and drifted off to blissful sleep, a smile on each of our faces.

I was just about to completely drift off into oblivion when I heard footsteps outside my door. Holy ever-loving shit, NO!!!!

The footsteps got louder, and I wanted so bad to wake Ezra up, to shove him out of bed, to at least tell him to get dressed, but I couldn't, it was like my body and voice were paralyzed. This cannot be happening!!

All of a sudden my door burst open and my mother walked in, and all I could think was, 'why me?'

"Carmella, is everything ok, I heard screami- OH MY GOD!!"

Beep, Beep, Beep.....

I shot up out of bed and slammed my hand down on my alarm clock. Panting heavily, I hastily blinked the sleep out of my eyes and looked around my room. What the hell just happened?!

My mother was no where in sight, I was fully clothed and my window was still locked. What the fuck?!? I quickly got up and looked under my bed. Nope, no Ezra. I ran to my closet and pulled it open. No sign of Ezra here either. Was that a dream?

I groaned and fell back on my bed, just now feeling exhaustion consume me. Great, I had just had my

first wet dream and, of course, my mother was there. Must she ruin everything?!?!

"Carmella!!" Speak of the devil.

"What?" I yelled, aggravation seeping into my voice. Stupid fucking dream....

"Nothing, just wanted to make sure you were awake." She shrieked from the other side of my door.

Oh God, fuck my life!

Chapter 30

What's Love Got to do With it? (11)

OK, so this is one damn long chapter, so no complaints. And I want to see votes, people, cause I spend a long time writing this stuff out so I want some appreciation. Not that I would stop writing if I didn't get a lot of votes, cause I think thats wrong and couldn't do that, but I can still ask. Pwetty Pwease?!? With a cherry on top>>>>VOTE!!!

Vote, Comment, LOVE

~Corinne

Chapter 11

"Wow, you look tired. Did you have a bad night's sleep last night or something?" Ezra asked curiously as he escorted me to his car after school, one of the few activities our parents actually let us participate in together. God, if only he knew!

"Uh, yeah, something like that." I replied back sheepishly, trying to hide my embarrassment and forget about last night's dream.

"Carmella! Ezra! Wait up!" A high pitched voice screeched from across the parking lot. Squinting my eyes, I could just make out the form of Rafaella hurtling herself in our direction at full speed.

"Great, what does she want now?" Ezra spat, clearly annoyed that Rafaella was still present in our lives.

It had been three weeks since she had given birth to Rocky- yes, I swear to god, that is what she named her son, apparently the Rocky movies were Harry's (the father) favorite, and the doctor had just cleared her to return to school. I hadn't seen her since that horrible day at the hospital, which has now scarred me for life, and was surprised to see that she had

already lost much of her baby weight, though her boobs were still huge!

I shuddered to myself. After everything I had witnessed in the delivery room, I have come to the decision that I refuse to have children until they develop a technology that can teleport the baby out of me at the end of nine months. I have yet to inform Ezra about this, but I think I'll just wait until the next time he's drunk.

"Hey Rafaella, what's up?" I asked her, snapping myself out of my thoughts as she came to a halt several feet in front of us, panting and trying to catch her breath. I felt Ezra fidget beside me, apparently someone's still uncomfortable with this whole situation.

"Oh, nothing, I just wanted to talk to you two for a sec?" Rafaella asked, as if she was unsure if it was ok for her to talk to us. Glancing at Ezra from the corner of my eye I saw him scowl, and understood why Rafaella might not feel very welcomed in our lives. I gave her a reassuring smile to go ahead, nonetheless. I mean, before all of this, she was my best friend.

"Well, your mother phoned last night..." oh great, nothing involving my mother can ever be good, "And she told my mother about, you know, you guys getting married...again" Rafaella spoke shyly, a weak smile on her lips. Yup, I was right, can't my mother ever just keep her big mouth shut?!?

"Yeah, about that..." I started but trailed off, not sure what exactly to say. I felt sort of guilty; Rafaella should have heard that news from me not through old people gossip.

"Look, don't worry about it, ok? I'm not upset, actually, I'm really happy for you two. You guys love each other and deserve to have some happiness in your lives, so don't feel bad for me. Besides, Harry is starting to come around now that he knows he has a son, and I think everything will work out between us. So I just wanted to say congratulations." Rafaella finished, a large and sincere smile on her face. Now why couldn't she be my sister instead of Cara?

"Thanks Rafaella, that means a lot to us." I spoke for Ezra and myself, knowing that he would never

actually thank her himself, before embracing her in a hug.

When I pulled back, my shirt felt slightly damp. Puzzled, I looked up to face Rafaella and realized why.

"Um, Rafaella, your.... uh, shirt.... you know, I think your, like ....." I motioned to her boobs with my hands as Rafaella looked at me in confusion. Jeez, was she really going to make me say it?!? Well, she asked for it.

"Rafaella, your boobs are leaking!" I shrieked, exhsasperated by the fact that she didn't get my mad charades skills. Rafaella blushed before quickly pulling her sweater closed across her chest.

"Oh, yeah, sorry that happens a lot." She replied meekly, her face flushing beet red. Eww.

I felt Ezra stiffen beside me in discomfort, and at the moment, I felt just about the same.

"Yeah, so Ezra and I gotta go, it was nice talking to you, I'll call you lat-

"Wait, don't go yet, there was something else I needed to talk to you about." Rafaella pleaded, cutting me off hastily. Ezra sighed impatiently beside me.

"Ok, shoot." I urged Rafaella, slightly nervous about what else she needed to say. I mean, I didn't want to have to call 911 if Ezra lost his patience and strangled her.

"Well Harry and I are trying to see if we can make a relationship work, you know, for Rocky's sake, and he wanted to take me out tonight, like on a date."

"Um, that's great! Do you need to borrow clothes or something?" I asked, while pleading her answer would be 'no', I really did not like the idea of someone else's breast milk soaking up my clothes.

"No, I have an outfit already." Rafaella answered hesitantly, a nervous smile on her face. Well, at least I don't have to worry about buying a new wardrobe. I should have focused more on her nervous undertone, however, or the way her eyes wouldn't directly meet mine, but why would I be lucky enough to notice those things? Because if I was lucky at all, I would have realized what was about to come and

bolted through that parking lot like I was a fat lady in a grocery store going for the last low-fat twinkie.

"I was wondering if you and Ezra would babysit for me tonight?" Rafaella blurted out quickly, her eyes pleading with me to say yes. Hah! Fat chance! I rather wrestle the fat lady for the twinkie.

Ezra sucked in a deep breath beside me, grabbing a hold of my hand and squeezing for dear life. His eyes were wide and pleading. Well, I guess I know what his answer is. I looked back at Rafaella, totally ready to tell her a "hell- mother-fucking no!", when she started giving me that same look Fruit Loop gives me when I eat fast food in front of him. Crap.

"Um, Rafaella, I don't know. You see, I don't have a lot of experience with kids, cause.... I don't really like them. And Cara never let's me babysit" not that I would ever ask to, "cause once I fed the kid candy and then he got really hyper and threw up, and when she brought him home he had diarrhea or something. So..... I don't think you want me anywhere near your kid... because I might accidentally kill him." I spoke sheepishly, yet with a completely

serious undertone in my voice, because honestly, everything I just said is true, I am a horrible baby-sitter. And don't even ask me about the time I volunteered at the old people's home, several of them still have restraining orders out against me.

"But, Rocky's easy to take care of, all you feed him are his baby bottles and I already have him on a pooping schedule so you should only need to change him twice. Plus, he doesn't move much, or cry at all really. Please, Carmella, my mom's busy and you're the only one I would trust to do this for me." Rafaella pleaded, desperation in her eyes. I sighed, I really did feel bad for her, but I felt Ezra clamp down on my hand harder, signaling me to stay strong. Hey! How did he know I would be so weak?!?

"Really, Rafaella, I want to, but I don't think this is a good-"

"Please Carmella, I have a baby which equals no social life. I haven't been out in ages, and this is the father of my child we're talking about. I need this to work, please Carmella, I'm begging you, and your mom really thinks this would be great for you two,

kind of like practice for after you graduate." Rafaella begged, tears brimming at her eyes as she became even more flustered.

Oh man, that's not fair, she played the teen pregnancy card, how the hell am I supposed to say no to that? And did I hear her mention my mother wanting me to practice?!? For after high school?!? I think my mother and I will need to have a little conversation when I get home today. And by conversation I mean me screaming at her for twenty minutes while she completely ignores me, then grounds me for being loud.

"Well..." I trailed. Ezra vigorously started shaking my hand, and I could picture the parallel of him shaking his head no, though I wouldn't dare look at him right now.

"Carmella..." Ezra warned from beside me, his voice deep yet lightly laced with fear. I chanced a look at his face and saw a look of pure mortification as the possibility of me actually saying yes entered his mind. Placing my gaze back on Rafaella, I had made up my decision.

"Sure, we'd love to." I agreed, my voice monotone as dread filled me. Oh god, I'm going to regret this.

"Oh, Carmella..." Ezra groaned from beside me, releasing my hand as he covered his face in disappointment. As soon as my hands were free, Rafaella grabbed a hold of me, embracing me in a bone crushing hug. Oh great, now I have to wash this shirt when I get home.

"Thank you so much, Carmella, you don't know how much this means to me! I promise it will be great, Rocky really is an angel." Rafaella squealed before hugging me one more time, and giving Ezra a shy smile which was not returned, and bouncing off towards her car, screaming an "I'll see you later" on the way. 'An angel', yeah right! My mother used to say that about me to our babysitters too.

I cautiously turned my gaze back to Ezra, aware that he probably wanted to punch me right about now. When I met his stare, it seemed as if several emotions were battling within his body to take over. Right now, it looked like rage and utter shock were winning.

"Maybe it will be fun?" I asked meekly, with a 'please-don't-punch-me' smile on my face. Ezra just threw his hands up in the air in disbelief.

"Fun?!? Fun?!? In what way would babysitting the child of the girl who tricked me into thinking I got her pregnant and was going to be a teenage father seem fun?" Ezra screamed. All I can say is, thank god everyone already left the parking lot, because this could get violent.

"Um, well, when you say it like that, I guess it doesn't sound as fun as I thought?" I shrugged apologetically, now feeling really stupid. Ezra just snorted and turned around to lean against his car, brushing his fingers through his hair as he attempted to calm down.

"Hey, look, its ok. You don't have to babysit tonight, I'll do it myself, ok?" I offered sympathetically, yet internally pleading he wouldn't actually leave me alone with that thing.

"But if I don't go with you then we won't get to hang out today, and who knows when the next time our parents will let us see each other again?" Ezra stated,

slightly exhausted. Crap, I really fucked everything up didn't I?

"I'm sorry." I told Ezra apologetically while slumping against his chest, pretending to wallow in misery. Ezra chuckled as he lifted his arms to hold me.

"No, its fine, don't be sorry. I overreacted, its really not that big of a deal, I'll babysit with you tonight, ok?." Ezra mumbled into my hair in resignation as I felt him sigh. I pulled back to look at him, was he serious?

"Really?" I asked in disbelief. Just like that he changed his mind?

"Yea, really. That's how much I love you. I'm willing to spend my night watching my sort of ex-girlfriend's baby make snot bubbles with his nose just to spend time with you." Ezra whispered in my ear, before planting a kiss on my cheek.

"Aww" I cooed, that's so sweet!

"But I'm telling you now, I am not changing any diapers or cleaning up vomit!" Ezra stated sternly

before releasing me from our embrace and opening his car door to get in.

"Hey, wait, that's not fair!" I yelled in protest. If we're both babysitting then we should at least share half the responsibilities.

"Not my kid, not my problem. You getting in?" Ezra replied smugly with a cocky grin on his face as he got into his car and slammed the door shut. That little son of a-

"Have I ever told you you're a bastard?!?" I screeched at his tinted window.

"Yup, you have!" Ezra yelled nonchalantly back from inside his car, revving his engine impatiently.

'This conversation is definitely not over!' I thought to myself as I stomped over to the passenger side of Ezra's car and got in.

Five Hours Later

"Ahh! I think its possessed! Call and exorcist! A Priest! A Rabbi! Something, just make it stop!" I screeched at the top of my lungs at Ezra as I held a vehemently

puking baby in my hands- as far away from my body as possible, which believe me, was not far enough. I was covered in puke! Stinky, breast milk, baby puke!

Ezra stood on a stool behind me fanning the fire alarm in an attempt to get it to stop beeping. Smoke was billowing from the kitchen as the microwave, which Ezra set on fire, sizzled and steamed. The television in the living room screeched loudly as the screen started blitzing in different colors. I quickly peered down at the cable box and grimaced, but soon regained my composure. About five minutes ago Rocky was about to vomit all over my face and my only option was to duck. Hey, it was either me or the cable box, and I sure as hell am not going down like that!

"Hold on, hold on! I almost got it, and what the hell is that smell?" Ezra shouted down at me as he wacked the fire alarm with a dishtowel before wiping the sweat off his forehead.

"Which one?" I asked skeptically, as Rocky upchucked one more time, his nastiness covering the last unstained portion of the floor. Well, there goes Aunt

Maya's white carpet. I sucked in a deep breath through my mouth in an attempt to settle my own stomach. This was a bad idea- a bad, bad idea!

"No, seriously Carmella, what the hell is that awful smell?!?" Ezra shouted back down at me, now covering his nose with one hand as he continued to swat at the fire alarm. Reluctantly, I took a big sniff of the air around me and immediately knew what the smell was. Oh poo! (literally)

"Uh Ezra, I think we need to change Rocky's diaper." I shouted, horrified.

"So change it!" Ezra snapped back, now getting frustrated with the beeping contraption on the ceiling.

"I can't, I don't know how. I've never changed a diaper before." I spoke shakily back. Rocky was staring at me now and it was creeping me out. Its like he's planning my demise.

"Are you serious Carmella, what about your nephew? You never babysat him?" Ezra asked in disbelief as he

tossed the dishtowel aside and decided he would just rip the fire alarm off the ceiling.

"Uh no. My sister knows me too well, better than Rafaella apparently. She would never let me babysit her kid." I replied back, now giving Rocky my own evil eye. Bring it on, baby!

Ezra grabbed a hold of the fire alarm with both hands and, after two tugs, ripped the thing off the ceiling and sent it flying across the room, right at a window, which of course, broke! Great, is there anything in this house that we haven't broken yet?!?

Beep, Beep, Beep!!

"What the hell is that?" I shrieked as a loud beeping noise consumed the house.

"You've got to be kidding me! The security system was set off. I need to shut it down before the police show up!" Ezra yelled frantically, while looking around the room for the control system. Oh god, please don't let the cops come, I'll be arrested for child endangerment.

Ezra promptly found the security control system and, not knowing the code to shut it off, slammed his palm down on the device eliciting a spark from the control before the beeping stopped. Well, good news is if someone tries to break into the house we won't know, and then maybe they'll take the baby.

Meanwhile, Rocky had stopped giving me the evil eye, but was now smiling devilishly at me whilst giggling lightly, completely and utterly terrifying me.

"Ezra, take Rocky from me, he's giving me the creeps." I begged Ezra as I attempted to shoved Rocky in his direction, desperate to get the little demon away from me.

"Oh no, Carmella, I am not taking that kid. I will get its food..."

"Which you did not do, though I must say, you did a nice job of destroying the microwave. Next time, take the rubber nipple off the bottle before you heat it up." I interjected without taking my eyes off Rocky. He was giving me a weird, calculating look, and I did not like that one bit.

"Whatever, how was I supposed to know, I've never babysat before. That's a girl thing. Besides, I fixed the fire alarm." Ezra defended himself while backing up as I slowly made my way towards him with Rocky.

"Yeah, well the only reason the fire alarm went off was because you set the microwave on fire. Then, when you finally get the fire alarm to stop you set off the home alarm system. And lets not forget the cable box; its still sitting there, covered in vomit with sparks flying out of it. Now, not only do I have to babysit the kid from hell, but I don't even have television to distract me. Now take Rocky!" I screeched as I thrust Rocky at Ezra. I wasn't fast enough, however, because before I could get out of the way, Rocky, vomited all over my shirt. And I swear to god, that kid was smiling the entire time.

I hate kids.

An hour later I found myself dressed in Rafaella's maternity clothes, as I could not find any of her old stuff in her room, hovering over a bucket of water in the backyard with Ezra beside me, as we attempted to clean Rocky off. It wasn't going so great.

"Eww, Carmella, you got the water on me. Do you know what's in that?" Ezra whined from beside me. Ugh, I feel like I'm babysitting two babies right now.

"Besides, this is only cleaning his bottom half, what about the top part of him? That's where all the vomit is anyway." Ezra asked as I lightly dunked Rocky in the bucket again, careful not to let the water come above his neck.... though I really, really wanted to.

"Fine, do you think I should just dump him in the bucket? I mean, dogs automatically know how to swim the first time you put them in water, its like an instinct. It should be the same for babies, right?" I asked, peering down at Rocky, who was now crying profusely, though I could still see that smirk in-between sobs. Huh? I guess he's like my dog, doesn't like baths either.

"I don't know, Carmella. I mean, as much as I hate the kid, and his mother for that matter, I don't want to kill him. I just want him to stop crying, maybe we should call one of our moms?" Ezra huffed as he slumped into a nearby lawn chair and rubbing his temple with his fingers.

"Absolutely not! If my mom finds out about this, not only will I never hear the end of it, but she'll probably end up getting me a babysitter and not letting me stay home alone anymore. She can never find out!!" I spoke gravely, as if this was a life or death situation, and for me it was. I would just die if my mother got me a babysitter and the kids at school found out about it.

"So, then what do you suggest we do, cause this is obviously not working!" Ezra asked while shooting Rocky a dirty look.

I sighed. Though I desperately did not want to have to do this, I knew what had to be done. Not just for mine and Ezra's sake, but for the life of this kid if he didn't stop damn smiling at me like that.

"Ezra, I think its time we call my sister."

Chapter 31

Whats Love Got to do With it? (12)

Yes I know its been a while, and yes I also know its short. I've been dealing with a lot of personal crap lately which have included hospital visits, police visits, and the dissolution of certain familial relationships, so if you wanna bitch find someone else to listen cause I honestly can't deal with it right now.

On a lighter note, I will be finishing this story soon, like four more chaps and then its finito! Then i will be focusing on that bastard got me preggos and tamper proof. Hopefully things in my life will calm down a bit and I'll be able to write more and post

more often! Ok, so enjoy and I promise next chap will be more interesting, it'll be the bachelorette party.

~Vote ~ Comment ~ Love

~Corinne

Chapter 12

"Oh god, he's leaking again, why is he leaking?!? Quick Ezra, run and get some cotton balls, maybe we can plug up the holes!" I whined, as a slimy yellow liquid seeped out of Rocky's nostrils. Oh god, please tell me I didnt accidentally poison him or something?!? Yeah the kid got on my nerves, but I never wanted to kill him, maybe slap him around a bit, but not kill him. Crap, Rafaella is never going to forgive me!

"Everyone just calm down, I've got it under control." Cara snapped from beside me as she wiped the glowing goo from Rocky's face before it dribbled into his mouth. I shuddered, no offense to babies or those people who have calanders of them, but they are gross.... really, really gross.

"There, he's all set. All we have to do is put him to bed and he'll be done for the night. Ezra, will you put him in his crib while Carmella and I clean up?" Ezra looked warily between Cara and Rocky, his faced crinkled as he tried to decide who he was more scared of. Deciding that he could probably at least hold his own against Rocky, he cautiously took the mucus covered child from Cara, holding him at arms length as he walked to the nursery.

I was in the process of pouring bleach over the now sizziling cable box in an attempt to burn the scent of regurgitated baby formula out of this house when Cara abruptly stopped me. I sucked in a deep breath and reassured myself that I had to stay strong, I did know that this was coming afterall.

"You owe me big time, Carmella" My sister spat, her arms crossed in front of her chest as she smiled evily at me. Suddenly I wished we had just let Rocky destroy the house.

"What do you want?" I gulped, please don't let it be something horrible like my blood, or indentured servitude.

"Oh, nothing big really..." Cara grinned- that same damn grin Rocky had! Huh, I guess it runs in the family, obviously on my mother's side, I always knew she was the devil!

"What's 'nothing big'?" I asked warily, I was almost positive that Cara's definition of 'nothing big' was much different than mine.

"Oh... just complete control over four hours of your life, is all." Cara answered ever so nonchalantly, as if all she was doing was commenting on the weather. Yeah Right! She does me one little favor and in return she wants my life, MY LIFE?!?! What kind of request is that? Ok, so maybe she saved me from having to smell like baby poo for the next couple of weeks, and yea now I wont have to apologize to Rafaela for accidentaly killing her baby, but I don't think any of that deserves me repaying her with my life?!?! I mean, she could definately kill me in four hours, if I even make it that far!

"No Fucking Way!" I screeched disbelievingly, causing Cara to flinch in surprise, as if she wasn't

expecting that reaction. Seriously, did she know me at all?!?

"That is the only thing I want, so sorry lil sis, but you've got to do it. I helped you out of the kindness of my heart, on a Friday night no less; I have needs too you know, and its hard to find time to fill those needs when you and your husband both work and have a baby!" Cara stated matter-of-factly. Eww, did she really need to tell me that?

"Look, I'm sorry I interupted your *shudder* 'alone time', but it's not gonna happen, ok? So pick something else, cause I'm not giving you four hours of my life and there's nothing you can do about it." I replied with finality, raising an eyebrow in challange. Ha, beat that sucka!! Cara peered at me for a moment while she contemplated what I had just said. I waited patiently for her to admit her defeat, but after a few moments she just smiled victoriously instead. Wait, what?!?

"Oh, there is something that I can deffinetely do about it. Now you listen, you either give me complete control over four hours of your life, or I will tell mom

you'r not a virgin anymore." Cara smirked in triumph as I gasped in horror. She wouldn't..... would she?

"But, but, that's not true..." I accused, glaring at the evil demon my parent's try to convinve me is my sister. She can't be, no person would ever act like that to their sibling.

"Well, it very well may not be, but it sure as hell will be fun watching mom take you to the doctor to find out, and come on Carmella, we both know she would." Victory lingered all over Cara's words. She raised an eyebrow in a challange, daring me to call her bluff, but that was a risk I was definetely not going to take, and she knew that all along. Damn, she really did win this time.

I could feel myself starting to panic as I felt like a caged animal with no where to turn. If I agreed to my sister's exorbitant demands I would probably end up tortured and humiliated, but if I didn't then she would start shit with my mother which would probably cause me to die from humiliation. Either way, I'm dead! Why me?!?

"So what's it gonna be Carmella?" My sister asked, taunting me, though the look on her face told me she already knew what my answer would be. Crap.

"Like I have a choice, you'r going to blackmail me if I say no. So fine..... you get four hours of my life." I answered remorsefully, a feeling of sadness and shame stronger than I had ever felt before enveloping me. I can't believe Cara actually beat me; are pigs flying or something?!? Cara clapped her hands in excitement at her triumph. Evil bitch!

"This is great, and don't worry I just know your going to love what i have planned for you." I rolled my eyes, I highly doubt I could ever enjoy myself while Cara was present.

"Yeah, whatever; so when do you plan on cashing these four hours? Just so I know how much time I have to prepare myself." I didn't even try to hide the sarcasm from my voice. What can I say, blackmail just brings out the bitch in me.

"Exactly three weeks from today, 9pm sharp." Cara answered serenly as she leaned back against the couch, a knowing smile crossing her face.

"Three weeks from today?!?! But that's the night before the wedding, I'll be so tired if you make me stay up that late, why does it have to be that da-" And thats when it dawned on me. Holy mother-licking bullfrogs, what the hell did I just agree to?!?! Cara's grin grew wider as she took in my reaction.

"Are you out of your mind? There is no fucking way I'm going to allow this." I sceamed at my sister in utter horror at the predicament I now found myself in.

"Oh no, baby sister." Cara cooed in my ear as she wagged her finger in my face. I gulped feeling the fear resound inside of me.

"We had a deal, which you agreed upon, and I think we both know what will happen if you recount on your part of the deal. You don't want to face the consequences now, do you?" Shit, she had me there.

"Don't worry Carmella, I only have your best interests at heart. It'll be great; the best bachlorette party you'll ever go to, promise." And with that, Cara strode out of the living room, grabbing her purse off the couch and heading out of the house. Leaving me

standing in awe, my mouth hung open in a daze as I vehemently stared at her retreating figure. Not quite sure how long I had been lost in my own haze, a light chuckle from my right brought me out of my stupor.

"What are you laughing at?" I spat at Ezra who was standing in the hallway, his arms leisurly crossed against his chest.

"Nothing, I just can't believe you let your sister trick you into giving her permission to plan your bachlorette party. I never thought I'd see the day that Cara outsmarted you; I think your losing your touch."

"Shut up!" I snapped, not really in the mood to be teased. Ezra lifted his hands in surrender as he silently shook his head, a smile never leaving his lips. I begrudgingly trudged over to him and collapsed in his arms, only now realizing how exhausted I trully was.

"Life sucks." I muttered into Ezra's chest while wrapping my arms around his taught waist.

"Hey, our lives aren't so bad, in fact, they could be a lot worse." Ezra offered as he lifted my chin to place a gentle kiss on my pouting lips.

"Oh yeah, how could our lives get any worse? Cara is going to plan my bachelorette party, the next stop afte that is hell!" I asked, staring into Ezra's never-ending, chocolate brown eyes. I could feel his body shake with a chuckle.

"Our kids could turn out like Rocky... or even Cara." My entire body shuddered at the thought. Oh yes, our lives could be so much worse, at least we don't have to come home to this everyday. I suddenly understand why Rafaela wanted to get out so badly; I'd want to run away too if my kid was Rocky.

"You know what, you are absolutely right, things could get a whole lot worse. So how about we clean up this place before that happens? I'm pretty sure Aunt Maya and Rafaela would flip if they saw their house like this." Ok, I was more than positive they would be upset, I was absolutely sure they would be livid.

"Yeah, I think thats a good idea. Do you know how much trouble we would be in if your Aunt Maya saw her house like this, she is super anal about neatne-" Ezra never got to finish his comment, though, because at that moment the lock on the door clicked and in walked Maya and Rafaela. Oh boy, here we go!

"Oh My God! What happened to my house?!?!" Maya shrieked in a pitch that I'm sure would even make dogs cringe. Her panick attack was short lived, however, because a few seconds later she closed her eyes and fainted, falling right on the floor and into a pile of her grandson's baby dribble. So much for things not getting worse.

Chapter 32

Whats Love Got to do With it? (13)

Note: not really edited.

Chapter 13

"Maybe you two should wait a while before having kids." My mother warily suggested as we sat down in the uncomfortable chairs provided for visitors in the county hospital. Oh yeah, you heard me right, we were at the county hospital where, yes, my aunt Maya was currently admitted. Yup, my aunt fainted, she freaking fainted and went into diabetic shock. Well I guess I can check that task off my list of things to do before I die: Kill Someone!

"You think?" I questioned sarcastically. Apparently the whole babysitting idea was just a ploy by my mother. Rafaella did have plans to go out with Harry tonight though, which went well as they agreed to joint custody of their son and an attempt at reconciliation. The whole needing Ezra and I to babysit, however, was all my mother. She convinced aunt Maya to go out for the night so Ezra and I could experience all the wonders of raising a child- yeah, her words not mine. I don't know if you've picked up on this yet, but my mother really wants another grandchild; if only she could remember that she has other children who are capable of fullfilling that wish too.

"Uh, well... its different when its your own child, really." I snorted at my mother's crappy attempt to convince her teenage daughter to get knocked up as soon as possible, yeah right. My mother gave me a a half-assed hopeful look but diverted her attention as the doctor entered the room.

"Hello, my name is Dr. Whittaker, I have the results back from Maya's blood tests and....." The doctor

droned as I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket. I excused myself to the restroom so that I could read it without everyone thinking I'm some heartless ass who couldn't care less about my sick aunt.... who I almost killed. Besides, I won't understand all the medical jargan the doctor uses anyway, I'll just get the cliffnotes version from my mom afterwards. Flipping open my phone, I click on the new message with a sigh. Its from my sister; I just saw her like an hour ago, what else could she possibly want from my life?

"What is your opinion of little people?" My sister asked in her text. What the Fuck?!?!

"WTF, why??" I wrote her back nervously, why the hell would she need to know how I felt about little people?

"How about Brazilian waxing?" Oh no! Oh no, no, no!

"That depends, am I going to be the one getting the Brazilian wax or is the little person?" I texted back trying to buy time. I knew what Cara was doing, and once again I internally screamed at agreeing to

allow her to plan my bachelorette party. Of all the sick and twisted things she could do to me, she was going to have a little person rip the hairs out from inbetweeen my legs the night before I get married! What kind of evil psychopath am I related to?!?!

I felt my phone vibrate and relunctantly flipped open the screen.

"Hey baby, how's your aunt?" It was a text from Ezra.I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Uh... fine, my mom is talking to her doctor right now." I texted him back just as I received another message from Cara, she was seriously aggravating me today.

*" **You know what I mean, Carmella, now answer the question!"*** What the hell?!?! She cannot just demand personal information from me. I sat down on one of the hallway chairs and groaned, isn't the bachelorette party supposed to be about me? Aren't I supposed to be happy? Well, I'm not happy! I felt my phone vibrate again and forcefully ripped open my phone, pressing reply to the message without even reading it.

"I don't know who you think you are, but the state of my girly areas and the people I give access to them is none of your goddam business!" I texted back, using a bit too much force on the send button. No more than thirty seconds later, however, I felt my phone vibrate again. Taking a quick breath to calm myself, I flipped open my phone to read whatever ridiculous reply Cara had sent me.

"WTF Carmella?!?! Other than yourself I am the only one who should have access to your girly areas!! Are you giving anyone else access to your girly areas?!?! Has anyone else ever had access to your girly areas?!?!" The text read. Ok, I can honestly say I was not expecting that answer from my sister, it didn't really make sense, unless.... Oh crap!

"I'm too sexy for my shirt,

Too sexy for my shirt,

So sexy it hurts..

I'm too sexy for my cat,

Too sexy for my cat,

Poor pussy, poor pussycat!"

My phone vibrated as the song continued to play on loop. I looked down at the caller I.D, though I already knew who was calling. Well this just sucks! My hands slightly shaking, I flipped open my phone and gingerly brought it to my ear.

"Hey baby, whats up?" I cheered into the phone with as much fake enthusiasm as I could muster. I was barely able to get all my words out before Ezra's voice came booming out of the speaker, causing me to flinch at the ghastly volume of his voice and pull the phone away from my ear.

"Who the fuck has been digging around in your girly parts Carmella?!?! You tell me right now!"

I scrunched my face up in disgust at the current state of my life. Not only was I terrorized by a child greatly in need of an exorcism today, but I am currently covered in his vomit sitting in an uncomfortable hospital chair which is probably the only thing that has been puked on more times than me today, while I wait to find out if I killed my aunt or not. All the while contemplating the various ways my sister may

be planning to have little people molest me, and now this! And to top everything off there is a gross, moldy old lady eavesdropping on my conversation while giving me the evil eye, unless her eye is just stuck like that and thats why she's in the hospital. This is a very cruel world, I must say.

"Yeah, about that... see I didn't mean to send you that text.... and Cara was being evil, and uh... there were little people, possibly with hot wax..." I mumbled out nervously in a pathetic attempt to explain to Ezra that, yes, as of today my lady parts remain a no-man's land. Have I mentioned how extremely embarrasing this is?

"What?!? Little people, hot wax... what the hell is going on?" Dammit, how did I get myself into this situation? Lifting myself up off the hard chair, and easing away from the lady with the googlie eyes who now had her hairy chin resting on my shoulder as she listened to my conversation, I made my way up the hallway and back towards aunt Maya's room.

"Ezra, listen to me ok? You have nothing to worry about, it was just a miscommunication. I am still....

untouched there, and I promise that other than myself, and perhaps some bodywaxing little people, you will be the only one to venture where no man has ever ventured before, ok? It was just Cara trying to piss me off and you got in the way, so just calm down and forget that the last twenty minutes ever happened.... at least for the sake of my ego, please?" I begged Ezra as I neared the doorway of Maya's room.

"So you sure there's nothing going on, and this was just a misscomunication?" Ezra asked cautiously, still sounding slightly unsure of the whole situation. I sighed in relief that he at least wasn't upset anymore.

"Yes, love, I promise, nothing at all to worry about." I gently placed my hand on the doorknob as I lowered my voice to answer Ezra. Why can't he just say everything is fine already so I can hang up, go home and shower, then fall asleep. This day seriously needs to just end!

"Oh, ok then. Sorry for blowing up at you though." Ezra replied sheepishly over the phone.

"Its fine, don't worry about it, all is forgiven. Listen I have to go now, the, uh... doctor wants to talk to me so..."

"Ok, I'll see you tomorrow baby. Oh, and by the way, when it comes to waxing I would prefer to have you just take everything off. I mean, I know its up to you and all, but I'm not into the triangle, but I can tolerate the landing strip if your not good with pain." I froze in my spot and removed my hand from the doorknob. Was this kid serious?

"Excuse me?" I asked, my voice earily calm. Ezra replied, oblivious to the change in my voice or my mood. Oh, that poor, poor boy.

"I'm just saying that I'm not really into a lot of hair, it kind of itches."

"Oh yeah, and how many girls did you have to plow through to figure that out, huh?" I screeched back, becoming irrational. Hey, at least I can admit it.

"Oh no, Carmella, I didn't mean it like that, really, its just-" I cut Ezra off before he could even finish his excuse. I am having a bad day, I am PMSing and the

googlie eyed lady keeps blowing me kisses from across the hall. This was not the day to start with me.

"You know what, don't even try to explain yourself, because my body is my business, and my business alone. So, sorry if you have certain prefrences but I am not gonna wax all the hair out of between my legs just because it itches you." I screamed into my phone before snapping it shut and spinning around to bust through the door. Of course, because I am me and the universe hates me, the door was already opened with Dr. Whittaker standing there and gauping at me with a disturbed look on his face.

You know what, I think this is the most embarrassed I have ever been in my entire life. My entire body scorched and blushed an evil shade of crimson. The doctor shifted uncomfortably before literally darting down the hallway and away from me, the crazy girl and, as the entire hospital now knows, my unkempt pubic hair. I could faintly hear the googlie eyed lady laughing at me from down the hallway, but I ignored her as I turned to my mother sorrowfully.

"Can we please go home now?" I whispered out, an absolutely pathetic look across my face I'm sure. My mother simply nodded her head yes before slinging her harm across my shoulder and guiding me out of the hospital and into the parking lot.

When we were finally in the car after slugishly making our way through the parking lot, I remembered the reason why we were here in the first place.

"So how's Aunt Maya?" I asked my mother quietly from the passanger's seat.

"She's good, awake and fully conscious. She'll be able to go home tomorrow." My mother replied gently as she yielded to a pedestrian crossing the street and into the hospital while holding his crotch as if his life depended on it.

"Was she mad?" I asked cautiously, afraid of the answer.

"Yeah, about that..... you and Ezra are sort of never allowed inside her house again....ever." My mother stated with finality.

"That bad, huh?" I winced at the thought of what I had done to her home.

"Oh yeah, Carmella. She has decided to use the money that she was going to give you for your wedding on repairs, and sweetheart, that won't even cover the water damage on the cieling!" My mother shook her head as the pedestrian finally made his way across the street and we could pull up to the stop sign. I looked down at my lap frowning, thinking back over the day. Everything was going so great until I woke up this morning!

"Well, look at it this way, at least you don't have to babysit anymore." My mom offered, a slight smile tugging at her lips. I analyzed that fact for a moment. Was destroying my aunts home, nearly killing her, selling my soul to the devil, I mean Cara, and completely humiliating myself infront of my boyfriend and the County Hospital night crew worth never having to babysit that little demon again?

Fuck Yeah!

I heard the right turn signal of the car begin to click as my mother pulled to the exit of the parking lot. I

peered out my window at the hospital, watching the people move around inside the glass building. Gazing up into the tall windows, I could just make out someone waving at me from the second story. Squinting my eyes at the person I realized it was the googlie eyed lady that was waving at me, her arm fat flapping in the wind. I just managed to smile and give a quick wave back before two rather large male nurses grabbed a hold of either side of her and dragged her back into the room and shutting the window. I smiled to myself.

Oh you crazy, googlie eyed old people with cottage cheesy arm fat- you really do make the world go round!

Note: Yes, I'm back, I know its been a while but at least I didn't abandon you forever. Theres gonna be three more chaps left and then thats it, story over. After this I will focus on "That Bastard Got Me Pregnant?!? Welcome to Hell" then a redo of "Tamper Proof". I know this chap wasn't that great, but I felt a

little rusty writing it. Hopefully the next chapters will be better. Thanks for sticking with me!

Vote~Comment~ Love

~Corinne

Chapter 33

Whats Love Got to do With it? (14)

NOTE: Yes, I am back. No, this is not edited.

There is one more chapter left in the story, then the epilogue. I kind of rushed this to get it out because i felt bad, so my apologizes if its not that great and for any grammer/spelling mistakes. Questions? message me!

Thanks for reading and not de-fanning!

Vote~Comment~Love

~Corinne

Chapter 14

"Wake up sleepy head..."

A voice called to me in my dream. Hmm, that was strange, I was skipping through the forest, holding hands with the googlie eyed lady, when all of the sudden this shrill voice burst through the trees.

"Come on Carmella, wake up."

There it is again, what the hell? I glanced to my right to ask the googlie eyed lady if she recognized the voice, but she was no longer there holding my hand.

"Carmella, I'm only going to ask you one more time."

Spinning in circles, frantically searching the forest for the googlie eyed lady, who over the week I have learned to become quite fond of, I finally spotted her several yards away, at the edge of the forest, waving like a lunatic and cackling an evil, hacking laugh.

I sighed, I should have known someone that cottage-cheesy could never be trusted.

"Carmella, wake up now!"

I burst from my bed in one quick shot and landed on the floor. My eyes stung as I ferociously tried to clear them of whatever substance I had been doused in. I

vaguely noticed a maniacal laughter in the background, but was too preoccupied at the moment to care. Whoever did this was going to pay.

When I had cleared enough of the liquid out of my eyes so that they could open, I nearly fainted at the current state of my body. I was red, head to toe.

Horror filled me as my first thoughts were that I had miss calculated my time of the month, but a pungent smell that was just now invading my nostrils cleared me of all suspicions.

Tomato sauce. I fucking hate tomato sauce. And that's when it all came back to me. The voice in my dream, the cackling laughter of the googlie eyed lady, the shrieking voice I vaguely heard in the background as I woke up.

"Cara, you are so dead!" I screeched as I cautiously stood up from the ground, trying very hard not to slip in the puddle of tomato sauce that was pooling at my feet.

"Well, I asked you nicely to wake up, and you didn't. What else was I supposed to do?" Cara asked, in what

I'm sure she thought was a plausible innocent façade. I, however, knew better from experience.

"You know, most people, when they pull this prank, use water, not tomato sauce. What the hell?" I shrieked, pulling at my soaking top as emphasis.

"Well, I wasn't about to waste my $4.00 bottle of Evian water on waking you up, and this was already ready downstairs." Cara shrugged as if it was no big deal that she had just thrown three pounds of seasoned tomato sauce on her baby sister the day before her wedding.

I huffed in exasperation, there was no point arguing with Cara. In defeat, I attempted to trudge my way to the bathroom as carefully as possible. Great, tomato sauce stains, doesn't it?

"You know mom is going to be pissed that you just destroyed dinner, right?" I asked, just before I turned to exit my room.

"She'll get over it, besides it was only for the boys anyway, and they can just order pizza, they won't care."

"Huh?" I asked confused.

"Oh Carmella, please don't tell me you forgot what today is. Sweetheart, it's the day before your wedding.... your bachelorette party?"

I could feel the blood in my face drain, and if I hadn't been standing in my doorway, I probably would have fallen straight to the floor instead of against the doorframe. Of course I hadn't forgotten about my bachelorette party, hell, since I agreed to allowing Cara to throw it, it's all I've been able to think about, or fear.

And that's when it hit me, time had gone by so fast. Today was the day of my bachelorette party, which means, tomorrow I am getting married.

"Oh. My. God" I whispered, my mouth and throat suddenly dry.

"Relax, Carmella, everything will be fine, I have it all planned out. Now, all you have to do is go hop in the shower and wash that disgusting stench off. You smell like an Italian baby just vomited it's mother's

pasta sauce all over you. I will take care of the rest, ok?"

My head snapped to Cara's face, as my eyes widened and I pleaded. I did not want her to take care of everything. All I wanted was to crawl back into bed, hide under the covers, and sleep forever, dreaming of the googlie eyed lady and myself frolicking in the wilderness. How the hell did this happen? How is it the day before my wedding already?!?!

I barely registered that I was being shoved before I fell on my butt on the bathroom floor, the door slamming shut behind me. I forced myself to take a deep breath; maybe this all won't be so bad? I snorted at the idiocy of that thought and heaved myself up off the ground, my mini mental breakdown over.

"I'll just have to make the best of it" I told myself, willing my mind to believe the words I spoke.

I turned the faucet on in the shower, letting steam fill the bathroom. Gingerly, I peeled my rank pajamas off of my body and threw them into the sink. Ugh, Cara was right, I do smell disgusting.

Anger suddenly filled my every being as I moved back over to the shower and tested the water with my hand. I had showered twice a day, every day, for like a month, and still I couldn't get the lingering baby smell off of my body!

I grumbled to myself as I stepped into the shower, my body giving a slight shudder at the contact of the hot water. Today was going to suck!

4 Hours Later

"Aaahhh"

"Relax, that was a thick one, but almost done"

My head slumped back against the tissue paper covered spa chair as I slowly unwound my fingers from the arm rest. My head felt like it was swimming and a warm heat was slowly engulfed the lower half of my body.

"My god, Carmella, stop screaming, you're overreacting." I swung my head around to give my sister a dirty look, one that would definitely say that I was not overreacting at the pain that she was putting me through, but fell short.

In the past three hours I have had every piece of body hair, outside of my eyebrows, ripped out of my body by some scary Russian lady, who I think may actually be a man by the size of her biceps. I've taken a trip to some weird plastic surgeon who spent half an hour attaching suction cups to my body in an attempt to destroy my cellulite which, by the way, did nothing but leave giant, red circles all over my skin. And, to top it all off, my sister had asked him to perform a colonic on me, you know, just to help get rid of those extra few pounds before the bid day. Yeah, that was where I drew the line.

I put a hand to my head to try and steady myself. I had been feeling dizzy since we left the house this morning and had thought that it was all nerves, but as the day goes by, it keeps getting worse and now I have to fight my body just to stay awake.

"Ready for next one?" The Russian man-lady asks. I take a deep breath and squeeze my eyes shut, willing myself not to feel the pain, but as soon as the hot wax is spread across my now only sparsely haired skin. I know I'm in for it.

"Aaahh" I scream as the fabric strip is ripped off my body, taking the rest of my hair with it.

"Aha, all done now. You were a hairy one, but no worries, I conquered forest." I quirk my eyebrow at the Russian man-lady and wonder if this is how they torture Soviet prisoners in Russia. Ezra, for his sake, better appreciate all of this.

"Thank you Helga, you did an excellent job, I know it was a lot to work with. Now, Carmella get up and get dressed, Pleasurable Piercings closes in two hours." My god, does Cara ever stop- wait a minute, did she just say Pleasurable Piercings?

3 Hours Later

"Carmella, stop touching it, you'll get an infection" My sister whined in my ear, my now triple pierced ear.

"But it hurts so bad, and it's itchy now." I whined back, not caring if I sounded like a spoiled child. I was in a bad mood today, a really bad mood, and I had aches in parts of my body that should never have aches.

"It's fine, the girl at the counter said that was normal, but you have to stop touching it." My sister leaned across my mother, who was staring forlornly at the newfound holes in my ears as if I had just tattooed the word POO across my face, and smacked my hand away from my ear.

"I can't believe you did this to me, Cara! What's wrong with you?" I shouted at her from the other side of the limo that was taking us to another one of Cara's little surprises, not caring that I was throwing a temper tantrum in front of everyone. I had spent two hours at the piercing shop, the first hour having a panic attack in the lobby while the piercer sterilized the equipment, and the second hour holding the counter lady hostage against the guy wielding the needle at me.

In the end, however, my sister sneak attacked me from behind and put me in a headlock, while the piercer jammed the needle through the cartilage of my ear, twice. I now have what's called an Industrial piercing, and it freaking hurts!

"I just wanted to make your last day single special. I didn't want you to look back on your life and say you never did anything worthwhile. I wanted to make sure today was fun for you." Cara cheered back, and dare I might say it, but I think she was actually being truthful.

"Fun?!? What part of today was fun?!?" I screeched back in disbelief.

"Well, it was fun for me." Cara replied back, smiling, a tad evilly if you ask me. I threw my hands up in disbelief.

"Oh look we're here. Carmella, put this on" My sister clapped giddily, before forcefully pinning a mini veil and tiara to my head and then yanking me out of the car.

As I looked up at the small building that loomed in front of us, I felt a shudder pass through me. In big neon pink and green lights read the name "Feathers". Tall, muscular looking women walked past us on the sidewalk and into the club, checking in with the bouncers first. I felt someone tug on my arm, and soon I was being dragged to the end of the line at the

entrance. Looking at all the people in front of us, I noticed that the only people on line were either very manly-looking women or very effeminate men.

"ID, please." The bouncer, who I swear was wearing eye liner, asked me. I quickly handed it to him as I continued to scan the rest of the patrons entering the club.

"Please keep this wrist band on at all times; it will let the bartenders know that you are not old enough to drink". I nodded at the bouncer's words, still trying to decipher what exactly was off about this club.

"Alright, you're all good, enjoy the night" With a quick wink from the bouncer, I was ushered into the club by an overly giddy Cara. As soon as we stepped over the threshold, I was engulfed by a cloud purple smoke that left a trail of glitter as it glided over my skin. I coughed as my lungs filled with a noxious mixture of tobacco and what smelled like pomegranate that seemed to emanate for the club.

"Here, give me your wrist" Cara demanded as she pulled out a small pair of nail clippers and snipped the bright orange wrist band right off of my arm.

"Cara, you can't do that, it's illegal" I gasped. Was she trying to get me thrown out tonight?

"Relax, will you, I'm going to make this the best night of your life so far. Just trust me." I stared incredulously at the back of my sister's head as she continued to drag me down the hallway, the entrance to the main room visible up ahead. She wants me to trust her? Easier said than done.

My mind was so distracted with the insanity of my life that I didn't even recognize the strobe lights in my peripheral, or the gentle thumping of the club from the steady base of the music. But let me tell you what I did notice as my small bridal party finally made it into the throng of club goers in the main room.

I noticed the overly buff, plucked and tan waiters strolling through the room... in nothing but string bikini bottoms, yet somehow, it didn't quite turn me on as much as when Ezra sported the same look.

I also noticed the very obviously male transvestites, wearing far too much makeup, fake hair, fake nails and, well, fake everything.

And oh, don't let us forget the gay male strippers. You know, most girls go to the spa for their bachelorette party, maybe get a massage and a facial. But not me, no, for my bachelorette party my sister took me to a transvestite strip club. At least Ezra doesn't have to worry about any inappropriate behavior, or does he? Does it count as cheating if I get a lap dance from a male transvestite?

"Come on Carmella, we have a surprise set up for you" Cara sang in my ear as she dragged me off to a set of tables marked "reserved" in the corner. I quickly grabbed a pink, sparkly drink from one of the half naked waiters standing nearby and chugged it down. I was going to need it if I wanted to last the rest of the night. Handing it back to the waiter, he scowled at me when he noticed that I was actually a legitimate girl. Oh well, he's probably just jealous that my boobs look better than his.

"Come on Carmella, sit, sit!" Cara shrieked in my ear before shoving me down in the front most chair. Unease started to bubble inside me as I just realized that transvestites make me slightly nervous,

especially when there's the possibility of having one rub up against you half naked. I grabbed the champaign bottle off the table and took three quick chugs, hoping that the alcohol would smash me enough that I wouldn't remember tonight tomorrow morning. That's not weird, right?

I choked down one more shot of alcohol and placed the bottle underneath my chair for safe keeping. And that's when I felt it, the furry handcuffs being placed around my wrists and securing me in my chair. A spotlight from above immediately directed to my flailing self, almost drunk and tied to a chair, and I snapped my head toward Cara.

"Cara, no, please!" I actually begged my sister, something that even I wasn't beneath doing at the moment. To my dismay, however, all I got back was a wicked smile and slow shake of the head. Oh crap!

I tried tugging on the handcuffs, but it was no luck they weren't coming off. Ok, think Carmella. Maybe I could knee the stripper in the balls and then he wouldn't be able to finish his dance. Wait, would the stripper even have balls?

"Ladies and gentlemen, a gift from Feathers in honor of Carmella's last day as a single and free woman, please welcome, Las confundido enanos!!" The announcer's voice boomed from the speakers as the crowd of people erupted in applause and a light sweat broke out on the back of my neck. Have I mentioned that I also hate being the center of attention, especially when I don't know what's going on?

The music switched from the dance- pop that was being blasted from the speakers to a classic Mexican Mariachi. Someone came behind me and I jumped in my seat as the hand grazed my shoulder. Unfortunately, the hand was just to swivel my chair around so I could face my impending doom. But what I saw when I was finally facing forward was so, so much worse!

There, standing in front of me, dressed in drag, with booty shorts and bikini tops, were three little people. Three Mexican, transvestite, little people; and they, collectively, are about to give me a lap dance. My eyes widened in fear, not shock, because deep down I

knew that Cara was going to have to do something huge to end the night, but I hadn't expected this.

Slowly, with evil smiles plastered across their faces, they circled around me, swiveling their hips in the process, making me cringe in disgust. This had to be illegal or something, aren't I too young to die from asphyxiation from little transvestites?

Just as they were reaching to untie their bikini tops, however, my prayers were answered. Well, sort of.

"Freeze, nobody move, Immigration!" Suddenly, all the fire exits burst open as swarms of immigration officers swarmed into the club. The lights had been switched on, and as if this had caused people's brains to switch on too, the club became a madhouse.

Screaming transvestites were running for the doors, rubber boobs and fake eyelashes falling behind them. The three little transvestites that were just about to molest me were quickly handcuffed behind their backs and lead out of the building.

And what was I doing during this whole fiasco, you ask? Just chillin, tied to a chair with furry pink handcuffs, no biggie.

"Ma'am, are you ok?" An officer asked, bending over my shoulder and flashing a light in my face. And, for the first time that day, a happy smile finally made its way to my face.

"No, officer. Do you think you could get me out of this chair?" I asked in the sweetest voice I could possibly muster. The officer gave me an odd look, but uncuffed me nonetheless.

"Ma'am, have you been drinking tonight?" The officer asked as soon as I was able to stand up, which, to my surprise, was more difficult than I had expected. Uh oh, maybe drinking all that alcohol wasn't such a good idea.

"Oh, Carmella, there you are. I thought I lost you in all this mess. Come on, I think it's time we end this night and head home." I simply nodded at my mother, finding that it was becoming increasingly more difficult to form coherent sentences. My mother had grasped my elbow, and was just about to

tow me away, when I felt a firm hand clasp my shoulder.

"Ma'am, I'm going to ask you to step to the side please. We would like you to take this field sobriety test, and can we see your ID please?" The officer asked. I looked over my shoulder at him with a guilty look on my face.

"Uh yeah, about that....."

Two hours later

"Ms. Castiel, someone's come to bail you out." The night police attendant called to me from outside my cell. Yes, I said cell, and no, I don't want to talk about it, but let's just say that after tonight, I will never look at little people or alcohol the same way again. Plus, I am going to kill my sister.... with my bare hands.... and slowly.

"Thanks" I muttered as the officer unlocked the cell and ushered me out. I waved to the prostitutes and alcoholics who were arrested for public indecency as I left, and couldn't help but think that now I

somehow was lumped into that category as well. Great.

"Here you go Ms. Castiel, the items that were removed from you when you were booked. One plastic tiara with a veil attached, a rubber breast insert, and a pair of pink, furry handcuffs. The exit is to your right." I nodded to the attendant and grabbed my things, leaving the breast insert on the counter. I really don't want to know how I got that.

Walking through the doors, I expected to see my parents or one of my brothers, or at the very least my sister, god knows she owes me more than that, but to my surprise the one bailing me out of jail at twelve o'clock in the morning was none other than Ezra. Crap, now I have to explain everything to him!

"Ezra, it's not what you think..." I began but trailed off as Ezra raised his hand to silence me, a small smile on his face.

"Don't worry about it, Carmella; your sister has already explained everything. I'm not mad"

"Oh, well then, would it be ok if we just pretended that tonight never happened?" I asked hopeful.

"Sure, if that's what you want. But, only if we get to keep these?" Ezra asked as he fingered the handcuffs I had clasped in my hand. I gently smacked him in the chest in mock horror, glad that the night was finally over.

As we drove back to my house, the car filled with a comfortable silence, there was one question that had begun nagging me as I sat in my jail cell- for two hours tonight.

"Hey Ezra, what did you do today for your bachelor party?" I asked nervously, thinking about all the traditional activities that men participate in during bachelor parties.

"Oh, some crazy stuff Carmella. First, we all sat in the living room and drank beer while we watched a soccer game. Then, we ordered pizza and played video games, without using coasters and on your mother's white couch. Your dad even finished the night by telling us embarrassing stories from when

you were a child. Pretty scandalous night if you ask me." Ezra teased.

What the hell?!?! Why couldn't my day go even remotely like that, damn!

"I think my family likes you better" I accused as I slumped down in my seat, crossing my arms against my chest. Ezra laughed a deep chuckle.

"No, it's just that your sister hates you more." I stuck my tongue out at him in defiance, but couldn't keep the smile from my face. I felt relieved, as if the hardest part was already over with. Now, all I have to get through is the wedding. Fuck!

Chapter 34

Chapter 15 (Final)

"Oh Carmella, you look so beautiful! Those earings really make your eyes sparkle, and your hair just looks perfect. I can't believe this day has finally come, my little girl, all grown..." My mother blabbered on relentlessly, amidst tears and running makeup, yet not a single word registered. I stared out the window, my eyes travelling over the lush landscape of the vintage farmhouse that we had all congregated in. Today was the day, and in less than four hours, the little gazebo and garden on the south end of the greens would fill to capacity with my closest and dearest family, and then my life will utterly and completely change forever.

Last night I had been in denial, thinking that I could just go to sleep and never wake up, that this day would perpetually be just a few more days away, but I was wrong. From the moment my eyelids sleepily fluttered open, wincing as the joyous spring sun rays filtered through my window panes, the single thought fluttering through my mind was "run".

"Ugh Carmella, is that really how your going to leave your hair and makeup? Its so plain, your the bride not an usher." Of course, leave it to my sister to be the one person to snap me out of my reverie. I sneered at her snide comment before replying.

"Hey, didn't I say to sit in the corner and shut it? I don't remember inviting you to open up your big mouth, now get back in your corner before I tell your husband how much of a freak you really are, and not in the good way!" Aftrer last night, I had been hell bent on just pretending as if Cara never existed. Of course that is extremely hard to do when she is so good at being annoying, and after four hours of listening to her whining, I would have gouged my ear drums out just for some peace and quiet. So we came

to an agreement, Cara would remain unharmed while in my presence so long as she stayed out of my way and did everything I asked the day of my wedding. So far, I wish I had just sucked it up and torn out my ears.

"Oh come on Carmella, mom..."

"Enough Cara! Would you stop making everything about you? This is the most important day of your sister's life, can we please just focus on her?" My mother all but yelled. Cara was about to retort, but the look my mother was giving her left little room for argument. Huffing, Cara plopped in the chair I had placed in the corner of the room for her.... facing the wall, which I did purposely so I wouldn't have to see her face with her judgemental looks of dissaproval.

Refocusing, I inhaled deeply and desperatly tried to calm myself down, this was all just too stressfull to deal with. Unfortunately, as each minute built and brought me closer to the moment of truth, so did my nerves and, despite my guilt, I still couldn't manage to keep my inner voice from screaming for me to run.

I felt like I was losing myself and knew it wouldn't be long before I broke down in front of everyone, and that was embarresment I just couldn't take. "I need air" I practically shouted, startling my great aunt Milly, who had been peacefully dosing on the chase lounge by the mini bar. I scrambled to my feet and burst out of thre bridal suite, ignoring the protests and concerned voices fading behind me. As soon as I had made it outside, I made a beeline to the back of the building, away from prying eyes, and plopped myself on a stone bench behind some overgrown shrubs.

I dukced my head between my legs and let myself release a strangled whimper. What the hell is wrong with me? Any girl would be thrilled to be marrying Ezra today, and here I am, barefoot and sobbing over it in some bushes behind a stinky dumpster. Ezra is the kindest, most genuine guy I have ever met, and I am a freak of nature who deffinetly doesn't deserve him, yet somehow still ended up with my prince charming. I should feel lucky. Besides, whats the worst that could happen? We get married and have kids, which puts a strain on our sex life, which causes

him to cheat and me to drink because I'm depressed and become violent, which really won't do much since I'm a weakling, but still its embarrassing. We'll end up getting divorced, which will confuse our kids and the next thing you know my son is serving pink, glittery cocktails to she-men in thongs at clubs like Feathers...

"Aagh" I shriek, before rising from my stone bench and pacing my confined area. I have officially lost it! I just need to calm down, everything will be fine. Ezra and I will be fine, I hope.

Suddenly I heard the crunching of gravel beneath boots, and my head snapped in the direction of the noise, horrified to think that someone may see my like this and then I will be forced to explain. From behind the bushes, however, came the last person I ever expected to see on my wedding day. With her arm outstretched and a small green gift bag dangling from her fingers, the googlie eyed lady from the hospital stood in a crisp, white hospital gown with a clear IV tube tied around her waist and in a bow on her hip. Hospital ID bands wrapped around her

wrists, fingers and neck as makeshift jewelry, and a giant smile lit up her face, and for the first time that day I actually felt relief. Seeing someone crazier than I was always made me feel a little bit more normal.

"I didn't think you would be able to come. When I spoke to your program director he had been adament about psych patients not being allowed to leave the ward unless for approved family events."

The googlie eyed lady didn't reply, just tilted her head to the side, looking much like a confused puppy, before flinging the gift bag in my face. Did I say confused puppy? I meant rabbid dog.

"Wow, you didn't have to get me a gift." I replied as I cautiously peaked inside the bag. Who knew what freaky thing she could have gotten me? My finger glided over cold glass as I reached in and pulled out a round sphere.

"A snow globe?" I asked perplexed, as I peered closer to the little figurines imobilized inside the crystal ball. Two smiling adult figurines stood infront of a red house, enclosed in a white picket fence, with a small child between the two holding both their

hands.The words "Happy Family" were written in script across the base.

I looked up to express my thanks and felt unexpected tears pool in my eyes. I don't think it was the sentiment of the gift itself or the kindness behind the gesture, but for some reason looking at the snow globe and the politically correct family happily living inside of it, and then at the person who gifted it to me, made me feel like everything would be ok. That somehow everything would work out.

The googlie eyed lady returned my shy smile and once again I peered down at the gift she had given me, rotating it around in my palms. I could see some chicken scratch letters underneath the base of the globe and upon further inspection found the name "Bertha" etched into the plastic.

"Hey, is your name Bertha?" I questioned, lifting my gaze, but was surprised to see that my googlie eyed friend was gone. With a shrug, I gripped the snow globe tighter in my hand and marched my way back into the farmhouse. As I pushed the oak doors of my bridal suite open, and faced the onslaught of my

time-crunched bridal attendants, the one thing running through my mind was, "I can do this."

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"It was such a beautiful ceremony, congratulations!"

"I'm so happy for the both of you!"

"Best of luck you two!"

"Thank you for coming!" I cheered for the hundredth time that night, with as much false luster I could muster at this point in the night. The ceremony itself had gone off without a hitch, minus my near death experience after catching my heal in my dress and almost knocking over a tray of tealight candles. The rest of the night was a really a blur, I had hugged and kissed so many people, most of whom I did not recognize at all.

Three hours into the actual party, I felt like an STD in a sorority house after being passed around from one partner to another on the dance floor. I managed through it all, however, because Ezra was by myside the entire time, gently intertwining our fingers and whispering in my ear naughty things that made me
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blush and giggle at the most awkward times of the night.

The last of our sober guests were just now departing as Cara attempted to corrall our more annebriated ones, much to my satisfaction. Right now she was having a particularly difficult time trying to contain ex-uncle Herman on the dance floor, who kept trying to lift up her skirt and would accuse her of being a communist every time she would slap his hand away.

A chuckle passed through my lips as my mother leaned into me and whispered in my ear. " Honey, isn't that lady over there, the one dancing with the ficus tree, the woman with the lazy eye from the hospital?" I looked at my mom's face and smiled genuinely.

"Oh no mom, that's just Bertha."

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I stared at my reflection with wide eyes as I stood in front of the bathroom mirror. I had just come to the conclusion that the actual act of getting married wasn't the hard part of today, oh no. As I stood in the
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en-suite bathroom of our posh hotel room, wearing nothing but lacy lingerie that was currently riding up my butt crack, I realized that the actual hard part would be forcing myself to walk back out through the bathroom door.

"Carmella, are you ok in there?" Ezra called from the other side of the door. I frantically looked between my reflection and the doorway, petrified that at any minute Ezra would burst through it.

"You've been in there for almost half an hour.You know we don't have to do anything if you don't want to. There's no pressure, we have all the time in the world now."

Oh god, this is so embarrasing. I just need to suck it up and pretend I'm one of those girls on the tv show "Sixteen and Pregnant", without a care in the world... until I get pregnant. Ok, maybe that was a bad analogy. Taking a deep breath, I told myself that I was too old to still be a virgin and that I was being a baby. I love Ezra and he loves me, there's nothing to fear. Closing my eyes tightly, I gingerly reached for

the doorknob, before flipping off the lock and pushing the door open.

I kept my eyes firmly shut as I slowly padded into the room, too embarressed and self conscious to let myself see Ezra's reaction.

"Carmella...wow" Ezra's deep voice drifted to my ears.

"Wow good or wow bad?" I asked tentatively.

"Wow good, deffinetely good." I smiled to myself, my eyes still tightly shut as I felt Ezra's muscular arms wrap around my waist, his bare chest pressed up against my scantily clad breasts, his lips gently brushing my jaw.

"You are so beautiful Carmella, I can't tell you how lucky I feel to have you forever." Ezra ever so slightly moved his soft lips from jaw to just beneath my ear, giving a quick nibble before peppering feather light kisses down my neck, to my shoulder.

"Finaly, you are mine." With one gentle push I fell bakwards and onto the bed, not even aware of how I had crossed the bedroom in the first place. Ezra gently looped his fingers beneath the hem of my

sheer panties, and without breaking eye contact, slowly slid them down my legs until they were completely off. I stared mezmerized as he carefully pushed his own boxers off his waist, revealing himself completely to me. And boy, what a sight that was.

I gulped nervously as Ezra crawled onto the bed, hovering above me as he manouvered himself between my shaking legs.

"I love you so much, Carmella." At that moment our eyes locked, neither of us able to look away. It was as if we were the only two people in the world; the walls could come crashing down around us and none of it would matter.

"I love you too, Ezra." And with that, our trance had been broken. Ezra had never looked at me so lovingly before in my life, his facing breaking out in the largest smile I had ever seen.

"Thank god" he muttered as he slowly lowered his head, our lips but a centimeter apart.

"For what?" I asked breathlessly, my breathing increasing rapidly as my brain caught up to my hormones. I was really going to do this.

"For giving me you." Before I could process his words, Ezra's lips had smashed against my own. My body acting on its own accord as I writhed and arched to meet every curve and plane of his body. My hands gripped his shoulders firmly as his tangled in my mess of hair.

Ezra pulled away suddenly, breathing heavily as he placed his forhead to my own. "Are you ready?"

His husky voice sent a tingling sesation through me. Not trusting my voice, I nodded my head "yes" instead. Ezra leaned in, a satisfied a smile on his face, before pulling away one more time.

"Are you sure Carmella, because there's no pressure-"

"I'm sure!" I shrieked, desperate to start this before I lost all of my new found courage.

"Ok, tell me if it hurts baby" Ezra cooed as he leaned in to plant a kiss on my forehead. Oh god, its going to hurt? I had forgotten about that part. Panic started

to rise within me as Ezra gently shifted his hips fowrward. Oh god, what if he's too big? What if he can't fit and I split in half? Oh god, this is going to hurt so much. I pinched my eyes shut just as Ezra pushed forward again and immediatly reacted.

"Oh, oh it hurts, ahh the pain!" I screeched like a banshee as my eyes flew open and my arms flailed from my sides. Ezra quickly slapped his hand across my mouth to silence me and quirked an eyebrow.

"Uh, Carmella, I didn't do anything to you yet."

And que the coloring of the cheeks and widening of the eyes. Way to go, Carmella, not only did you completely embarrass yourself but you just made this night super awkward. Ezra removed his hand and I replied with a sheepish smile.

"Carmella, I love you, ok? I would never hurt you, now just relax." I nodded my head and huffed as Ezra leaned down and gently began to kiss me. My hands grazed his chest, memorizing each individual cut and dip, as I slowly became more relaxed. I felt his harms scoop beneath me and was soon pulled tight against his body, my own arms moving to embrace him. All

the while our kiss never broke, and soon the best kiss of my life was turning into the best night of my life.

All too soon, however, the first rays of morning light flittered through the parted curtains.

"Come on baby, we have to get ready or we'll miss the flight."

"I don't want to." I whined like the immature child I am as I cuddled closer to Ezra's side under the covers.

"Carmella, do you know how many strings I had to pull to change our honeymoon last minute?" Ezra attempted to ask sternly, though the hilarity of the situation broke his demeanor. Thats right, because of my stupid bachelorette party I'm now legally prohibited from exiting the continental U.S until next September when I have a court date. This is all Cara's fault, because of her I'm now honeymooning in South Beach instead of Cabo. Oh well, as long as every night is like last night, we can honeymoon at the North Pole for all I care.

"Well, if it was so easy for you to do it yesterday, then you can just do it again today" I replied petulantly before snuggling even closer to Ezra and placing a light kiss on his hip, feeling his muscles clench at the contact of my lips.

"What, do you think I can just reach in my pocket and pull out a..." Ezra's body suddenly tensed beneath my touch as his sentance trailed off into nothing. I pulled myself up from under the covers only to come face to face witha a pale faced Ezra.

"What's wrong?" I gently placed my hand on Ezra's cheek to get him to focus. Ok, now I'm getting a little nervous. Ezra blinked twice before looking at me guiltily.

"Um, last night I, I forgot to p-pull out." Ezra whispered apologetically. Huh?

"Forgot to pull out what?" I asked confused. Ezra just looked at me increduously.

"I forgot to pull out." He repeated, only slower and more steady. As if that made a difference, I still didn't

understand what he was talking about. Ugh, this is too much.

"Pull out what?" I demanded, done with these vague remarks. Ezra sighed.

"Carmella, last night I forgot to pull out of you before I, you know" Ezra gestured with his hands in the general direction of my crotch before turning his head in an attempt to hide his blush. I mulled over what he had just said before it finally clicked.

"Oh" I replied solemly, wait..."Oh, no no no! I can't be pregnant!" I screached at the top of my lungs before I bolted from the bed, my arms wildly flailing around me as I started hopping up and down. This can't be happening!

Ezra looked at me for a few moments like I had just grown another head that only spoke Dutch before he got up and strode across the room. He swiftly clamped his hands on my shoulder, effectively rooting me back to the ground.

"Carmella, what are you doing?" Ezra asked warily, as if I was a naughty child about to do something bad.

"In the 7th grade, Tina Horowitz told me that if you jump up and down after having unprotected sex you won't get pregnant." I replied lamely.

"Ok... you do know thats not true, right?" I sighed.

"Yea, but I was hoping that if I stayed in denial about that fact maybe it work." I replied dejectedly before slumping into Ezra's bare chest. His arms dropped from my shoulders and slid around my waist, holding me securly to his body.

"Look, we probably have nothing to worry about. It was your first time, so your chances of getting pregnant are like slim to none." Ezra soothed as he gently rubbed circles into my lower back. I lifted my head to look at him.

"You really think so?"

"Deffinately. Now come on, we have a plane to catch and a honeymoon to get to." He cheered before

pushing me towards my suitcase and slapping me on my behind.

I gave him a quick nod a weak smile before adding, "Ok, but from now on we use condoms."

9 Months Later

"Aahh" I screamed at the top of my lungs, before I lifted my shoulder to wipe the sweat building at my brow. I felt drained and exhausted, this was the hardest thing I had ever gone through in my entire life, and if it weren't for the fact that the nurse kept shouting that we were almost there I would have allowed myself to pass out right here, right now.

"Come on sweetheart, your almost there. Give us another big push!" My muscles cleanched at the next push and I took deep breath, letting out another glass shattering scream.

"God Carmella, would you stop screaming already! I'm the one that actually has to do the pushing." Cara spat then slumped back down in her hospital bed. Ok, so maybe I wasn't the one to have to actually push the baby out, but my job was pretty painful too!

After Ezra and I had returned from our honeymoon, Cara and I had come to a sort of twisted truce. She agreed to stop being such a bitch all the time and in exchange I would stop calling her out on it as often. Somewhere during that time, I had agreed to being the catcher for her baby, which she had gotten pregnant with soon after my wedding. I guess Ezra and I weren't the only ones who forgot to pull out that night. Thank heavens our night didn't result in a baby, I'm deffanitely not ready to go through this yet.

Cara screamed one more time as she gave another big push, and I couldn't help but let out a shriek of horror. Maybe I was overreacting, but with every push Cara gave it brought me even closer to having to catch the little alien thats squirming inside my sister. And that little thing will be covered in Cara's baby juices, which will of course get on me, and that is all too much for me to handle.

"One more big push, Cara. I can see the head already. One more push and she's out." The nurse shouted overenthusiastically. Oh god, one more push? I'm not ready.

"Are you ready?" The nurse asked.

"No!" I shrieked.

"Not you, Carmella. Ugh!" Cara huffed as she threw her head back in exasperation. Tufts of hair started to peak through her legs, and soon after the beginning of a head.

"Oh god, Cara, keep your legs closed and hold it in." I pleaded to no avail. That thing was deffinitaly coming out.

"No Cara, you need to push. One more push, honey." Cara took a deep breath and pushed with all her might, and as the head fully emerged into the real world, Cara and I both let out horrifed screams in unision. And just like that, my niece was born.

Starring down into the deep chocolate eyes of the little human being that took nine months to create, four hours to bring into this world, and had experienced a whole of 30 seconds of living thus far, I couldn't believe how much my life had changed. Most of all, I was happy, and despite all the ups and

downs that had to be overcome to get here, the reward was deffinately worth the journey.

FIN.

**Update: Check out the one shot I did for this story, called Love in Purgatory!

About the Author

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